UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/mcmasteruniversi09mcmauoft

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

VOL. IX.

OCT., 1899, TO MAY, 1900.

54237
1902

TORONTO:

DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS
1900.

LE
3
M8E7M2E
M9

Editors

Walter S. W. McLay, B.A. .	*Managing Editor.*
D. B. Harkness, B.A. . .	*Asst. Managing Editor.*
W. E. Robertson, ...	*Business Manager.*

Publishing Committee

W. S. W. McLay, B.A.
M. S. Clark, M.A.
E. S. Roy,
S. R. Tarr, M.A.

Frank Beddow.
Miss Lillian Baird.
Miss Sarah Howard.

A. C. Watson, '01
C. C. Sinclair, '02
Miss B. E. McLay, '00
} *College News.*

G. R. Welch, '00
G. L. Sprague, '00
} *Students' Quarter.*

A. B. Cohoe, B.A., *Here and There.*

R. D. Echlin, '01, *Advertising Dept.*
A. T. McNeil, '01, *Subscription Dept.*

CONTENTS.

ENGRAVINGS.

		PAGE
Rev. E. W. Dadson, D.D.	opposite	337
Rev. David Marsh	"	241

POETRY.

At the Ford	Theodore H. Rand	154
A Casual Friend	O. G. L.	260
A Floral Copse	O. G. Langford	361
"Land, Land!"	B. W. N. Grigg	6
Le Lievre Moussé	L. A. Therrien	216
Repose	Theodore H. Rand	348
The Note of Nature	Theodore H. Rand	52
"Tu Es Homo"	L. A. Therrien	117
Vita Brevis	O. G. Langford	108

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

A Pastor's Reading	J. L. Gilmour	249
A Service at Union Baptist Chapel	L. Brown	21
A Visit to the Minton Potteries	L. Brown	365
British Columbia	I. G. M	210
Ebenezer William Dadson	J. H. Farmer	337
Elder Joseph Chandler	J. H. Hunter	97
Expository Preaching	J. Denovan	292
Founder's Day Address	Joshua Denovan	145
Hymns—Their Origin and Influences	Alice E. Fenton	370
In Scotland and the Free Kirk	L. Brown	108
John A. Cameron	John Higgins	49
Mr. and Mrs. Bates	John McLaurin	289
Niagara Falls as a Timepiece	A. B. Willmott	349
Pioneer Life in Zorra	Wm. Houston	61
Poetry and Preaching	W. H. Porter	362
Responsibility in View of Present Theological Drift	A. A. Cameron	193
Rome and England	William Dale	18
Spirituality	Mrs. Armstrong	155
The Boer-British War	L. Brown	219
The Chancellor's Address		14
The Greatness of Rome	William Dale	164
The Greatness of England	William Dale	199

The "Habitant" Cobbler and His Wife. L. A. Therrien 265
The Harvard-Yale Foot-Ball Game .... W. P. C. 213
The Historic Basis of the Idylls of the King .... O. G. Langford 308
The Late Rev. David Marsh .... John Alexander 241
The Ministry of Art .... Margt. A. Bailey 149
The Present Outlook .... J. W. A. Stewart. 53, 101
"The Way into the City" .... Julia Marshall. 360
Truth Speaking .... A. H. Newman 1
Why Send a Boy to a Residential School. Stanbury R. Tarr 24

STUDENTS' CONTRIBUTIONS.

Address at Alumni Meeting .... D. Bovington 207
Alma Mater Nostra (Poem) .... Henry Procter 11
A Fireside Reverie (Poem) .... W. Sherwood Fox 303
A Sea-Song of the Soul (Poem) .... H. B. 169
A Short Visit to Carthage .... W. P. Reekie 313
A Study in Browning .... J. H. Hannah 70
A Visit to Colombo .... F. S. Beddon 75
A Winter Night (Poem) .... Volpe 298
Class '99, Theology .... The Scribe 11
Cygnus Expirans (Poem) .... W. Sherwood Fox 267
Hepatica (Poem) .... W. Sherwood Fox 369
History of Class '99, Arts .... W. B. T. 6
Il Doge di Venezia—Tragedietta .... W. S. Fox, G. H. Campbell 353
International Student Missionary Convention .... W. P. Reekie 269
Paolo and Francesca .... W. Sherwood Fox 316
Snow in April (Poem) .... H. P. 316
The Chrysalis (Poem) .... G. L. S. 198
The Close of Day (Poem) .... W. Sherwood Fox 203
The Dunmow Flitch .... W. S. Fox 28
The English Lake District .... Edgar J. Tarr 64
The Great Divide .... G. R. W. 70
The Land of Burns .... G. L. S. 118
"The Land of Scott" .... G. L. S. 261
The Last Leaf in the Spring (Poem) .... Henry Procter 212
The Pearl Necklace .... G. H. Campbell 113
The Storm-Sprite (Poem) .... G. H. Campbell 248
Three English Preachers .... H. P. 203
Whitby Abbey .... Henry Procter 299
Wonder—An Allegory .... A. M. E. 304

Editorial Notes 31, 79, 123, 177, 224, 274, 324, 381
Book Reviews 35, 84, 126, 180, 227, 278
Exegetical Notes 229, 325
College News 38, 88, 129, 183, 230, 279, 327, 384
Here and There 46, 96, 137, 191, 239, 288, 335, 390

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1899.

TRUTH-SPEAKING.*

Some of you have doubtless heard the anecdote regarding the examination for ordination of Isaac Barrow, already recognized as one of the foremost scholars of England. Several candidates had preceded him in the somewhat perfunctory examination by the aged and indolent bishop. Each was asked in Latin for a definition of faith, hope and love. When Barrow's turn came he was prepared with rhyming Latin answers that were so apposite as to win the admiration of the examiner. *Quid est fides?* asked the bishop. *Quod non vides,* answered Barrow. *Excellente!* exclaimed the bishop. *Quid est spes?* was the next question. *Nondum res,* was the answer. *Bene, bene, excellentius!* cried the delighted bishop. *Quid est caritas?* followed. *Ah, magister, id est paucitas,* was the ready answer. *Excellentissime! Aut Erasmus, aut diabolus,* was the enthusiastic response of the bishop. Barrow's answer would have been equally appropriate if the last question had been *Quid est veritas?* Did it ever occur to you that truth-speaking is one of the rarest commodities on earth?

I have long had it in mind to prepare an essay on the history and ethics of truth-speaking; but the essay has not been prepared and this would not be the place for it if it had. If we could contemplate the whole heathen world, actual and historical, we should find an almost complete lack of the require-

*Addressed to the Graduating Classes, May 10th, 1899.

ment or practice of truth-speaking. The Persians attached heavy penalties to covenant breaking; but ordinary private lying seems not to have been regarded as inadmissible. The Greeks were very zealous in their search after truth as an abstract thing: but they laid no stress on the ethical importance of truth-telling or the enormity of lying. In fact falsehood that seemed to serve a good purpose was commended rather. The better class of Romans condemned and despised lying of the baser sort: but the practice of deceit seems to have been regarded as admissible. You would be surprised in examining the indices of ancient and modern works on ancient philosophy to find how little attention is given to the exaltation of truth-speaking and the execration of falsehood as such. Truthfulness, especially in dealing with enemies, is not regarded as a virtue by the followers of Mohammed. Even the ancient Jews fell very far short of the New Testament standard regarding absolute veracity, and there are instances recorded of apparent falsehood on the part of the patriarchs themselves.

The Greek Catholic Church and the Armenian Church lay no such stress on truth-speaking as we believe pure Christianity requires, and cases of determined and aggressive truth-speaking would be hard to find in the Oriental Christian world. The Roman Catholic Church has developed an elaborate system of casuistry by which prevarication and even down-right lying are justified, and which strikes at the root of truth-speaking in the New Testament sense of the term. Practically, rigorous truth-speaking is confined to those who have come directly or indirectly under the influence of evangelical Christianity. But even here the sifting process does not end. Is it not true, that even in those Christian denominations in which most stress is laid upon personal piety and strict morality only a very small percentage can be depended upon to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth at all times and under all circumstances? Among Anglo-Saxon peoples a sense of personal dignity has coöperated powerfully with religious sanctions to make ordinary lying disreputable. Many who are notoriously irreligious consider lying despicable and would scorn to speak falsely; but unquestionably modern conceptions of strict veracity

are fundamentally a product of a right understanding of New Testament teaching. Now I do not address you on this subject because I do not regard you as having attained to a very high standard of veracity. It is difficult for me to conceive of any one brought up in the morally invigorating atmosphere of Protestant Canada and receiving such an intellectual, moral, and spiritual training as it has been your privilege to receive, as falling short in this respect. It is because this virtue is so constantly taken for granted in the pulpit and on the academic platform that I think it worth while to exhort each of you to be content with no ordinary standard of truth-speaking; but to become so uncompromisingly and aggressively truth-speaking that even in this truth-speaking land you may be marked men.

What are the conditions of high attainments in truthfulness? I answer: (1) A realizing sense of God's presence and his cognizance of the inmost depths of the heart, and of his utter abhorrence of all untruthfulness. I have no doubt but that most people who speak or act lies, while theoretically they hold to the Divine omnipresence and omniscience and the Divine antagonism to everything false, fail to realize these great facts as personal experience. If we would be true and speak truth at all times and under all circumstances, we must cultivate the habit of realizing the presence of God as a great moral power.

(2) A second condition of truth-speaking is courage as regards men. Fear of man is the most fruitful source of untruthfulness. Most of us realize fully the strong temptation to untruthfulness, especially in the case of young people and dependents, involved in the fear of punishment. The student who seeks to create in the mind of his teacher the impression that he has prepared his work, when he has neglected it, and the one who sinks to the depth of cheating in examinations does so because of failure to realize the presence of God and fear of the consequences of exposed ignorance.

(3) A still greater peril to truthfulness is involved in vanity. A desire to be thought of more highly than our attainments and character justify is responsible for more untruthful speaking and acting than almost any other influence. Most of

the polite lying, that is so common as hardly to be remarked when it is recognized as such, proceeds from this source.

(4) Careful, consistent living and steadfast devotion to the duties of one's calling not only removes much of the temptation to untruthfulness, but creates a habit of mind that is highly conducive to truth-speaking. The conscientious, careful student feels no temptation to deceive his teacher. The teacher who has conscientiously mastered his work does not need to pretend to a knowledge that is not his. The minister who has faithfully prepared himself for his calling does not need to attempt to shine in borrowed feathers.

(5) Another condition of truth-speaking in its higher forms is educated faculties. Much of the failure in truth-speaking that we meet with is due to confusion of memory. We hear or read something and instead of taking the trouble to ascertain its purport and fix it in our memories, we communicate it to another in a distorted form, which often produces an impression the reverse of that intended. It is astonishing how few people there are who can give anything like a straight account of what they have heard or even witnessed. To give a distorted and misleading account may not be technically lying; but if it result from culpable failure to observe carefully and to report accurately, its moral quality is virtually the same. Again, an ill-regulated imagination, which confuses facts with fancy and proclaims fancy as fact, produces the effect of lying and is blameworthy. No one has a right to allow such license to the imagination. In some the propensity to lying inherent in ill-regulated imagination amounts to a mania and cannot perhaps be overcome; but in anything like a normal nature this noble faculty can be so cultivated as to minister in the highest degree to truth-speaking and not to falsehood. Again, the will, if feeble, yields readily to temptation to untruthfulness; if strong but perverse, it often leads to the pertinacious assertion of what is false. A well disciplined will is absolutely essential to truthfulness.

Of equal importance is the right cultivation of the judgment. The judicial mind discerns readily between truth and falsehood and is virtually incapable of the latter. The educa-

tion of your faculties that has resulted from your university course should make each one of you superior to the perils to truthfulness involved in ill-regulated faculties.

(6). Knowledge of the Truth, in the highest sense of the term, is a condition of truth-speaking in the highest sense. I believe that it is impossible for a man who has entered into the spirit of the religion of Christ to be false or habitually to speak falsely. If we have the mind of Christ we shall see things in their right relations, we shall desire for ourselves only what is well-pleasing to Him, we shall subordinate the things of time and sense to the things of eternity, we shall be raised above the fear of man, we shall be willing to suffer anything rather than deny Him. To speak falsely or to act falsely is to deny Christ.

(7). I suppose that one of the greatest temptations to untruthfulness for Christian people is that involved in religious partisanship. How rare a thing it is in all Christian history to find a controversialist who is perfectly fair to his opponent. The temptation to caricature the positions of our opponents and to claim that they involve conclusions that those who maintain them would by no means admit has proved irresistible from the early Christian centuries to the present day. Let us cultivate such a spirit of fairmindedness that we shall not be tempted to misrepresent the views of those that are most bitterly opposed to us; thus we may win them, rather than drive them into hopeless antagonism.

I insist that graduates of McMaster University should be distinguished among their fellow-men for their chivalric devotion to truth, for their truthfulness of character, and for their uncompromising and aggressive truth-speaking. With the great Hubmaier let us take as our motto "The Truth is Immortal."

ALBERT HENRY NEWMAN.

"LAND, LAND!"

But think how Faith with Doubt fought in the soul
Of great Columbus, when far out at sea
In his frail caravel, storm, mutiny
And unbelief menaced him, while still roll
Between him and his vague, half-hoped-for goal
What seemed Saharas of bleak waves! Yet see!—
At the twelfth hour, crowned with victory,
He sights the land that makes the known world whole!

And even such adventurers we are
Upon this sea of life; the Summerland
Of Immortality we seek, and by Hope's star
Sail westward ever toward an unknown strand;
We shall at last despair and doubt o'er-reach,
And chant *Te Deum* on Heaven's golden beach.

Montreal. B. W. N. Grigg.

HISTORY OF CLASS '99, ARTS.

Once more it becomes necessary, in accordance with what is now a fixed custom, to record the "short and simple annals" of another set of students, who having spent four years under the beneficent hand of their Alma Mater, have gone forth to try the stern realities of actual life. The autumn of 1895 saw collected together one of the most important classes—to its own members of course—which had ever adorned College halls. Upwards of thirty in number, including three ladies, we were told that it was the largest class which had as yet ever entered McMaster. As, however, this latter statement is made of each class in turn as it comes in, we have long since ceased to claim any distinction from it. We had the honor, however, of introducing the new Chancellor, who early identified himself with us as a fellow freshman, a fact which we always kept in mind with more or less pride.

Something soon occured which, to our untutored minds, seemed to call for union into solid phalanx to meet an expected

foe. The announcement was made in the dining room that all the old boys were requested to meet in one of the class rooms to confer on an important matter. The evident intention was to isolate the freshmen, and all were filled with gloomy forebodings, as there came up before our minds all the weird stories we had ever heard of hazing and hustling. But our fears soon proved groundless, and it was an immense relief when we learned that the hazing was to be nothing more formidable than an oyster supper mingled with stale jokes and after-dinner oratory. We were doubly relieved on learning that the forefront of battle was to be taken by J. C. McFarlane, the Samson of Woodstock days. The old boys welcomed us right royally, and made us feel that we were indeed part and parcel of the University life.

In due time came the question of organization, and "contrary to all precedent," as the College News of the MONTHLY stated, we set out with a full staff of officers, of which Mr. F. J. Scott was president, and Miss Bush, vice-president. Our first rally was a memorable one to many members of the class, as we struggled with natural diffidence and greenness that we might secure a fair companion for the occasion. The door in front of the ladies' room was the scene of several amusing occurrences which will remain with us as long as we remember our University life. We would advise future freshmen to be acquainted with the young lady before they make the attempt to ask the pleasure of her company to their first rally. The home of Dr. Newman, 116 Yorkville Avenue, was thrown open to us, and on December 15th we assembled there. It passed off most successfully, and a notice which appeared in one of the daily papers next morning to the effect that the McMaster freshmen were evidently losing their freshness made us realize that we were living in the world to some purpose. The one bitter drop in the cup of our happiness was the test examination held next morning, an event mourned by the students until the following spring, and even yet is often mentioned with a sigh of regret—for the results. But more serious things than social functions demanded most attention, and in course of time exams. were reached with all their attendant joys and sorrows. But even these were

gotten through, and '99 had passed the first great landmark in its history.

In the autumn we mourned for "the unreturning braves," but our loss was to some extent compensated by the addition of three who became by no means the least important members of the class. These were Lew. Thomas, formerly of '98, Ed. Reid, whom McMaster's fame had attracted from Queen's, and R. Shaw. We returned minus the meek and respectful demeanor which characterized the freshman class the year before, and soon took upon us all the duties which are supposed to belong to sophomores. We were now prepared to give advice and help to all and sundry from the Chancellor down to the humblest freshman. In fact we did attempt a little in that line in connection with the inter-year foot-ball contests. This was the first year of the famous "Ryrie pin," and "fierce and long the battle raged," '99 being very much in evidence both on the campus and in the corridor. The fates were not propitious and the trophies went to '97. But the fierce struggle closed up our ranks, and we venture to say that never was the class spirit stronger in McMaster than among the sophomores during the foot-ball term of 1896. We finished up with a never-to-be-forgotten "howl" in the "sophomore committee room" as room 31 was called. So long as the remembrance of College days remains with us our thoughts will go back to that season of our "splendid isolation."

This year G. R. Welch was made president, with Miss Dubensky as Vice-President. The hospitable home of Dr. Newman was again thrown open to us, and a rally was held which was even more successful and enjoyable than that of the previous year. The remainder of the year passed off as most years do, and once more we came face to face with exams. These we came through in a fairly creditable shape, and once more were scattered for the summer into all parts of the Dominion.

On our reassembling, some again failed to answer to the roll call, among the number our president of the sophomore year. We particularly regretted the loss of one who had been our ablest fighter and stood in the front ranks in every crisis. But again we had the consolation of welcoming three new faces to

our circle. These were P. C. McGregor, who had gained lasting fame far away in Chiliwhack, J. D. McLaughlin, who had won laurels in '98, and last, but certainly not least, one who shed lustre on the class, Miss E. N. Newman.

Mr. D. Bovington was made president, ably assisted by Miss Newman as second officer. This year we had the high honor of holding our rally at the home of Chancellor Wallace, who was honorary president. It was a function which passed off as its predecessors had done in a very pleasant and happy way.

Once more an earnest effort was made to obtain the much coveted foot ball pins. '99 was again in evidence on campus and in corridor, but the fate of the previous year was our lot this one also. Another season of exams. passed successfully—or otherwise, left us free to pursue what course we wished for four months and a half.

For the fourth time the class assembled in the halls of McMaster, and we had reached that height which seemed so lofty and far away three years before, we were seniors. For the third time we were called to mourn the loss of companions and again had an addition to our number. This time it was Mr. D. B. Harkness, who had been an honored member of '97.

P. C. McGregor was chosen president, while Miss Newman was given a second term of office. This year we were called upon to give leaders both to the student body and to the Lit. The former office was filled by F. J. Scott, in a manner creditable both to himself and his class. The presidency of the Lit. fell on two of the youngest members of the year, Archie McDonald and Roy Simpson, and a more prosperous year the Society never had.

Another trial of foot-ball skill was made but never decided. But if we could not win laurels in sport we did this year in oratory. Harry Proctor upheld the standard, and by his masterly eloquence easily carried off the palm, although pitted against some of the best orators of the college, among them a prize winner of a previous year. Our final rally was held at the home of our fellow classmate, Arthur Thompson, and, as was fitting for the closing year, was the most brilliant and successful of the series.

Little now remains to be told. Exams. differed little from previous years, while closing differed mainly in that we were more active participants in its functions. We had reached the goal towards which we had been striving for four years, and viewed the future with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, pleasure that we were at last to take up the active duties of life in the vocation for which we had been preparing ourselves, regret that for many of us the happy fellowships of college life were over forever. That the union which had been one of pleasantest features of our course might be perpetuated, we followed the worthy example set by our predecessors and formed a permanent organization. Of this Mr. C. L. Brown is president, and Miss Newman, our solitary lady graduate, vice-president, while Mr. D. B. Harkness is secretary-treasurer.

We have come to the end of one of the pleasantest and most interesting chapters in the life history of each individual, and are now scattered from Vancouver in the west to London, England, in the east. We humbly hope to be able to put into practice those earnest lessons in Christian culture and service which were so faithfully given to us, and to follow out our life's vocation in such a way as to bring credit to our Alma Mater and glory to God.

W. B. T.

ALMA MATER NOSTRA.

Thy praise is ever in our heart,
McMaster! our McMaster!
Our thoughts oft wander where thou art,
McMaster! our McMaster!

Let others sing of storied halls,
Where all their joys are centered!
But give to us thine own dear walls,
Whose portals we have entered.

Our hearts were stone did they restrain
The meed of praise we owe thee.
Thy name alone's a sweet refrain
To us, and all who know thee.

McMaster!—may thy name e'er be—
Though run the sand-grains faster—
A bond of love and loyalty,
McMaster! our McMaster!

HY. PROCTOR.

CLASS "99," THEOLOGY.

I have been requested by the Editorial Staff to furnish a short, racy sketch of "Class '99, Theology." As it is the expressed wish of the class that I deal in glittering generalities rather than in dazzling personalities, the too common biographical sketches of the individual members will be gladly omitted.

While members of other graduating classes have left their Alma Mater determined to hitch their waggons to a star, the members of this particular class glory in the fact that they had no star with which to burden their waggons. They are well content to go the even tenor of their way, preferring rather to do a humble service well than to fail in a greater—to aspire so as to inspire rather than to so aspire as to expire.

It is not necessary to enumerate the personnel of this very ordinary class. Suffice it to say there were two wise men from

the East, and eight, just as wise, from the West ; there were some poor unfortunates who were married and some, still more unfortunate, who weren't ; those who were B.A.'s and those who should have been : those who finished their course and those who didn't. An antithesis might be introduced by comparing what might have been with what was and what might not have been had only the graduates of '97 Arts gone steadily on to the advanced and all-important work of the Theological Course. The professors will tell you that " there was plenty of the class such as it was," and the class will retort, " that it was very good what there was of it."

The scribe has thought well to divert a little from the ordinary method of class biography, and this time to emphasize the professors' relations to the class, describing their ideal, their method and briefly and much less confidently their success.

I. THEIR IDEAL.

In brief it was to give to each man that training and discipline which would best enable him to use his time to the best advantage in the regular work of the ministry ; to give him such a symmetrical and withal such a comprehensive view of Bible truth and doctrine as to spare him the woeful experience arising from inefficient teaching and insufficient learning ; above all to enthuse his heart and mind to such an extent with the life and love, the method and motive of the Christ, as to give him the same burdened longings for the salvation of the lost.

II. THEIR METHOD.

In a word, and pardon the classical expression, it might be described as the " hammer and tongs " method, the latter applying more particularly to the departments of Greek and Hebrew the methods pursued by all, however, being a skilful blending of the two. Let me give an illustration : On Wednesday morning, Oct. 5, 8.15 a.m., the Chancellor, addressing the second year class in Homiletics, in his usual frank and open way remarks, " The class will please note the following assignments of work—a week from this morning each member of the class will please hand in carefully prepared sermon-plans on the three texts, ' God

is a Spirit,' 'God is Light,' 'God is Love.' These plans to form a series and to be interrelated and climactic in their development. On each of the three following Wednesdays the class will kindly hand in a *written sermon* on each of these texts respect-*fully*. (italics are my own). The class will please do their best work." As this was only one out of a total of from fifteen to twenty lectures per week, and as each professor was equally conscientious in the assignment of work, the gentle reader will readily perceive what a pleasant time even the most placid member of the class would enjoy.

"Hammered and tongued!" well, believe us and pity us (or else try the above) and then envy us, for the class not only stood it but prospered and thrived, and even like Jeshurun "waxed fat and kicked," but the latter not very often, the class were too well doctored for that. There were Dr. Goodspeed, Dr. Welton, Dr. Newman, Dr. Farmer and Dr. the Chancellor, and five different courses for the one patient and the one ailment, surely ought to kill or cure, sometimes the patient thought it did both.

III. THEIR SUCCESS.

Considering the material they had to work on it was nothing short of phenomenal. Active service in the ministry only brings glowing and growing appreciation of the true and lasting merit of the work done on our behalf. To-day none are more grateful for the rigorous, vigorous treatment accorded us than the ones who needed it the most and felt it the hardest. Instead of giving us kernels the professors taught us how to crack hard nuts for ourselves. They aimed to set us thinking rather than to think for us, and encouraged us not to be afraid to think.

There are those who purchase a by no means enviable notoriety by depreciating the study of Systematic Theology. It is only too evident they have never studied the subject under an able and wise leader. Others claim that the classes are run through molds and come out machine made, duly labelled and classified. The experience of this class flatly contradicts and invalidates such claims.

The Theological Faculty deserve the fullest confidence and the heartiest thanks of the denomination. Their's is a difficult work, but they do it well. Unswerving allegiance to truth and unceasing unselfishness in service, are the keywords that inspire them in their work.

But I promised to be brief. Suffice it to say they were as delighted to see us go as we were to go. Their delight, however, was only equalled by their sorrow, but their sorrow only faintly approximated ours and ours has been intensifying ever since. One of the class writes saying he wishes he could take three years more, and that's how we all feel.

"Thy praises, McMaster,
We sing with joyful hearts,
Thy sons defend thy honored name
Until we end life's journey,
And death our friendship parts
May all our deeds increase thy fame."

THE SCRIBE.

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.*

On the occasion of each autumn Convocation since it became my duty to speak as the representative of McMaster University, it has been my privilege to say: *The session has opened with a larger enrolment than we had one year ago* That which was true of 1896 as compared with 1895, of 1897 as compared with 1896, and of 1898 as compared with 1897, is true of 1899 as compared with 1898. The enrolment was so large last year that it was not reasonable to expect an increase this year, but the increase has come, and with it a widening horizon of purpose and hope. The steady growth of the University from year to year is significant and assuring.

Two changes have been made in the teaching staff. At the meeting of the Senate last May the Demonstratorship in Science and the Fellowship in Mathematics and Physics were abolished, and there was established instead of these a Lectureship in Biology and Physics. Mr. Wilson R. Smith, B.A, Ph,.D, was

*At autumn Convocation, Oct. 13th, 1899.

appointed to this Lectureship, and, at the same time, Professor William Dale, M.A., was appointed Special Lecturer in Classical Literature and History. Mrs. Emily Davies whose liberality made it possible for us to establish a Fellowship in Classics last year continues her assistance, which is gratefully appreciated. It is hoped that other friends will become the benefactors of the University, and thereby have a part in this far-reaching, enduring service to this generation and to other generations.

One year ago I spoke of the instant and urgent need of a larger Chapel, a fireproof Library building, and a Campus, and said that a building for a Chapel and a Library should be projected immediately, and completed by the date of the autumn Convocation of 1899. The date of Convocation has come, but the building has not been erected. Still our Chapel, with only about one-half of our students present, is uncomfortably crowded at morning prayers. Still the Library is overcrowded, to the inconvenience of those who use it, and to the possible danger to the floor which is bearing a weight for which it was never intended. Still the opportunities for that joyous and vigorous outdoor exercise, which contributes so much to the physical, mental and moral health of a body of students, are inadequate and unsatisfactory. But though this is all true, conditions have changed since the Convocation one year ago; for steps have been taken to secure the building and the field. Indeed, the field is now in preparation, and will be ready for use next autumn, and the building for a Chapel and Library will be erected as soon as the subscriptions justify the Governors in going forward. It is hoped that within a few months it will be possible to announce that the canvass for funds has been completed, and that building operations will be begun forthwith.

Increase in numbers, though an indication, is not a proof of progress. What is the explanation of our increase in numbers? Have these young men and women come to McMaster because the standard of matriculation was low and admission easy? On the contrary, from the beginning we have given our unwavering allegiance to the highest standard of matriculation which obtained in Canada, and if the standard has been lowered in this province no share of the responsibility for this rests upon us.

Have students been attracted to McMaster by a narrow and easy curriculum? On the contrary, from the beginning it has been our aim to make large demands upon our students, and cases can be cited of young men who, though wishing to come to McMaster, have gone elsewhere rather than face the severe requirements of our curriculum. Have any come to us because our examinations were understood to be easy and the degree certain at the end of the prescribed period, irrespective of the quality of work done? On the contrary, if in a small college, where the professors know and are interested in each student, there is sometimes a temptation to grant academic standing on the basis of affection rather than merit, it is known to both graduates and undergraduates that this temptation has been successfully resisted at McMaster. The terms of the charter under which we work require that we shall have a standard as high as the highest in Ontario. Because of the requirements of the charter, and much more because of our ideal of the scope and character of the teaching which should obtain in such a school as this, we maintain a standard in which our constituency may have confidence, and on account of which every graduate may have an honest pride in confessing that he is an alumnus of McMaster University.

A University, whether supported by public funds, or, as in the case of McMaster, founded and sustained by private gifts, is morally answerable to the people for the quality of its teaching and influence. Since from the University men go forth to be leaders of thought and of affairs, it is reasonable to require the University to be faithful in teaching and in life. Love of learning, love of truth, love of righteousness, love of country and love of God should be fostered in the University. Recognizing this responsibility we welcome the scrutiny of all who desire to see this institution doing work of a high order and sending forth graduates who shall be competent to discharge well the duties for which they sought preparation here.

Though the beginning of our work dates back but a few years, we are not without evidence that our purposes and hopes of usefulness to our students are being realized. In graduate schools, in professional schools, in pastoral service, and in other

places and vocations where tests could be applied, the numbe of our graduates who have shown efficiency of a high order is so large as to be gratifying to an extraordinary degree.

These things are mentioned to-night for the information of those who are watching with sympathetic interest the career of McMaster University; that they may be confirmed in their conviction that during the period of undergraduate study emphasis should be put upon a broad general course, specialization being arranged, in this period, with a careful regard to the mental development of the student; that they may continue to appreciate the value of that sympathetic relation between teachers and students which is possible in a school of this character; and that they may observe the demonstration of the fact that the scholarship of students is not impaired nor their power diminished by a proper regard, during their University course, to the eternal truth which is expressed in the motto of this institution. In Christ all things,—all worlds, all created intelligences, all systems of human thought, all social duties, all mental and moral powers, all things present and things to come,—in Him all things hold together.

Our aim as a University is very simple and yet very large. We have only one professional school, that of divinity, and this has, I believe, a larger teaching Faculty than any other theological school in this country. Apart from our theological work we put our teaching strength upon undergraduate work in Arts. We do not enter into rivalry with graduate schools. To the great universities, which on account of their enormous revenues are able to provide elaborate equipments and conditions favorable for advanced study and research, we leave the expensive duty and privilege of furnishing to students who desire it an opportunity to pursue extended graduate courses of study. For our work the most important equipment is men, men of sound scholarship, who love to teach and are in sympathy with young life; who love learning much and human beings more; who love God, and have a zeal for faith as well as knowledge, and who in all their learning and teaching aim to crown Jesus Lord of all. Besides these, we need in our classes students of sound mental and moral fibre. Faithfulness and ability in the profes-

sorial chair will avail little if the student is apathetic, or infirm of purpose, or weakened by evil habits. If a young man is bent upon making his university years a period of chambering and wantonness, of rioting and drunkenness, he is neither welcomed nor tolerated by us. Nor are the conditions of our school attractive to persons of this type. But if a young man desires to study, and to grow into a noble manhood, and believes that life is a serious as well as a joyous thing, he will be given the opportunity, under favorable conditions, to realize the best that is in him.

We have had enough of success already to make us hopeful, but not enough to lead us to slacken our diligence. With an increasing Faculty, an increasing body of students and an increasing constituency, we go on our way encouraged in the present and hopeful for the future.

ROME AND ENGLAND.*

The subject on which I have chosen to address you is not unsuited to such a gathering as the present. The name of Rome and the language of Latium must always be more or less familiar to scholars of the west: the name and fame of England must ever be cherished in every part of the Empire.

The evil which nations do lives after them: the good is buried often with their ashes. It is, in many respects, unfortunate that the cruelties of Nero, and the vices of a Commodus, so often represent the popular knowledge of Roman history; just as it is unfortunate that to so many modern peoples England is a monster of avarice and hypocrisy. But historical enquiry since the time of Niebuhr has at length placed ancient Rome in her true position, and scholars at any rate recognize that Rome was the founder of government and of law, and the organizer of religion for the western nations. At the same time the real influence of Britain is shown by the universal imitation of her free institutions during the last century.

The history of western civilization as a whole is best com-

*Address at autumn Convocation.

prehended under the three divisions which regard Rome as the centre and pivot: viz., the history of Europe prior to the domination of Rome, the history of Europe under the domination of Rome, and the history of Europe (including America) since the Teutonic nations broke away from the control of Rome under the influence of those ideas which we sum up under the name of Reformation. Of the twenty-seven centuries during which we can trace with some definiteness the ideas upon which our civilization rests, Rome was the controlling influence — either temporally or spiritually—for seventeen. From 200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. Rome was *Domina rerum*, the mistress of the world.

The entire obedience of the individual, the complete subjection of the will and conscience to the order of the magistrate, was the ideal which Rome inculcated and developed. Under her iron rule and discipline, the ancient state of warfare was beaten down into subjection and the foundations of law and order were securely laid among the barbarians of the west. To what dangerous lengths the Roman ideal may lead a Latin people has been shown in the great trial recently concluded at Rennes. Mankind would not always live under this ideal. And thus during the centuries of Roman influence another ideal was developing: the ideal of freedom. It is under the influence of that ideal that modern nations live. It is the glory of England that she has been the great teacher of that ideal. Security of person and property from arbitrary command freedom of conscience from state interference, it has been the mission of England to work out to practical results. Necessarily the Roman knew not of the most important of these great privileges. For centuries the history of Europe has been the history of the collisions of these two ideals—the ideal of obedience and the ideal of freedom.

The historical explanation of this is not far to seek. Germany was never subdued by the temporal power of Rome. And before Germany fell under the spiritual rule of Rome, the freedom, which first grew up in the German forests, our Anglo-Saxon forefathers carried with them to the shores of Britain, and there in "splendid isolation" it grew against all opposition from Norman and Angevin; endured the tyranny of the Tudors, and

issued triumphant from its struggle with the Stuarts. That is the easy and evident explanation. But there is something more.

Civilization is one thing: Christianity is another. All nations—like all men—that have accomplished anything great for mankind, have done so in virtue of some great moral idea. With the decay of morality comes the decay of a nation, as history appears to teach. The Romans were a moral nation; in many respects like the English. The old Romans, in fact, were Stoics without being philosophers. They were the Puritans of antiquity. But ancient nations possessed no force by which their morality, once gone, could be renewed and restored. Modern nations, which equally with ancient nations undergo periods of moral degradation, possess in Christianity a moral renovating force. The possession of that force constitutes the great difference, though not the only difference, between ancient and modern civilization. The possession of that force goes far to answer the question whether modern civilization will decay as did its predecessor. Hence originates the alarm with which some thoughtful minds view the alienation of whole classes from the Christian faith.

The most interesting, then, of great historical enquiries, as preparations for further research, are two :—By what course of national education and development was Rome enabled to escape the common fate of the states of antiquity, and become the organizer for Europe of government, of law, and of religion: and by what course of national education and development was England enabled to escape the common fate of the nations of modern Europe, and become thereby the expounder of those rights which men everywhere claim as their inalienable possession in proportion as they free themselves from tyrannical rule.

The answers to these two questions will be attempted in some future number of the MONTHLY.

PROF. WM. DALE, M.A.

A SERVICE AT UNION BAPTIST CHAPEL, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

While on my recent holiday trip to England, it was my pleasure to hear the Rev. Dr. McLaren preach at Union Baptist Chapel, Manchester. To one, who had long read with the deepest interest his sermons, and admired his inimitable style, the privilege of hearing him was one thoroughly enjoyed. I went early to the service and waited with expectancy the intellectual and spiritual treat which was in store for me.

Union Baptist Chapel is in every way a credit to the wealthy and cultured congregation that worships within it, being in style of architecture not unlike the Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto. But for me the chief interest centred about the remarkable man who has ministered to that people for more than forty years.

When the time for beginning the service arrived, the spacious auditorium was filled to the doors. Promptly to the minute Dr. McLaren entered his high pulpit, and, after prayer, gave out the beautiful old hymn,

> "O God of Bethel, by whose hand
> Thy people still are fed."

The Doctor is a man of medium height and weight, possessing typical Scotch features, and a singularly bright eye which at once attracts your attention and well reflects the spirit and fervor of the discourse. Considering his age, his voice is remarkably strong and clear, and throughout the service there was still evidence of that keen intellect and vigorous constitution which has always characterized this prince of preachers. He is an excellent reader of the Scriptures, his enunciation being remarkably distinct and forceful. The morning lesson was found in Genesis, the twenty-eighth chapter, being the account of fugitive Jacob In his reading of this charming Hebrew story, he impressed you that he had a very profound regard for the Word of God, and a deep appreciation of the grandeur of its style as well as the magnitude of the truths therein taught. He read it as if its familiarity only added to its charm—as one who had thought it over and over, section by section, verse by verse, phrase by

phrase, word by word, until it had become replete with meaning. That morning lesson taught me what an interesting and worshipful part the reading of Scripture can play in a rightly conducted service.

As Dr. McLaren rose to pray, his face lit up, Moses-like, with the light of God. God verily seemed near. He spoke as friend to friend. He was often so filled with emotion that he could hardly give utterance to his petition, while the whole congregation seemed enthused with his spirit and in entire accord with him in humility, supplication and contrition. His prayer was that we might come as empty vessels, believing in God and His love, to draw out of His exhaustless wells of salvation, satisfaction and life—"Help us, oh God, to put away all fear, indifference and coldness and press close up to Thyself. Quicken us, for our souls cleave unto the dust. We need Thee in order to desire Thee: we need Thee in order to possess Thee. Both the preparation of the heart and the answer of the tongue come from Thee, and to Thee we look for all. Hear us, O God, although our confession is as faulty as that which it confesses. Give us a greater consciousness of our defects, our shortcomings, and our responsibilities. May there be no secret sin abiding in our characters or diffused in our lives. May there be nothing in our faith not reflected in our conduct, and nothing in our conduct not regulated by our faith. Now, while in Thy presence, may we be conscious of a great power raising us Godward, where Christ is seated at Thy right hand." So he prayed, as all the congregation united with him.

The sermon may be best described as a sweet idyll—in thought so strong, in style so charming, in spirit so Christlike, and in delivery so free from defect. The text was John one and fifty-one. In his introduction he pointed out that this is the first in a long list of passages, recorded in the gospels, in which our Master makes Old Testament incident replete with New Testament teaching. He pointed to other instances in the brazen serpent, the manna, and the passover lamb. In a very interesting way he pictured the flight of Jacob. How he lay down in the desert wilderness footsore, and lo, as he slept he dreamed, and saw the rocks about him piled into a gigantic

staircase, with angels ascending and descending by his side. Thus was Jacob taught the nearness of God's presence—even by his side,—and that from every portion of this universe there is a straight road to heaven. The three divisions of the sermon were: (1) The ladder; (2) The angels; (3) The eyes that were blessed with the vision.

I. The ladder. We have here what Jesus Christ declares Himself to be. He calls Himself the "Son of man." This title though found in all the four evangelists, comes to us from the lips of Jesus only. Only twice is it found elsewhere (Acts 7: 56 and Rev. 1: 13) and these may almost be called quotations of His words. He uses this title of Himself because He is manhood unique, sovereign and Divine. All that manhood was intended to be was realized in Him; all the possibilities of manhood met in Him. Nathaniel had just declared in rapture, "Thou art the Son of God." Jesus did not refuse this title, but added another—"Son of man,"—thus declaring His sovereign character on the one hand and linking Himself with humanity in all its weakness and limitations on the other. About us to-day voices are asking, "Who is this Son of man?" Blessed is the man who is able to say, not only by the voice of creed, but by the voice of life, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

II. The angels. What Christ claimed to do is here explained in the expression, "Angels ascending and descending upon the Son of man." This does not teach that Christ was the recipient of angelic ministration from the cradle to the cross, as some have maintained, but rather that He is the medium of communication between heaven and earth—between God and every fugitive Jacob. He is the great staircase, the channel by which Divine benefactions come down to men, and human aspirations go up to God. The angel of Divine forgiveness comes down by this ladder and bears away our sin, and the angel of supplication ascends by this ladder bearing up our petitions, our desires, our thanksgiving, and one day we may hope to ascend it likewise.

III. The eyes which were blessed with the vision. Are your eyes so blest? Do the angel's wings come with blessing into

your life? There is the ladder. Put your foot upon the lowest step, and at the last you will go up into the heavens by the same means that heaven in all its plenitude has come down to you.

In listening to Dr. McLaren, one could not fail to be deeply impressed with his spiritual earnestness, his true eloquence, and his exaltation of Christ, for Christ is the theme of all his ministry. His sermon showed the greatest care in preparation; he evidently writes fully, as occasionally he would repeat a sentence, slightly changing its construction, as if recalling his manuscript. He spoke for almost fifty minutes, during which time the deepest interest was manifested by the congregation. At the conclusion of the sermon, when he was strongest, and reached the climax in thought, eloquence and feeling, many were in tears, while some sobbed with emotion.

I look back upon the service as among the most blessed memories of my life. The spirit of the great man, so humble, so reverent, so consecrated to Christ and his work rise up before me as a constant benediction. Happy is the flock that is favored with such a ministry as that of Dr. McLaren's.

L. Brown.

Grimsby, Oct. 2, '99.

WHY SEND A BOY TO A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL.

That our Collegiate Institutes and High Schools form an essential factor in the providing for an adequate and widespread education of the youth who to-morrow are to be citizens of our land, few would undertake to controvert. Certainly none of those few will be found among the members of the teaching profession who are engaged in residential schools. There is no inherent antagonism between the public system and its supplements, for such in their function are the residential schools of the province, whether wholly independent or under Government control. These institutions have no tenable *raison d'etre*, but the assistance they may afford in the forming of intelligent, manly and efficient members of society. If they are able to accomplish

this end more effectively in some cases than can be done under the public system, there exists sufficient grounds for a continued patronage of them by thoughtful guardians. A moment's consideration should make it clear that there in necessarily a place still for institutions auxiliary to the public system, however complete the latter may appear. Evidently the purpose of any social or governmental function, that of education certainly not excepted, ought to be the securing of the greatest good to the largest possible number. However close an approximation there may be to this unavoidably indefinite ideal, there must remain, in any event, a modicum of society whose best interests can be served only by supplementing the opportunities which are offered through the larger public scheme.

In a new country, such as ours, the more successful of those who constitute the advance guard upon the frontiers of our civilization feel under the necessity of sending their boys away from home for their education. In the majority of such cases the residential school offers a practicable solution to an otherwise trying problem. It should be remembered, too, that even in districts particularly favored educationally there is a large and increasing number of pupils unable to reside at home while attending a High School or Collegiate Institute. Now that High School Entrance and Public School Leaving examinations are passed so generally by lads of twelve or thirteen years it is a question for the careful consideration of rural parents whether it would not be better to place their sons under the careful and educative discipline of a residential school than to allow them the freedom of town streets, when they are every evening free either from a parent's or a master's oversight. The additional expense involved in attending a residential school would be but slight, and not worthy of consideration if any real educational advantage can be secured. In the case, too, of a boy who has lost either mother or father, and whose home life must remain deprived whether of the controlling sympathy of the one, or of the firm guidance of the other, there are strong reasons to be advanced in favor of placing him in some efficiently conducted boarding-school.

Thus far somewhat exceptional circumstances have been

considered. Some reader asks how his (or her) boy with helpful home surroundings and first-class educational advantages would profit by three or four years' residence in a school away from direct parental control. What are the advantages, if any, that the residential school can honestly offer to such? There is in most homes a recognized difficulty in the securing from boys concentrated and systematic effort in study or achievement. There is no doubt that this is due largely to the fact that the day-school and the home have so little in common, and exercise influences so little concerted if not actually opposed to each other. The father with the responsibility of a modern business life devolving upon him, too seldom is able to exercise efficient supervision over the educational progress of his son. The mother, though her sympathy influences much, has other cares more insistent than seeing to it that a boy does not treat carelessly his problems in algebra or his French exercise. Habits of indolence and carelessness, and an unsymmetrical mental growth are the results, too often, of a lack of necessary oversight and direction. Not that the High School teachers of our province, as a class, are at all deficient in the essential qualities of that character and intellect necessary for the controlling influence so much to be desired. But it is impossible for them to exercise it fully, conditioned as they are, meeting, in a more or less informal way, for only a short time each day, groups of pupils often too large for individual personal contact. In the residential school the home or, rather, community life, is an essential part of one unbroken system of training. Athletics, mental recreation, social intercourse and intellectual work are so co-related as to make possible the harmonious adjustment of all to the desired end of symmetrically developed manhood. Usually the teaching staff is large and efficient, and the number of scholars being generally smaller than in city Collegiates, individual attention is given to scholars suited to their particular requirements.

The hard and fast regulations necessary to the successful working of any scheme under government direction can be intelligently modified in an independent institution as occasion may require, without foregoing any of the real advantages

which are to be derived from the accepting of Departmental standards. Studies and work not upon the ordinary High School curriculum, but telling directly toward manly and capable living, find full recognition in residential schools. The refining influences of instruction in music and art, the inestimable practical and educative value of "manual training" in wood and metal work, systematic physical culture, and direct teaching in Christian ethics are some of the distinctive advantages which a well-equipped residential school has to offer to those who come within its walls.

In his remarkable book, "Anglo-Saxon Superiority," Edmond Demolins credits the English boys' schools with exercising an immense influence in the development of that virile British manhood which has made for progress and power at home and abroad. "Man is not a mere intelligence," he says, "but an intelligence attached to a body. We are, therefore, to train the pupils in energy, will-power, physical strength, manual skill, agility." For such a training he considers the properly conducted residential school (not the huge examination-cramming *internat* of France) beyond question the most efficient means. Nowhere, surely, than in such an institution are boys prepared better for the duties and responsibilities of manhood. In their daily life with one another the principles of true democracy and independence are unconsciously inculcated. Regard for law and system, without which democracy is but anarchy, become as firmly implanted. There is an individual "ascent of man" from the condition of complete dependence upon others to that higher plane of living upon which the distinctive characteristic is "the doing for others." To attain to this final state of independence and altruism it is necessary that there should be a transition stage in which actionless dependence gives place to individual self-reliance. Under no conditions, I believe, can the growth of such self-reliance be more favored than within a residential school.

Stanbury R. Tarr, '95.

Woodstock, Ont.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

"Whatever married couple will go to the priory and kneeling on two sharp pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarrelled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day of its celebration, shall receive a flitch of bacon."

Such was the stipulation made in 1244 by Robert de Fitzwalter with the town authorities of Dunmow, in the county of Essex, England. No couples appeared to claim the prize until the year 1445, either the painful ordeal or the insignificant value of the bacon, or perhaps both, having discouraged any aspirants to the honor, if the winning of such a prize could be so called. Up to 1751 only five couples had appeared as claimants, and between that year and 1855 there were none. But during the last few years the antique ceremony has been revived, until now it has become an annual fixture for the August Bank Holiday. It is one of the many means of amusement galore on that holiday. To witness it people flock to the quaint little town of Dunmow, from every part of England.

This year, in the centre of an extensive field, in which a variety of entertainments was going on, stood the court-house, being a large marquee fitted up for the purpose. Around it a hundred hawkers were noisily advertising their wares—fruits, drinks, and gaudy toy balloons,—and were creating a perfect pandemonium as each one blew on the particular kind of whistle he was selling—and each man sold a different kind. Gaudily dressed clowns, with their whitened faces and besmirched cheeks and eyebrows, were keeping the crowds in a good humor by their ridiculously silly tricks and sayings. A merry-go-round was mechanically grinding out its monotonous—I cannot say music. Besides, a military tournament provided by the Herts Yeomanry was in full swing. Yet these numerous and varied attractions were poorly patronized as compared with the court room.

So plain was this court room, or to be exact, court tent, that no decoration was apparent except two flitches of bacon tied together with colored ribbons hanging in the centre of the tent. The judge wearing the conventional wig and scarlet robes

looked the personification of dignity, as he sat in the antique leather chair provided for him. Undoubtedly he realized the gravity of the case soon to be opened before him. The jury were twelve in number to be sure, but composed of six bachelors and six spinsters according to Robert de Fitzwalter's provision. As they were solemnly ushered in by the marshal of the court they rivalled even the judge in point of dignity.

An ex-sergeant and his wife thirty years his junior, were the couple who came forward this year to claim the prize. Their counsel, a most astute and mendacious lawyer, described the sergeant's adventures on sea and land, praised his patriotism and heroism in the most glowing terms, graphically narrated his gallant rescue of a boy from drowning, for which heroic act the Humane Society presented him with a medal, and concluded his eulogy by producing before the court innumerable testimonials to the effect that his clients' wedded life had been unmarred by even the slightest disagreement and had been, truly, an unbroken chain of happiness.

The counsel for the respondents, *i.e.* the donors of the flitch, then subjected the sergeant to a searching and rigid cross-examination, during which he laid much stress on the fact (he called it a fact) that a six months old baby, which was the exact age of the claimants' youngest child, was not at all conducive to peace at home. So firmly did he believe this, that he made it the major premise of his argument against the claimants, and, taking for the minor premise the fact that the claimants had a six months old baby, most dogmatically concluded that, under such conditions, the aforesaid claimants could not possibly have lived together without one disagreement for a year and a day. But his nicely laid syllogism was crushed utterly when the sergeant swore that their baby was not like the ordinary run of babies; it was, in fact, the best baby that ever lived.

The sergeant's wife, the mother of this extraordinary baby, deposed on oath that she had never been treated harshly by her husband; that he had never called her to "attention," but had always let her "stand at ease."

A witness testified that such was the mutual happiness of the claimants that they deserved not merely a flitch, but a whole hog.

After all evidence "pro" and "con" had been taken, the two counsels in their proper turn addressed the jury in most eloquent and elaborate discourses. The main argument of the counsel for the respondents was, that the couple were not really trying to prove that their married life had been happy, but that they had a sinister design on the bacon. The claimants' counsel confined himself to eulogizing his clients.

The learned judge gravely summed up the evidence and delivered a most pathetic charge to the jury, who, after a retirement of five minutes' duration, through their foreman announced a verdict in favor of the claimants, a decision which was most vociferously applauded. The successful couple were then chaired and carried around the field at the head of a long procession of people of every class.

W. S. Fox, '00.

Editorial Notes.

The increasing numbers of students which are thronging to the halls of McMaster are making more prominent the needs for greater and better accommodation. References are made elsewhere to the Forward Movement in our educational work and to the steps already taken by various interested bodies. There is, however, one body—a body which perhaps embraces all the others—to which this work and University very definitely belong. The Baptist denomination is not only the constituency upon which this college must draw most largely for its students, it is also *the possessor* of the institution itself. The interests of the college are directly and changelessly bound up with those of the denomination at large, and we are glad to believe that this conviction is becoming ever more widely rooted.

It is a recognition of this fact by the Board of Governors that is leading Chancellor Wallace to devote the coming weeks to an effort among the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. The task that has been set him is that of bringing more prominently before the denomination the needs of the University, and also of granting to them the opportunity of saying what this educational work means to them.

Of the character of the response we need make no conjecture whatever. The Forward Movement in our educational work is an assured fact because we are confident that the Christian manhood and womanhood of Baptist people must be always responsive to appeals based upon the principles of righteous progress.

Before this number of The Monthly reaches its readers, they will have learned that in all its departments the University has opened under the most encouraging circumstances and with the brightest prospects of success. Moulton College is full to overflowing, a condition of affairs somewhat unique in its later history, to be sure, and therefore the more to be rejoiced at. Woodstock College has its usual large attendance and is prepared to do its usual good work. In the University proper there have been a strengthening of the staff and an increase in the number of students. With respect to the latter we refer our readers to the Chancellor's address, which we print in another quarter of this issue, and commend to their notice in particular the portions in which he discusses possible unsympathetic explanations of our continued increase in numbers. In time it will no longer be necessary for the Chancellor to pay attention to such insinuations as there indicated,

but for the present the University may expect to endure them. From time to time in these columns we shall endeavor to silence them by the hard logic of facts.

Apart, however, from the mere question of increase in numerical strength, we may surely say that McMaster University begins this year under more hopeful conditions than it has entered on any preceding year. Our Forward Movement is well under way and bids fair to be brought to a speedy and successful issue. This has been made possible by the growing sympathy with the work of the University in the heart of the denomination at large, as witness the unanimous willingness of the Convention to authorize our appeal for $35,000 in aid of the work here. It is in this practical demonstration of positive interest that we find the largest grounds for satisfaction and hope. We are well aware that, in the face of pressing calls for all sorts of worthy objects, many may be unable to contribute much, if anything at all, to our expansion fund, but notwithstanding this we feel certain that the hearts of the people are more and more with us. This is largely due, we believe, to the presence of our graduates in their midst, and we may expect it to be increasingly so as the number of graduates grows. By their character as men and women of Christian culture our graduates are commending McMaster to the sympathy of the denomination, and sometimes silently but always effectively promoting her best interests. In this growing sympathy, then, and its source we find just reason for heartfelt gratification and sanguine hope.

Further, we must not overlook the undergraduates in any survey of present conditions. Their enthusiastic loyalty is very grateful to the Chancellor and members of the Faculty, and, along with that of the graduates, has been exceedingly influential in producing the present encouraging state of affairs. We lately heard of a remark made by a professor in the University of Toronto to the effect that he did not know any body of undergraduates so imbued with a proper *esprit de corps* and so loyal to their Alma Mater as he had observed McMaster students to be. Knowing them as we do, we heartily subscribe to the statement. Every day we see evidence of their devotion, but the crowning evidence came last year in the shape of a subscription of $1100 towards a Building Fund. This spontaneous action did more, we believe, to strengthen the hands of the Chancellor and convince the Board of Governors of the necessity for action than anything else. On behalf of the Chancellor and Faculty we thank the undergraduates for their splendid piece of initiative in that regard, and for their con-

tinued devotion to McMaster. On our part we promise to spare no expenditure of labor or sympathy to make their Alma Mater worthy of their love.

To sum up, we look forward to a successful year because our numbers are growing and our staff has been strengthened; because our undergraduates are intensely enthusiastic in their devotion; because our graduates are quitting themselves like men; and, finally, because our University is winning a larger place in the affections of the people.

THE MONTHLY is glad to welcome Professor Dale and Dr. Smith to the Faculty of McMaster. Their accession to the staff will be a source of strength and reputation to the University. Professor Dale's fame as a brilliant scholar and able lecturer is well-known, and his appointment to the position of Special Lecturer will prove a popular one, not only with those who listen to his lectures, but also with all friends of higher education in Canada. The former will find in him an inspiring teacher, and the latter will rejoice that his invaluable services are not to be lost to Canadian academic life. The present writer was a student under Professor Dale, and knows whereof he speaks when he says that the Professor not only is a master of his subject, but also knows well how to impart his knowledge to those under him. Of Dr. Smith much the same may be said. Some of our graduates will remember how excellent a teacher he was at Woodstock College, and we all have heard of his recent graduation from Chicago as doctor of philosophy *magna cum laude*. No better evidence of his fitness as a scholar is required. The members of the Faculty rejoice at the presence of Professor Dale and Dr. Smith, and hereby extend to them the heartiest welcome. We expect them to enrich not only the scholastic but also the spiritual life of the University, and we assure them of our readiness to accept their co-operation to that end.

WE have spoken above of the bright outlook of the University for a prosperous year. THE MONTHLY hopes to share in the general prosperity. Certain changes have been made looking towards greater efficiency in the management. For one thing, the students have accepted larger responsibility in connection with the finances. Hereafter the Business Manager will be expected to make an annual report to the Literary and Scientific Society, and that body will appoint auditors to examine the books. Further, it has been thought well to appoint an Assistant Managing Editor from the students, who will relieve the Managing Editor from much of the minor details of man-

agement, and who will also be responsible for the quality of at least one-half of the magazine. This will engage a larger interest from the students and will make THE MONTHLY even more a student publication than it has hitherto been. The editor will not relax in his attention to the work of making our college paper a worthy publication, one appealing to every thoughtful Canadian Baptist, while the student editor and his assistants will spare no efforts in the same direction Any suggestions as to helpful lines of advancement will be gladly received. We trust that our graduates will take a personal interest in the welfare of THE MONTHLY, and by sending or suggesting articles endeavor to promote its interest. We hope, too, that many who have unpaid subscriptions of long standing may remit the amounts due, and thereby relieve our financial stress.

IT is with the greatest pleasure that we welcome Brandon College to the noble sisterhood of Christian schools of learning, and especially to the smaller circle of our Canadian Baptist schools. Most cordially do we extend to Principal McDiarmid and his colleagues the right hand of fellowship. We join with him and all Canadian Baptists in expressing our hearty appreciation of the great service that Prof. McKee has rendered in holding the fort so manfully for so many years, and making possible the remarkably propitious opening of the school under Baptist auspices. It is a great satisfaction to us that a man of such natural ability, scholarly attainment, executive strength, force of character, theological soundness, missionary zeal, and Christian manhood, should be its head. We are glad and thankful that a few friends in the East here have felt it their privilege to give generously and make the new College possible. May their numbers be increased! We hope soon to see Quebec and the Maritime Provinces also claiming a share with Ontario in caring for this child of the West.

We extend congratulations to our churches in the West on the prospect of a home-grown and home-trained ministry. No other can be quite equal to it. And we would also congratulate Manitoba and the West at large. For we believe that no greater boon could come to that promising country than a Baptist school of learning, for true Baptist schools always stand for sound scholarship, noble character, and Christian life. Such a school in the West will be a force for all-round culture of the individual, and the cultivation of that general intelligence which befits a self-governing community. It will make for soul-liberty, and befriend all that contributes to the highest well-being of the individual, the family, the churches, and the state.

Book Reviews.

'POSTLE FARM.*

The scene of this story lies chiefly where the Devonshire rains beat against the grey walls, where the rich grass is sweet for the sheep, and where the air is thick with Devonshire superstitions and Devonshire dialect. 'Postle Farm took its name from a row of twelve elm trees that grew upon it, and between it and Upcott Hall across the river, the meshes of the story run. Cathie is brought up on the Farm, but she ultimately becomes mistress of the Hall, and in her development the graces of Heredity, fortified by a strong Personality, struggle with Environment, and, with one pathetic exception, conquer. Her mind is hungry and it awakens to an intense craving for knowledge; her affections are strong and she finds a lover; her will is like steel and keeps her on the right way; her conscience is sound and she does not sear it. She conquers her ignorance and becomes an educated woman; she conquers her dialect and is at last able, even when excited, to speak pure English; she conquers temptation and holds to the right path. But in the struggle of the soul upwards her affections burn so fiercely and are treated so roughly by the man who gave her the first helping hand, that before the end they are burnt out and her eyes become the tomb of a love that had meant almost everything and is now gone forever. The tone of the book is good and its spirit is robust. The chief lesson is that there is a direct connection between sowing and reaping. The style is in some ways like Blackmore, but the chapters are literary etchings rather than detailed drawings. There are many strong passages and the book will probably compel its readers to cut out unimportant things from the program of the day in order to find time to follow the course of the story. J. L. G.

THE KINGDOM (BASILEIA).†

This book is attractive externally. The publishers have done their work well. The large clear print is a joy to the eyes.

And the book itself is an attractive one. Dr. Boardman has put into it the natural results of a life-time's study of the Scripture's central

---

* 'Postle Farm, by George Ford. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

† The Kingdom (Basileia): An Exegetical Study. By George Dana Boardman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899.

theme, if, indeed, we remember (what we should never forget) that the descriptions of the perfected Kingdom are essentially descriptions of the King.

The book is called an exegetical study. It is that, but not exactly in the class-room sense of the term. The author has done but little original work. Neither theologian nor exegete would get much that is new here. Other men have labored and Dr. Boardman has entered into their labors. But this he has done with intelligence and discrimination. In most cases he has adopted the view that is supported by the majority of the leading scholars; the exceptions are those in which his Baptist teaching and insight have made clear to him what to Pedobaptist scholars is obscure. The book in this last respect will join with other influences of our idea to emancipate men from the trammels of denominational prejudice and condition them to examine in an unbiassed way the actual teaching of the New Testament.

The great service the author has rendered, however, is in taking the most assured results of scholarly study, organizing them and laying them before the world in a popular way. And this he has done beautifully and inspiringly. The work forms a capital object lesson for preachers who would learn how to take the raw materials furnished by scholars and present them clearly, forcibly and impressively to the people. We read it with great pleasure and closed it with a heightened appreciation of the glory and splendor of God's Kingdom and of the wisdom and honor of following the Lord's footsteps alike through the valleys and up the heights.

There are of course some flaws. There is a flavor of pedantry—especially noticeable in the opening chapter—which might well be eliminated. The term "Holy Communion" is a little too churchy for our taste. By the baptism in fire John surely means not the fire of purification but of destruction, as the context shows. The author does not seem to us to have caught the main outline of the Sermon on the Mount, though in numerous details his insight has served him well.

But, speaking generally, the book is safe in scholarship, and sound in doctrine; orderly in arrangement and clear in discussion; frank in statement and kindly in spirit; elegant in diction and splendid with eloquence. 'Tis a Kingly book on a Kingly theme.

We hope it will be widely read. If another word would induce any to read it, we should gladly add it in a general reference to the contents. Here are O. T. foregleams of the Kingdom; misconceptions and rectifications; definition and constituents of the Kingdom; a

luminous exposition of the Sermon on the Mount, which occupies half the volume; the methods of the Kingdom, in which the parable of the leaven is discussed; the Kingdom's symbols (baptism and the Lord's Supper); the church of the Kingdom; the growth and consummation of the Kingdom. Extremely interesting to very many should be his discussion of the Second Coming. Read it and see if the author is far astray.

J. H. F.

SAMUEL BOYD OF CATCHPOLE SQUARE.*

Outside, the book is of Gold and Red; inside, it is about Money bought with Blood. The story of a murder tangled in mystery is artfully unravelled. Lights and shadows quickly succeed each other. It is an elaborate illustration of the pregnant words: "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light.....but he that doeth truth cometh to the light."

A young man and a little twelve year old girl, out of love and devotion for the innocents upon whom suspicion rests, work and suffer together and almost unaided run to earth the guilty.

In reading this book one seems to have gotten back into the company and life of Hugo's "Misérables"; only that these unfortunates live in London.

The plot is intricate, but moves naturally. Every detail is handled with a cocksuredness that is gratifying to a critical reader. Add to these qualities, the fact that intense interest is engaged from first to last, and we have proof that the author is a masterhand at this sort of story telling.

Some people fret for excitement; to such this book should serve as a homœopathic remedy and teach them to be content with the peace of home, friends, work, nature and God.

T.

---

*Samuel Boyd of Catchpole Square. By B. L. Farjeon. Toronto: W. J. Gage Co.

College News.

EDITORS { MISS MCLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

PROFESSOR in Church History (at the close of a lecture on the persecutions of the early Church)—"We will continue these persecutions next day."

MAGNANIMOUS Sophomore (to lately returned Graduate, whom he does not know)—"Freshman, eh? Well, we're glad to see you. You'll find it rather strange at first, I guess, but you'll soon get used to it."

OLD Boy (returned after several years' absence)—graciously to stranger—"How do you do? This your first year, is it? Glad to ——."

Senior (at his full height)—"No, sir, I belong to the graduating class."

THE first meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was called Friday, October 13th, for the purpose of electing officers for the year 1899-1900. The following were elected to office: President, Miss Dryden, '00; Vice-President, Miss Saunders, '01; Secretary, Miss Seldon, '02; Treasurer, Miss Mabel Wallace, '03; Pianist, Miss Cohoon, '00.

THE re-organization of the senior year in Arts took place Oct. 10th. "Century's" officers for the ensuing term are these:—Hon. Pres., Professor Willmott; Pres., D. W. Gunn; Vice-Pres., Miss McLay; Sec.-Treas., Mr. Smith; Cor. Sec., Mr. Welch; Bard, Mr. Baker; Historian, Miss Gile; Orator, Mr. Cornish; Football Captain, Mr. Fox.

A BIG Freshman Class met for organization on Oct. 10th. The officers elected to guard the interests of the "year '03" are the following: Hon. Pres., Dr. Smith; Pres., F. F. McEwen; Vice-Pres., Miss Wallace; Sec.-Treas, Mr. BenGough; Cor. Sec., Miss Annable; Orator, J. N. McLean; Bard, H. Norman; Football Captain, Mr. Humley; Musician, E. Farmer; Historian, Miss Parlin.

THE Sophomores met on Monday, Oct. 9th, for class re-organization, and elected the following officers: Hon. Pres., Professor McKay; Pres., J. A. McLean; Vice-Pres., Miss Grace Wallace; Sec.-Treas., H. S. Arkell; Cor. Sec., R. D. McLaurin; Bard, W. P. McDonald; Historian, Miss Blackadar; Orator, W. Bowyer; Minstrel, C. C. Sinclair; Captain, G. C. Lamont; Councillors, Miss Seldon and T. Meldrum.

Mr. Edgar A. Brownlee, '00, has been removed from our midst to the Toronto Western Hospital, where he is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. We sincerely trust that his illness will be of short duration, and that his cheerful countenance will soon be seen in our halls again.

Theological Society.—At a well attended meeting of the Theological Society, the following officers were elected for the year :—Hon. Pres., Dr. Farmer; Pres., A. B. Cohoe; Vice.-Pres., O. C. Elliott, Sec.-Treas., J. S. La Flair; Councillors, D. Alexander, A. G. Baker. On account of the large class in 1st year Theology, the Society has greatly increased in numbers, and the meetings during the year promise to be both interesting and instructive to those who attend.

"Year noughty one" has again re-organized, being yet "one in name and one in purpose." The old feeling of loyalty to the "Pink and Green" is as strong as ever, and the boys can yell "Hulla-ba-looya" as vigorously as in their sophomore or freshman days. The elections held Friday afternoon, Oct. 13th, were attended with no little enthusiasm, and resulted thus :—Hon. Pres., Dr. Farmer; Pres., A. T. McNeil; Vice-Pres., Miss O. M. Clemens; Sec.-Treas., Alex. Torrie; Cor. Sec., Miss E E. Delmage; Orator, A. C. Watson; Bard, J. Hobson; Historian, R. E. Sayles; Football Captain, R. E. Guyatt.

Tennysonian Society.—The Tennysonian met for organization in the chapel on the 18th of October. There was a fair attendance, the majority being Freshmen. In the absence of the former officers of the Society, Mr. Huddleston took the chair and proceeded with the elections, with the following results : President, T. E. Meldrum; Vice-President, Miss Norton; Sec.-Treas., T. H. Norman; Councillors, Miss N. Wallace, Miss Parlin; Editors of "Argosy," R. N. Wilson, B. R. Allen. Many of McMaster's most famous orators received their first lessons in the Tennysonian, and the value of this Society cannot be overestimated.

Football.—Although the football team misses several of its players of last year the prospects of a successful season are very bright. The game is enthusiastically supported by the students, and large numbers turn out to practise every evening, so that Mr. Zavitz, the popular captain, will have no difficulty in filling the vacancies with able men. A practice match with Victoria resulted in a score of 2 to 0 in favor of McMaster, and one with Osgoode also gave McMaster the victory by 3 goals to 1. The result of the latter game is especially gratifying, as Osgoode is known to have one of the strongest teams in the league. But sweet is mixed with bitter, and on Monday afternoon, Oct. 16th, the McMaster team suffered a reverse at the hands of the Dentals, score 3—0. In reality, however, the teams were much more evenly matched than the score would indicate. Football scores are sometimes like exam. reports.

On Thanksgiving Day afternoon, the McMaster team played a friendly but hotly contested game of football with Woodstock College, in the campus at Woodstock. The score was 3—2 in McMaster's favor, but they had to work for it, hard too. About a dozen McMaster boys accompanied the team to Woodstock, and did their part on the "rooting line," making up for fewness of numbers by enthusiasm and a splendid exhibition of lung-power. The McMaster contingent are loud in their praises of the right royal reception and the good time the Woodstock boys gave them. Perhaps some are indebted to more than the Woodstock *boys*.

Once again the *Student Body* has gotten under way, all sail set, with Mr. S. E. Grigg, High Kakiak, at the helm of State; Mr. E. E. Wood, 1st Vice-Kakiak, and Mr. S. T. Foster, 2nd Vice-Kakiak, stand by at the wheel; while Mr. J. E. Pengelly, Sec.-Treas., looks after all signal messages and keeps the log-book. The worthy staff is completed by Messrs. Lauchland and Cohoe, who keep watch on the top deck, Messrs. McDonald and Goble on the second deck, and Mr. Hobson on the first deck. The election of the officers, held on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 10th, was attended with considerable interest, but after the usual difficulties were overcome, all was put ship-shape and the noble bark started on her voyage of 1899-1900.

The autumn Convocation was held in Bloor Street Church, Friday evening, Oct. 13th. Devotional exercises were conducted by Dr. Welton; Chancellor Wallace, in a short address, stated the conditions of McMaster University, at this the beginning of a new year's work, which are indeed indicative of progress and give reason for large hopes for the future. Still the cry is, "We are growing; give us room." Dr. W. R. Smith, who is entering on work in McMaster as Lecturer in Physics and Biology, gave a brief address, dealing with his reasons for hopefulness for doing effective work in his own branch of instruction. Then came the principal address of the evening, "Rome and England," by Professor Wm. Dale, which was both interesting and instructive in a high degree, and quite fulfilled the high expectations the author's name warranted.

The Fyfe Missionary Society.—The opening meetings of the Fyfe Society were held on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day and the morning of Friday, October 20th In the first session, after devotional exercises, led by Dr. Rand, Mr Elliott gave an account of the work in Peterboro', and Mr. Anger spoke of the work in Grande Ligne. At the Friday morning session, the voluntary work in the city was reviewed, and addresses were given by Mr. Archie Baker and Mr. J. McIntosh, on the work done at Abbot's Corners and Mulgrave, respectively. Business was then proceeded with, and, after the reading and adoption of the Treasurer's Report, the election of officers was held, which resulted as follows: President, Dr. Rand; Vice-President, Mr. A. Baker; Recording Secretary, Mr. A. J. Saunders; Corresponding Sec-

retary, Mr. G. R. Welch; Treasurer, Dr. Welton; Members of the Executive from the Faculty, Dr. Goodspeed and Dr. Farmer; Members of Executive from Students, Miss Armstrong, Messrs. Thomas, Grigg, Coutts, Jordan; Committee of Voluntary Work, Dr. Goodspeed, Superintendent, Dr Farmer and Mr. S. E. Grigg

TUESDAY, October 3rd, was a happy day for the ladies of McMaster. How glad we all were to see the vine-clad walls of our dear old Alma Mater, and to again meet with professors and students, just as if such a thing as a summer vacation had never existed! The return was touched with a little sadness, however, for some of us who had been promoted to the dignity of lordly seniors. For perhaps the last time in our lives we have met in Chapel on the opening day of the College year.

We were all, Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores alike, glad to welcome to our numbers the large class of Freshman Ladies, and half envy them, remembering the days when we were freshettes, and had to be initiated into all the mysteries of College life, football matches and rallies. We were much delighted with the improvements in our Ladies' Room. The minute we stepped into the room, in the midst of handshakes and greetings of all kinds, we noticed the changes that had taken place in our absence. Now we have a pretty new carpet, and all the chairs and couches have been newly upholstered. The room looks very bright and comfortable, and we are all very much pleased.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—Thursday evening, Oct. 12th, was especially suitable for the election of officers for that most important of McMaster societies, the "Lit." Nearly all the students had assembled in the dining-room to witness and take part in the novel mode of "hustling" the Freshman which McMaster has adopted, and after the usual speech making they repaired to the chapel to cast their ballots. The elections of that evening will long be remembered as the most enthusiastic and best contested in the history of the society. Vice-President Lauchland called on the presidential candidates to state their platform on the burning questions of the day and the first ballots were distributed. The result of the vote was received with applause, when Mr. T. M. Cornish was declared elected to the presidency. On his taking the chair the elections were proceeded with and the following officers elected: 1st Vice-Pres., J. M. McDonald; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Saunders; Sec.-Treas., P. C. McLaurin; Cor. Sec., P. E. Baker; Councillors, J. A. Faulkener, Miss Blackadar, A. C. Newcombe; Editor of the "Student," J. T. Jones; Assistant Editors, E. E. Wood, A. J. Saunders; Auditors, F. N. Goble, H. E. Jordan; Auditor for MONTHLY, J. M. Cornwall; Reading Room Committee, J. M. Cornwall, G. H. Grant, J. A. McLean, S. J. Foster, R. Smith. With this efficient staff of officers and the interest evidently taken in the Society by the students, the "Lit" for the ensuing term will certainly flourish.

Freshmen's Reception.—The reception to the Freshmen this year was of a higher temperature than usual. For several days before the great event, groups of anxious Freshmen might have been seen in the halls, eagerly discussing the possibility of carrying a few concealed weapons, to be used in self-defence. Those in the secret, however, only took an extra run around the Athletic Field and kicked the foot-ball a little more vigorously to whet their appetites for the repast provided by our kind matron. When the Freshmen entered the dining-room, blank astonishment reigned on every face as they saw the tables loaded with the delicacies of the season. Their hair, which had assumed a perpendicular position as they filed down the dismal stair-way, now resumed its normal condition, and they were soon as busily engaged as their supposed persecutors After the supper, the old students, led by the quartette, sang a ballad which, though somewhat personal, was taken in good part by the Freshmen. Mr. A. B. Cohoe then welcomed the incoming Class in Theology in a neat speech, in which he tendered some good advice, illustrating his remarks with many a good story. D. Alexander replied for his Class, expressing his gratitude for the reception and the advice so kindly offered. Then in a brilliant and polished address, Mr. J. M. Cornwall spoke words of welcome to the 1st Year Arts, on whose behalf Mr. McIntosh responded. The chairman then proposed a toast to our Matron, being frequently interrupted in his remarks by bursts of applause, which reached their climax when Mrs. Pritchard was brought in. The proceedings were closed by singing, "Thy Praises, McMaster," and the Freshmen were duly incorporated into the Student Body of McMaster University.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editors { Miss Lillian Baird.
Miss Sarah Howard.

The Y. W. C. A. meetings on Tuesday evenings have been especially bright and interesting. We have been favored with addresses from Mrs. Knight of the C. I. M., and Mrs. DePrazer, medical missionary from India.

The Moulton Lecture Course for this year was very happily opened on Saturday evening, October the fourteenth, by Professor Clark, of Trinity University, the subject being "The Ancient Mariner." This is the third time that we have been privileged to hear Dr. Clark, and his interpretations of "The Water Babies" and "The Ancient Mariner," have opened up new avenues of thought, and aroused deeper interest in the study of literature. To express our appreciation of Dr. Clark's kindness to us, a bouquet of roses was presented on behalf of the school, by Miss Gertrude Macgregor.

THE convenience and beauty of the new stairway leading to the dining-room, contrasted with the old mode of access, has called forth enthusiastic admiration from all the old students. Those who interested themselves in securing the means for its erection feel more than repaid for their trouble.

SINCE the re-opening of the College, many friends, new and old, have been with us at chapel to give helpful thoughts that have remained with us throughout many a busy day. Chancellor Wallace, Rev. Chas. Eaton, Mr. McMaster and Rev. James Grant, of Ingersoll, were welcomed again by us.

IT has for some time been a fond dream with the students of Moulton that her accommodation for resident students should be taxed to the full. This dream has become a delightful reality this year. We are glad to welcome so many new girls, not only for what their presence means to the College, but for what their life in the College may mean to them.

THE first social event this year was the "At Home" given by the old girls to welcome the new girls and the new teacher, Miss Iler. A very happy time was spent and the effort that was put forth to make the "new" girls feel "old" was very successful. We hope that this is but the earnest of many pleasant social gatherings throughout the coming year.

OUR bright Thanksgiving Day was gladly welcomed by Moulton. The freedom and relaxation from the ordinary routine of school life which it brought for all; the intercourse with friends and relatives, for many; and the opportunity for enjoyment in various ways, for others, made it indeed a day of pleasure.

THE first regular meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on Friday evening, October the twentieth, when a bright, interesting programme was given. The following officers have been appointed for the ensuing Term: President, Miss Bessie Clarkson; Vice-President, Miss Florence Brown; Secretary, Miss Lillian Baird; Treasurer, Miss Edith Oliver; Executive Committee, Misses Bessie McLaurin, Elsie Dryden, Lynn Speller, Leila Logan. Games Committee, Misses Ada Fyfe and Sarah Howard; Editors Heliconian Paper, Misses Gertrude McGregor, Maggie McDonald, Stella Jackson and Jessie Grobb; Editors MCMASTER MONTHLY Notes, Misses Lillian Baird and Sarah Howard.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { S. R. TARR, M.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

THE College roll shows a larger registration than has been made for several years during the first term. As with the rest of Canada this is our "growing time."

CRICKET is booming in our midst, the enthusiasts having F. Beddow, of the Chicago Cricket Club, as coach. No outside match has been played, the town players having defaulted in the one engagement arranged for.

A LECTURE by Rev. Chas. Eaton on "Success" is promised for Oct. 27th. An interesting evening is, of course, assured, and a large audience expected. Pleasant memories are had of Mr. Eaton's previous visits.

"CANES" form the order of the day for the Fourth Year, which this term numbers about forty members. The class sticks which, unlike the boys themselves, are "crooks," are of Congo oak with handsomely engraved silver mountings.

AN interesting debate in the Philomathic Society upon Englands' attitude towards the Transvaal resulted in a decision that Great Britain was justified in the steps she has taken. Topics of the hour are not neglected in the Society, the next debate being one concerning "Trusts."

THE Excelsior Society has formed successfully. Several pleasant evenings have been spent. The officers elected are :—President, Kenneth Clarke; Vice-President, W. J. Grigg; Secretary, L. Jefferson Marshall, W. H. Ellis; Critic, W. B. Teakles, B.A. The editor of the Society's paper, "The Maple Leaf," is Leo Buchanan, who is assisted by W. H. Davies.

THE Philomatic Society is in full swing, having settled down to sober life after the wild hilarity of "maiden speeches" night. Meetings have been well attended and have held the interest of those present. The officers for the term are the following :—President, S. McKechnie; Vice-President, W. E. Matthews; Secretary, L. A. Vail; Marshall, F. Fyle; Critic, S. R. Tarr, M.A.; Editor of the "Oracle," H. H. Bingham.

The Woodstock Collegiate Institute Field Day of Sports was held on Friday, Oct. 13th, and proved an occasion of interest to a number of competitors from the College. In the half mile race (open to other schools) the first three places were won by the following College boys ; —Jas. MacArthur, McGillivray, L. Reade. As the 1st prize is a rocking-chair this makes only the third of that article of furniture which "James" has won during the past two years. In the College games of a fortnight before, one of the Collegiate boys successfully competed in our open event.

The Judson Missionary Society has again formed, and looks forward to a term of usefulness in its work of keeping before the School the claims of Christ's work, so easily forgotten in the rush of college life. The Society has begun well by voting a distribution of some $20.00 between Home and Foreign missions. Those holding office are as follows :—President, Principal A. L. McCrimmon, M.A. ; Vice-President, W. E. Matthews ; Recording Secretary, D. J. Bagshaw ; Corresponding Secretary, H. H. Bingham ; and Treasurer, D. K. Clarke, B.A.

Annual College Sports.—Yesterday the minds of the students of the Woodstock College were taken off their books and centred on the campus, where all was activity. The crowd of spectators was rather small, no doubt owing to the cold wind which blew across the grounds, but a portion of those present were ladies, young ladies too, who did not fail to applaud whenever any particular friend of theirs did the brave act at the tape.

Events and their Winners.—Standing broad jump—Cunningham, Vail. Standing broad jump (junior)—R. Reade, Anderson. Standing hop, step and jump—Cunningham, Vail. Standing hop, step and jump (junior)—Hunter, Peine. Running broad jump—R. Dier, Cunningham. Running broad jump (junior)—R. Reade, Proctor. Running hop, step and jump—R. Dier, Cunningham. Running hop, step and jump (junior)—R. Reade, Proctor. Throwing the baseball—R. Dier, Jas. MacArthur. Throwing the baseball (junior)—Peine, Hunter. Kicking the football—Vail, R. Dier. Kicking the football (junior)—G. de C. O'Grady, Peine. Throwing the lacrosse ball—J. B. McArthur, Jas. MacArthur. Putting the shot—Vail, R. Dier. 1.30 p.m. —Hurdle race—Jas. MacArthur, R. Dier. Hurdle race (junior)—G. de C. O'Grady, Anderson. Pole vault—Poapst, Davies. 100 yard dash—Jas. MacArthur, Vail. 100 yard dash (junior)—Hunter, R. Reade. Obstacle race—Jas. MacArthur, R. Dier. Running high jump—R. Dier, Davis. Half-mile race—Re-lay, fourth year, third year. Running high jump (junior)—Anderson, G. de C. O'Grady. 440 yard race—Jas. MacArthur, R. Dier. Eighth mile, ex-pupils' race —Huggart, Wilson. Boot race—Davis, R. Dier. 440 yard race (junior)—Kitchen, Hunter. Three-legged race—Jas. MacArthur, R. Dier ; McGillivray, L. Reade. Three-legged race (junior)—Peine,

Dexter ; R. Reade, Hunter. 220 yard race (teachers and ex-teachers) —Jas. Wier, S. R. Tarr. 220 yard race (junior)—Proctor, R. Reade. 220 yard race (open to all schools)—Brink, Morrison. Tug-of-war—fourth year, third year.

Mr. Dier was declared champion of athletics of the College and holder of the beautiful cup of the College for the period of one year, when he will again have to fight for possession of it. He was also awarded the medal by Chancellor Wallace. R. Reade was awarded a medal as junior champion. He is quite a young boy, but is extremely well built.

The presentation of prizes was directed by Chancellor Wallace, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. D. K. Clarke attending to the pinning on of winners' badges.—Condensed from Woodstock *Express*, Sept. 30.

Here and There.

Fred Eby, '95, is studying in Clark University, where he has a fellowship in Pedagogics.

E. J. Reid, '99, and B. R. Simpson, '99, are at the Normal College in Hamilton this year to uphold the honor of McMaster.

The Rev. A. S Sowerby, late of Boston and formerly of Aylmer, has accepted the pastorate of the Talbot St. Baptist Church, London.

A. W. Vining, '98, last year fellow in mathematics, is this year engaged in the educational work of Brandon College.

Arthur Thompson, '99, is spending the year in Harvard in post-graduate work in the modern languages.

Wallace P. Cohoe, '96, continues his studies in Harvard, this year however occupying the position of assistant in one of the laboratories.

It is with pleasure that we note the settlement of the Rev. John F. Vichert, as pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, in Victoria, B.C. Being a canny son of McMaster, Mr. Vichert deemed it wise to double his forces by taking to himself a wife before entering upon his duties in the West. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the 20th of September, the Plattsville Baptist Church was the scene of a very happy event in the marriage of Mr. Vichert to Miss Nettie Douglas Wallace, eldest daughter of Mrs. John Wallace of that village. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. S. McAlpine, of Georgetown, in the presence of a number of the relatives and friends of the bride and groom. The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Mamie Wallace, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Gordon Vichert. After a short trip on the upper lakes, Mr. and Mrs. Vichert left for their future home in the Island City of the West.

The following National Song was composed by a student of McMaster, Rev. J. Harvey King. It is of interest to note that this was one from a large number in the recent *Witness* contest, to receive special mention.

HAIL, CANADA!

I.

Hail, Canada! beloved land,
Pride of Imperial Crown,
Rich heritage 'neath Heaven's hand,
We sing thy wide renown.
Land of the peaceful hearth and home,
Of destiny sublime;
Honoured and cherished, though we roam,
Or dwell in distant clime.

II.

This realm of fast and rock ribbed shores,
Where breaks the mighty sea;
Land which the richest fruitage bears,
Home of the glad and free;
Thy noble sires and sons inflame,
The Nation's hope and pride,
Thy daughters of ennobled name,
In happy homes abide.

III.

Hail, Canada! my native land,
'Neath Britain's Flag unfurled;
Thy sceptre shall in honour stand,
And sway with her's the world:
May Heaven's favour crown thy way,
Thy glory spread afar,
Till brotherhood the nations sway,
And ends the bane of war.

CHORUS.

Hail! all hail! to the Banner of the free;
For liberty and right, it floats on land and sea;
Beneath Imperial Crown and the Flag of world renown,
Our loved domain shall glory gain, and ever loyal be.

C. L. Brown, '99, is teaching in New Westminster, B.C. Mr. Brown also fills the position of managing editor of the Baptist paper of British Columbia.

A young woman, Fraulein Goldman, has passed the examination for the degree of Ph.D. in history, political economy, and history of philosophy *magna cum laude*, at the University of Zurich.—*Ex.*

"These dialect stories make me tired," remarked Noorich. "What's the matter now?" asked his wife. "Why, when a man writes 'sich' or 'sech' for 'such' that's all right, but I draw the line at 'Psyche.'"—*Ex.*

McMaster is represented in Chicago University by three able and worthy sons : R. D. George, '97, has a fellowship in Geology, H. H. Newman, '96, a fellowship in Biology, while W. Findlay, '96, has a fellowship in Mathematics.

From year to year McMaster graduates have found their way to the Normal College in Hamilton. Though as yet their numbers have not been large, yet their ability has been unquestioned. Last year we were represented by four. N. Overholt, '97, and W. W. Charters, '98, qualified as specialists in mathematics, Miss Whiteside, '98, in moderns, while Miss Iler, 98, obtained specialist standing in classics, English and history. Miss Iler's work is of especial note since she succeeded in being one of two, out of a class of one hundred and eighty to graduate with honors.

On the thirteenth of June during the past summer, Mr. Walter S. W. McLay was married to Miss Margaret Boyd, eldest daughter of Sir John and Lady Boyd.

The wedding took place in Bloor St. Baptist Church in the presence of many guests and interested onlookers. The church was transformed by beautiful decorations of field daisies banked upon the platform and twined about the chair railing. Rev. Charles Eaton, assisted by Rev. Elmore Harris, conducted the marriage service.

At twelve o'clock the bridal party entered the church. The bridesmaids, Miss Bertha McLay and Miss Lina Boyd, came first, followed by Miss Elizabeth Boyd as maid of honor, who preceded the bride, supported by her father, Sir John Boyd. The groom was supported by Mr. Bert H. Wilson, of Woodstock.

After a very impressive service the guests followed Mr. and Mrs. McLay to the home of the latter's parents where an hour or two of pleasant intercourse was spent together until the departure of the bride and groom.

Mr. and Mrs. McLay left for their wedding journey amid hosts of congratulations and good wishes expressed in various ways, the customary fun not being lacking.

The famous class of '94 are one by one renouncing the rights and privileges which pertain to a bachelor's state, if not to a Bachelor degree. During the summer months, Harry L. McNeil, B.A., formerly of the Woodstock College staff, but now of Topeka, Kansas, was married to Miss Annie, daughter of Mr. John Hatch, of Woodstock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. L. McKinnon, amid the artistic surroundings the Hatch home rendered still more beautiful for the occasion. The bride was assisted by Miss Baskerville, of India, while the groom was supported by Mr. A. B. Cooper, of Hampdon. Mr. and Mrs. McNeil will reside in Topeka, Kansas.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1899.

JOHN A. CAMERON.

During the past half century, the Baptist denomination of Eastern Ontario and Quebec has been favored, not only with several preachers of marked pulpit ability and power, but also from the ranks of the pew, several men have arisen who by the unselfishness of their lives, the singleness of their purpose and the beneficent use of their wealth, have been greatly blessed and used of God in the spread and maintenance of New Testament principles, both at home and abroad. Among such stalwart but now absent fathers, appear the names of Stephen Tucker, W. D. Stroud, Robt. Campbell, E. V. Mosely, and the subject of this sketch, the late John A. Cameron.

Our departed brother was born in Lochiel Township, Glengarry Co., Ont., 1820. He was the youngest son of Adjutant John A. Cameron of the British regular army, who was a personal friend of Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, and a hero of Chateauguay and Queenston Heights. During the first great revival in Clarence, Ont, under the co-labors of Revs. Edwards, Gilmour and Fraser, Brother Cameron was converted to the Saviour in early life, and with many others, was baptized in the Ottawa river by Pastor J. Edwards, Sr. From the time of his conversion to the day of his death, his life appeared to be wholly devoted to the cause of his Saviour whom he loved much.

For a time he studied in the Baptist college of Montreal under the teaching of Drs. Davis and Cramp, after which

he began his business career with the late Stephen Tucker, an active and prosperous lumber merchant of Papineauville. Having finished his term here, he removed to Thurso, Que., and after his marriage to Miss Alexandrina Cameron (who proved an industrious and faithful helpmeet to him), he became a most successful agent in the extensive and well-known lumber firm of Gilmour & Co., and in 1882 he became one of the firm of W. C. Edwards & Co., in which he remained until the time of his death. For many years Mr. Cameron was the most active and leading man in the village of Thurso and surrounding country. He was for several years captain of a company of volunteers. In 1878 he was urged to become the Liberal candidate for the House of Commons, but was defeated by the late Alonzo Wright. But in none of these things was he moved from the faithful and constant service of his Divine Master. The present Baptist church property in Thurso is largely the result of his early Christian gifts.

Some twenty-five years ago he moved with his family to their new and beautiful residence in Ottawa, where they became regular attendants of the First Baptist church, Mr. Cameron being among its chief supporters, while, at the same time, continuing his aid to the church in Thurso, Que. Indeed, the different denominational interests, as Grande Ligne, Home and Foreign Missions, also Ministerial Education, have been largely helped by his liberal donations, wise counsels and earnest prayers; while several of our older and younger ministers will gratefully remember his generous aid and cheering advice. His mind was too broad and comprehensive to become a special donor to one object to the exclusion of all others:

> "While in his duty, prompt at every call,
> He watched, he wept, he prayed and felt for all."

If a poor father was out of employment or a poor lad was in need of a situation, they felt their case was not hopeless, so long as they could reach the ear of Mr. Cameron, in whom they always found a sympathizing and helpful friend. To him the words of Job may be truly applied, "When the ear heard me then it blest me, and when the eye saw me it gave witness to

me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish, came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Shortly before his death, he was found making his customary rounds, among hospital wards, cheering the patients with kind words and noble deeds. In the records of several charitable institutions of Ottawa, his name appears as president, director and regular visitor.

Better than all this, Mr. Cameron was wise in winning souls to Christ. The writer has been intimately acquainted with him for the past forty years, and believes that not a few will praise God eternally for Mr. Cameron's faithful, personal and spiritual direction.

Not free from faults it is true, and none more aware of this than himself, yet even his faults leaned to virtue's side.

His funeral was an occasion for large numbers of rich and poor meeting together to do honor to his memory. A brief and tender address by Rev. A. A. Cameron, prayers offered by Rev. A. N. Frith and the writer, summed up the service, in which the surviving family of six sons and four daughters were earnestly committed to the watch, care and love of Him who is a Father to the fatherless.

Three years ago Mrs. Cameron, their gentle, kind and loving mother, had passed on before them.

The fathers of our denomination are rapidly passing away. May their spirit be perpetuated both in pulpit and pew, so that Canadian Baptists may continue to go on making substantial progress.

Ottawa. JOHN HIGGINS.

THE NOTE OF NATURE.

Earth's manifold noises break
  Overhead, in the calm,
In unison full, and wake
  The note of a psalm.

On the sunny hills, in the vales,
  It falls on my ear;
Down the baffling wind it sails,
  In the night draweth near.

It sounds like great mountains to me,
  A deep monotone—
Like the veiled æonian sea,
  That girdles Time's zone.

The sun and the stars and the moon
  Keep time with this note,
The evening and morning and noon,
  Things near and remote.

The tides ebb and flow with its beat,
  'Tis the seasons' rhyme,—
The harebell and twin-flower sweet
  Its undertone chime.

The night-moth stirs to the reed,
  And the beetle booms;
The bird and the beast are keyed
  To the flower that blooms.

And man to his high service goes
  Aswing to his goal,
Like the tides and the stars and the rose,—
  Tone, overtone, whole!

I hear it by day and by night,
  In storm and in calm,—
A low swelling note from a height,
  With the roll of a psalm.

THEODORE H. RAND.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK: GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND LIFE.*

We gather this evening as Alumni of McMaster University. Some of us have this standing, not by natural descent, but by adoption, so to speak. We are children, not really of this University, but of a much humbler school, once known by the long and not euphonious, yet very fond name, "The Canadian Literary Institute." We are, if I may say so, a part of our mother's first family, and since she got us off her hands she has made a very fortunate union and has moved into more spacious and attractive quarters, and in every way shows signs of prosperity. And yet she does not forget the offspring of her humbler days, but bids us hearty welcome here, and even cordially invites us to be known by her new and more illustrious name. The elder sons of a family, who left home in the earlier days of struggle and of stint, are delighted on returning to find that the family has prospered, that a new dwelling has been built on a more commanding site and that the family life is richer and broader. And yet these elder sons have a loving recollection of the old log house and the simpler ways. I know that my illustrations are faulty and are in danger of a bad breakdown. But I am trying to say that some of us remember Woodstock, and the Institute, and the chapel and class-rooms and halls and dining-room, and the occasional watch through the still hours of night. And such names as Fyfe, and Crawford, and Torrance, and Yule are not forgotten by us. And when, within twelve months, the news came to us that Professor Wells had died, some of us knew that one of the best teachers and purest souls Canada has ever known, and one of our most valued personal friends had gone home to God.

But we are here this evening not to indulge in reminiscence, pleasant and profitable as that might be. I ask you to take, with me, an "Outlook at the Present." And, remember, it is the outlook of Alumni; not of scholars or of specialists, not of those who still linger within college walls and spend their

*Address delivered at Annual Meeting of Alumni Association, May —, 1899.

time over books, and sit at the feet of the learned, but of those who long since went forth and threw themselves into the battle of life, into the practical every day work of the kingdom of God. We have not deserted the world of books and of learning; in every spare hour we turn to a good book, but the majority of the books we study are living, breathing men. We have found that life is a wonderful school. College degrees and honors we do not despise, we rejoice with the young men who win them. But we soon learned that "men of privilege without power are waste material," and that almost the only degree worth having is that which a man wins in the estimation of God and of men because he is true, and earnest, and bears burdens, and renders service, and puts something of faith and courage, something of his own Christlike manhood into those about him. We come back here with a very humble estimate of our learning; we do not know so much as we knew, or thought we knew, the day we received our bachelor's degree; we are willing to be corrected even by an undergraduate. And yet it may be that life's school has taught us something, and that the report we bring may have some true note in it.

We cannot take an outlook upon the present without a glance at the past. The thought and movements of the world are not arbitrary. Life is a constant unfolding. To-day is the child of yesterday and the parent of to-morrow. The years and the decades are like links in a chain, each is joined to those that go before it and to those that come after it. Exactly twenty-five years ago some of us were students in Toronto University. Within that time there have been three important movements of thought which have deeply concerned the Christian Church, and probably not one of us has remained wholly unaffected by them. One of these movements had to do with a specific doctrine of the Church: it soon came to an end and is almost forgotten now, but unquestionably it left its influence. The other two are very wide-sweeping in their reach, and, at first glance, seemed to threaten the very foundations of faith. I refer to the Theory of Evolution in its materialistic form; to the doctrine of Future Punishment; and to the question of the Higher Criticism of the Bible.

Let us recall first the movement concerning the specific doctrine of "Future Punishment." This began about twenty years ago. It was precipitated by a series of sermons preached in Westminster Abbey by Canon, now Dean, Farrar, and afterwards published under the title "Eternal Hope." These sermons were a protest against the crude teaching regarding everlasting punishment which had prevailed, and were a plea for the doctrine of universal restoration. Canon Farrar was not the first to plead for this doctrine. Such men as Samuel Cox, Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, George Macdonald, and others, had already advocated it most earnestly. The poet Tennyson, called "the poet of the larger hope," had also exerted a strong influence in this regard. Undoubtedly in many minds there was a revolt against the crude and even coarse representations of the old orthodox view which had been all too common, and which were a perversion of the orthodox view. Farrar's sermons at once brought the subject to the attention of the English-speaking Christian world, and for a time there was a very earnest dispute concerning it. Sermons were preached in almost every pulpit. Articles appeared in both the religious and the secular press. Many magazine articles discussed it, and not a few books were published upon it, including another from Canon Farrar, entitled "Mercy and Judgment." Some of us will recall the discourse given upon it in the Jarvis St. Church of this city, by Professor Torrance. We also recall that a leading Presbyterian minister of this city was tried for heresy by the General Assembly with respect to it. All phases of the doctrine had their advocates, the orthodox view, the doctrine of "Conditional Immortality," and the doctrine of "Universal Restoration." You may rest assured that the interest in it was very sincere, and the excitement at times intense. Many souls were sorely burdened, and not a few had to fight out the whole question for themselves. It is singular to think how completely that excitement has died away, and how little is heard now upon the question of "Future Punishment." There can be no doubt, however, that that discussion left its influence behind. For one thing it effectually ended those grosser representations of a material hell in which not a few preachers indulged in earlier days. It led to a fresh

and very careful examination of the scripture teaching. It led to a consideration of the doctrine from the standpoint of the character of God, and especially of God's redemptive love as revealed in Christ. It also led to a serious study of the human will, and the solemn possibilities which arise from our possession of freedom. On the whole it is probably correct to say that the orthodox view of eternal punishment has in some ways been modified, but has not been displaced. At the same time there are a good many in our churches who accept the view of Conditional Immortality, or who comfort their hearts by a belief in Universal Restoration. And there are some, and among them men of deepest piety and broadest scholarship, who remain in an attitude of suspense, feeling that the New Testament does not afford the materials for a settled and final view. But whatever the mental attitude, if I mistake not, the majesty of law is recognized more than ever, the awfulness of sin is recognized. It is plain to all that character makes destiny, that "the wages of sin is death," that God's judgments are not arbitrary. In presence of this solemn question men cast themselves upon God, saying, "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." "God is love." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

The second movement of thought of which I shall remind you was first in the order of time. I refer to the theory of Evolution, and especially to the materialistic form of that theory. I have spoken as if this movement belonged within the past quarter of a century. Of course we all know that the real starting-point of the modern theory of Evolution was the publication of the "Origin of Species" by Charles Darwin, and that this epoch-making work was published in 1859. But let me remind you that it was fifteen years later, in 1874, exactly twenty-five years ago, that Professor Tyndall gave his famous address as President of the British Association, at its annual meeting in Belfast. It was in that address that materialistic evolution received its popular and eloquent exposition. Materialism, that year, sat enthroned in the presidential chair of the British Association. Many of us recall how Professor Tyndall said that he discerned in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." And if he did not assert he

seemed to assume that matter is eternal. Apparently no place was left for God, and none for the spiritual nature of man. So far from there being any hope of immortality, Professor Tyndall closed his address by declaring that his theme would be "handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past." It is almost impossible to realize now the effect of that address. It was a challenge boldly given, in the name of science and philosophy, to the entire religious world. It did not attack any specific doctrine of religion; it simply left no place for religion, it removed every stone of the foundations, it cut through every root. And it came from the President's chair of the most eminent scientific society in the world. No wonder that it created consternation in the minds of religious leaders. There was hardly a really thoughtful mind in the entire English-speaking Christian world, not to refer to other peoples, which was unaffected by this challenge. Even we who were students then were sometimes sorely troubled Unbelievers were greatly encouraged and were bold and outspoken. Of course the press fairly teemed with the subject. Books, pamphlets, articles in thousands appeared. Many preachers found it almost impossible to preach without reference to it, and there was a short period during which the names of Darwin, and Tyndall, and Huxley were almost as commonly spoken in the pulpit as the names of Peter, and John, and Paul.

It is outside the province of this address to enter into any discussion of Materialism, or of any form of the theory of Evolution. But in contrast with the conditions of thought and of feeling twenty-five years ago, it is instructive to recall the present conditions. And for one thing, and to those whose memory can go back a quarter of a century, this is really very wonderful, Christianity and Evolution now dwell side by side in peace. I do not suppose that Isaiah referred to this when he foretold that "the wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the leopard should lie down with the kid," but this is scarcely less remarkable. Just as Christianity learned to live peaceably with the Copernican theory of astronomy, and with the Newtonian theory of gravitation, so it has now learned how to live

with Evolution. Do not misunderstand me. The points of dispute between Christianity and Evolution are not all settled, and there are doubtless a good many who think that they never can be. But, to say the least, a protocol has been signed by both the scientists and the theologians, and a genuine and abiding reconciliation is being most earnestly sought. I have no hesitation in saying that the most important desideratum in the world of thought to-day is a setting forth of a true theory of Evolution and the harmonizing of the same with the truths of spiritual religion and of the Christian revelation. But it looks as if the world may have to wait long for this consummation. Meanwhile every one has seen the very general acceptance of some theory of Evolution on the part of our religious leaders. Many of our foremost theologians frankly avow themselves to be evolutionists, and the doctrine of Evolution now passes as current coin within the church as well as outside of it. On the other hand, men of science in large numbers are also religious men and urge with great earnestness the supremacy of spiritual things. They may not come within the pale of evangelical orthodoxy, but they believe in God, and in the human soul, and in immortality, and they bow the knee at the name of Jesus. Such names as John Fiske and Professor Le Conte occur to us here, and we recall that George John Romanes, who was one of Darwin's foremost disciples and who toiled so much to confirm the doctrine of Evolution, came once more, before his death, into the fold of the Christian church. And as to Henry Drummond, we all know how the scientific evolutionist and the intensely earnest evangelist and life-long friend of Dwight L. Moody were united in him, and how sincerely he strove to discover and unfold the underlying unities of Evolution and Christianity. I mention these things only to remind you what changes have come about since Tyndall's Belfast address twenty-five years ago. It is scarcely necessary to add, in view of these facts, that materialistic Evolution as expounded by Tyndall was short-lived and soon began to give place to theistic Evolution. Instead of a theory which leaves no place for God, all these to whom I have referred regard Evolution as simply God's method. There has been a marked

swing of the pendulum from materialism to an idealistic view, and the immanence of God is the popular doctrine of our day.

Before leaving this subject let me utter one thought more, and that is that despite the marvelous triumph of the theory of Evolution over the world of human thought, that theory itself, in an important sense, is as yet only an hypothesis. That there is a truth of Evolution we all believe. That Evolution has been God's method to a degree of which our fathers did not dream, few of us doubt. But just what the truth is concerning this doctrine, who has told us? who can tell us? In reviewing Professor Drummond's book, "The Ascent of Man," his friend Professor McKendrick says, "As a contribution to the discussion of the great theme of Man's relation to the evolutionary process, the book must be regarded as tentative. The time has not yet come for anything like a final statement. The gaps that science has yet to fill up are far too great to allow us to frame a consistent scheme. The adoption of such a scheme will not ultimately weaken faith, although it will necessitate change of view. We doubt if Professor Drummond himself fully realizes the tremendous consequences that must flow from a complete acceptance of the theory of evolution as applied to man (body, mind, soul, religion, sin, death, the future), *as we are at present advised.* The last word has not yet been spoken by science as to the evolution of life from dead matter, or the evolution of animal forms, still less as to the evolution of all that is included in psychology and morals. Even physical science is still struggling to the light, and cannot yet explain Energy, Light, Electricity, Gravitation, Matter. More light will come, but it may take years, hundreds of years, before it will pierce the darkness of our present ignorance, and enable us to see things in their just proportions."

The third movement within these twenty-five years which concerns us now is that known as the Higher Criticism of the Bible. Upon this I do not propose to dwell. There is not time to treat of it in this address: and, moreover, the movement is still going on, we are not yet out of the heat of the conflict, and therefore it is too early to attempt a brief summing-up of results. Of course this movement began far more than a quarter of a

century ago. Indeed, foreshadowings of it may be traced back as far as to the Frenchman, Astruc, who died in 1776. But the last quarter of a century has seen the movement attaining to great development right within the ranks of orthodoxy. It was in 1881 that Robertson Smith was removed from his professorship in Scotland, and the heresy trials of Professors Briggs and Henry Preserved Smith in the United States took place only a few years ago. Before passing on this at least may be said, that we all concede the rights of reverent, earnest criticism of the Bible. Let every fact be known. As Christian men we do not hold our convictions on the condition of their being unchallenged. We never wish to imitate the ostrich which, when pursued, hides its head in the sand and then thinks itself safe. "Come and see" is Christ's standing invitation. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," is the apostle's exhortation. God wants no man to lie for Him. It is right to ask questions about the Bible, the dates, the authorship, the composition of its books. It is right to put every book, every sentence, every word under the microscope. It is right to examine traditional beliefs. No reverence for the Holy Book, no theory of inspiration has the right to prevent this critical examination. At the same time, as Christian men who have reasons for the faith that is in us, we may refuse to begin or to proceed with such examination on purely naturalistic assumptions. We believe in Christ the divine Saviour and Lord of the human soul, and therefore the work of the unbeliever in this field, be he never so learned, is not worthless to us, but it is heavily discounted, and we ourselves must sit in judgment upon it. This is not a refusal of light; it is letting in light which the unbeliever refuses. Hardly any question is settled by pure intellect; the point of view, the personal equation is always of deep significance. We may also withhold our acceptance of hasty, premature conclusions. Many a critic "knows" a good many things that are not true. The conclusions of critics are themselves subject to criticism. It takes a long time to sift things all out and to get at the very truth. The ordinary every-day man is justified in patient waiting and unshaken faith. At the same time it is doubtless true that this movement is having and will have a very important

influence upon the general view of the Christian church regarding the divine method of the production of the Bible. Many of the most learned and godly men consider that some of the conclusions of criticism have already passed the experimental stage and should now command the assent of the thoughtful and reverent believer. In general it is safe to say that whilst theories of inspiration may undergo alteration, the fact of the inspiration of the Bible will stand out even more clearly than ever. The God of the Bible will no more be displaced by the criticism of the Bible than the God of nature has been displaced by the theory of Evolution. The Bible will still be "the word of God," the sufficient, authoritative guide of faith and practice.

J. W. A. STEWART.

(Concluded in our next.)

PIONEER LIFE IN ZORRA.*

This is a good specimen of a class of Canadian books which are fortunately increasing in number, but of which we have still too few. It is a well-written account of the evolution of a typical Ontario settlement, from the pen of one who, though not a pioneer himself, lived long enough among the early settlers, and sufficiently close to the time of which he writes, to be able to present a graphic and veracious account of how they lived, toiled, and flourished. Such works as this, and the Hon. James Young's history of Dumfries, are the most valuable of our historical productions, and they should be encouraged in every legitimate way. They contain the materials for a history of Ontario, when the time arrives and the historian appears to produce one, and the more of such materials available the better will be our chance of getting some day a good history of the Province as a whole.

It is somewhat surprising that no attempt has yet been made in this direction. The history of this Province has never been written except as part of some history of "Canada." This is

* Pioneer Life in Zorra. By Rev. W. A. MacKay, B.A., D.D. Toronto: William Briggs, 1899.

equivalent to saying that it has never been presented except in a fragmentary form, while the desideratum is an account of the evolution of Ontario as a self-contained unit. Our older people seem to have forgotten, and our younger people never to have learned, that its provincial identity has never been broken or lost since it was created by the British Parliament in 1791. It was, both in name and in fact, a separate, self-governing province for half a century. Its continuity was obscured, but by no means obliterated, during the period of union from 1840 to 1867. The obscurity has been removed and the continuity revealed by the Confederation of a generation ago. Much has been done to preserve the conceptions of some of the "American Commonwealths;" very little has yet been done to render the same service to Ontario, which is quite as unique, though not so old, as Virginia or Massachussetts. Meanwhile let us welcome such workers as Dr. MacKay, and thus pave the way for the larger treatment of the whole subject of which each of them deals with a part.

It is no discredit to Dr. MacKay to say that while the historical material and local coloring are entirely his own, there are obvious indications of the influence of "Ian Maclaren" in the point of view and mode of treatment. Not that our author is either consciously or unconsciously a copyist, but the exquisite blending of humor with pathos, the whole mass fused in the crucible of a fine literary style, has made us so well acquainted with the people of "Drumtochtie," that it would be difficult to attempt such a work as this without profiting by hints derived from their unique annals, and as foolish as difficult. Dr. MacKay has, fortunately for both the "Pioneers" and his readers, chosen to avoid a mere prosaic and statistical account of a little community, and to give us instead a very readable story written from the standpoint of hearty sympathy by one who is at once a keen observer, an accurate collector, a ready writer, and a genuine humorist. The last qualification is absolutely indispensable, for one cannot help feeling as he reads that a sense of humor—of the grim sort, be it admitted—was one of the characteristics of the Keltic people whom he is portraying.

The prominence given in this narrative to the religious, and

more particularly the Presbyterian, side of pioneer life may by some readers be objected to, and attributed to the author's personal bias; but there is good reason to believe that, whether unconscious selection or artistic purpose was the determining motive, this feature of the work is an excellence, not a defect. The early pioneers were almost exclusively Presbyterian, and, as they were largely Keltic, it goes without saying, that they were intense in their religion as in everything else. Dr. Mackay proves by numerous touches to those of his readers who have lived much among the Highland Presbyterians of Ontario, that he understands thoroughly their peculiarities. If other writers of sketches like this one will only do as he has done in this respect, their collective work will be all the more valuable. The tendency of our civilization is to rub off angles, obliterate idiosyncrasies, and reduce the whole community to one dead level of uniformity. While this tendency may not be greatly counteracted by writers of history, it is at least a boon to have preserved for future generations the colors and forms of the old mosaic when it has itself receded completely into the past.

The biographical sketches of pioneer preachers are more than entertaining. They belong to a class of men to whom Ontario owes much. They were to be found in the early days in all the denominations. Following the example of the French pioneer missionaries they were always to be found on the crest of the advancing wave of settlement, encouraging the living, cheering the dying, laboring with their own hands like Paul and like him, bearing the burdens of the whole community as well as their own. Let us be glad that Dr. Mackay has done some measure of justice to a band of social workers, religious enthusiasts, and often martyrs to duty, whose part in the evolution of Ontario has not yet been sufficiently appreciated by secular writers.

Wm. Houston.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates.)

G. R. Welch, '00, G. L. Sprague, '00, Editors.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

A writer has said that the thoughtful and circumspect tourist does not venture abroad without having, like Hamlet, his 'tables," where he can "set down" anything of peculiar interest which strikes him. Many will rejoice that the author did not go farther by saying that it was necessary for the tourist to use these "tables" in order that he might be classed with the thoughtful and circumspect. There are few who do not bravely resolve to "just jot down notes" about the sights they witness, but when their travels are over the vast majority have blank note-books and unsharpened pencils. At any rate this was the writer's experience after a short wheeling tour through Lakeland, where scenes of rare natural beauty are viewed in such quick succession, that the thought of writing one's impressions only occurs after darkness veils the picturesque surroundings, and then weariness has banished all inclination for any such effort. But yet this neglect may not be unprofitable, for the note-book can easily become a bore and cause him who uses it to lose much enjoyment and profit from his trip. It is a pitiful yet not uncommon sight for a tourist to be seen clinging tenaciously to his note-book at all times and in all places. Such an one is almost invariably found eagerly jotting down names, distances, heights and facts of all kinds, while his companions leave their minds free to receive impressions from some marvelous beauty in nature or some great triumph of human effort.

That mountainous and picturesque portion of England known as the Lake District is comprised of the largest part of Cumberland and Westmoreland, together with a small portion of northern Lancashire. This district has comparatively few permanent residents, and its beauty has been but little marred by unnecessary railways, or other works which would tend to

diminish its natural attractions. Though only four of the mountains attain a height of three thousand feet and the largest of the lakes is less than eleven miles in length, the picturesqueness, the variety, and even the wild grandeur of the scenery they afford, are much greater than their size would lead one to expect.

Having but a few days to spend in this region, we were at a loss to know how most profitably to arrange our program. However, approaching from the east we decided to first visit Windermere, a pretty little town situated about three quarters of a mile from the lake which bears the same name. After leaving the town by the road which leads northward we soon came in sight of the tranquil waters of Lake Windermere. Almost unconsciously we dismount. Before us lies a part of the largest lake in England, with this its northern end enclosed by a huge amphitheatre of hills, while the shore opposite the lower hills is covered with trees of luxuriant foliage which, with the more sombre background of distant elevations, is almost perfectly reflected in the calm water. As we gaze, the sun suddenly breaks through the clouds and sheds its most brilliant light on the more distant peaks, while our immediate surroundings are still protected from the brightest rays by a small fleecy cloud. The effect is beautiful. The guide books advise tourists to visit Lake Windermere first, that they may commence with the tamer scenery. If this view of Windermere is classed with the less attractive, what may we not expect as we proceed farther north ? The road now skirts the margin of the water although at times the thick foliage of the intervening trees obstructs the view. At length we leave the lake in the rear and reach Ambleside, a town of insignificant size which owes its existence largely to the many tourists who are ceaselessly passing through this vicinity. Shortly after leaving Ambleside, Rydal is reached, and near by is Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth for so many years. Rydal Water is now in view and we follow along its shores. Small indeed in size compared to Windermere, but as to beauty,—well, it is doubtful if it is excelled in all Lakeland. Jealously protected by an almost complete circle of hills, it is truly a gem of beauty which

shows to advantage in a harmonious setting. Almost immediately after leaving Rydal Water we obtain a view of Grasmere, a small but very pretty lake which can boast of a beautifully wooded islet. The road soon leads us down close to the water. We are before long confronted with the sign,—"To Wordsworth Cottage," and turning up to the right we reach the old-fashioned house which was the home of the poet for eight years, and where on different occasions he entertained Scott, Coleridge and Southey. Unlike Rydal Mount, the Grasmere cottage is open to visitors, and contains many exceedingly interesting relics of the poet.

We once more mount our wheels and push up a rather steep grade for several miles, watching the clouds as they almost playfully rush around the mountain-peaks and seemingly slide down the hillsides until they meet with uncongenial atmosphere, from which they beat a hurried retreat and speed on their way. On reaching the top of the pass, we obtain a view of Therlmere, with Helvellyn, the highest of Lakeland's mountains, on the right, and Skiddow, another lofty peak, in the distance. We now commence the easier task of the descent. The road lies along the base of Helvellyn on the east side of the lake, the far shore of which is bordered with picturesque woods and crags. About a mile farther on, the road turns away from the lake, and for the next couple of miles lies in the midst of a portion of country which is noted for its charmingly diversified scenery. Then for three miles the picturesqueness of the country is less striking, but when we reach the summit of the ridge called Castle Rigg a glorious view of the vale of Keswick unfolds itself before us. Skiddow and several other peaks are seen in all their stately grandeur, while the beautiful lakes Derwentwater and Bassentwaite lie cosily in the hollows between the mountains. We have still a descent of about a mile to reach Keswick, which town we make our headquarters for a couple of days.

We find there are numerous side trips which would occupy more than two days, but we choose only the more attractive. A spin along the shore of Bassenthwaite we enjoy immensely, and we dismount many times that we may gaze upon the

beautiful pictures more leisurely. We also take a stroll through the town to the interesting little Crossthwaite Church, which contains a monument to Southey with an inscription by Wordsworth. We sally forth to meander through the grounds of Greta Hall, the home of Southey from 1803-1843, and, if possible, obtain admission to the house. Like many others however, we are haughtily told that the grounds are "strictly private." We profitably devote half a day to make the circuit of Derwentwater. The distance by road is only ten miles, but we so often wish to gaze and wonder, that the time is quickly consumed. Going along the east side of the lake first we are able to view several pretty waterfalls, and about three miles from Keswick we dismount to walk along a footpath to the Lodore Falls, which are picturesquely enframed by wooded crags, but as there is generally more bare rock than water to be seen, Southey's enthusiastic lines may be held responsible for much disappointment. The story is commonly told of an American tourist, who, on a sultry day, set out to see the famous Lodore Falls. Being unsuccessful in his search he sat down on a rock to rest and, seeing a native of this district, asked for the whereabouts of the mountain cataract which he was seeking. The farmer quickly replied that the American was sitting in the falls, there being no water flowing at that time. Continuing our journey around we at length reach Keswick, well pleased with this short excursion.

The pencil factories, too, attract our attention, and an hour or two is most enjoyably spent in having explained to us the many stages through which the raw materials pass before they form our common lead pencil. This is an example of the products of man's genius, but how paltry does this his work seem when compared, if we dare draw a comparison, to the handiwork of the One who fashioned these mountains and valleys, and caused the hollows to be filled with the clear water and the hillside to be clothed with such beautiful verdure!

The ascent of Skiddow is another of our self-imposed tasks. The walk—for we walked all the way—is a long one, but without difficult climbing. After going about three miles, we reach the steepest part of the ascent, and soon come to a refreshment

hut, and after a half mile more of climbing, we arrive at a second booth. The prices of the refreshments are regulated by some mysterious sliding scale, which seems to depend upon the elevation of the huts above the sea level. We find the most effective refreshment in the fine retrospects which we feast upon. Behind and below us is the beautiful Derwentwater, which many declare to be the loveliest of English lakes. There it lies almost unconscious of the winds which are relentlessly dashing the thick clouds against the ever firm peaks and crags surrounding the hills that guard its waters from every furious blast. A more gradual ascent of several miles brings us to the summit of the mountain which was before covered with a heavy cloud. On our approach the mist retreats, and we have an unobstructed view of the surrounding country. To the south lie many mountains of a rugged character, while in the foreground is Derwentwater, with its little islands dotted about the surface of its waters; to the east for many miles extends a more level country, and the Skiddow Forest is plainly visible; to the north-west we see the glittering waters of the Solway Firth, and beyond are the bare hills of Scotland; more to the west we see the Isle of Man, and still farther westward over the tops of Ireland's green hills, we behold in imagination our Canada, with its endless stretches of forest and plain, its mighty waters and majestic mountains. Descending, we take a short spin on our wheels along one of the prettiest roads in existence.

Having thus spent two days in and around Keswick, we commence our southward journey, passing along the same roads as before. And now each scene seems to possess new charms, and becomes even more fascinating than at first sight. After a delightful day's ride, we reach Bonness, a small town on the shore of Lake Windermere, about six miles south of Ambleside. The next day we continue to follow the road that leads along the shore of the lake, and obtain a splendid view of this long sheet of water by climbing one of the many hills which rise upon the eastern side. We leave the glittering water in the rear, regretting to think that this is the last of the lakes which we shall see.

After a ride of something like fifteen miles, we reach

Furness Abbey, and decide to inspect these ruins for a couple of hours before going to Barrow to board the steamer for the Isle of Man.

> Ruined! Ah! But still revered—
> Roofless! Yet with altar reared—
> Where past and present, awed, combine,
> And bow before a priestless shrine.

Thus speaks the poet of these, perhaps the most extensive and picturesque ruins in England. The Abbey as we now see it is so impressively beautiful that one hesitates even to attempt to imagine what it must have been in the early years. It was founded in the twelfth century and was for a long time enormously wealthy, the Abbot holding almost a regal sway over the surrounding country. It is built of red sandstone, but the ruined masonry is more than half concealed by a luxuriant growth of ivy. One naturally shrinks from any attempt at description.

Our time having passed, we regretfully mount our wheels and push on to Barrow-in-Furness, and embark for Mona's Isle. As the fastenings of the steamer are loosened, and our distance from the shore gradually increases, a strange feeling of mingled sorrow and joy is predominant in our minds. Just as when parting from a dear friend whose acquaintance we have had but a short time, we are sad at the separation, but overjoyed that we have been permitted to form the friendship and come under the uplifting influence of an ennobling and inspiring character.

Edgar J. Tarr.

Bangor, N. W.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.*

With noisy clamor down the rugged gorge
  In dreadful leaps the streamlet makes its way ;
  A sheeny splendor glistens from the spray
As 'twixt the rounded boulders it doth forge.

In mirth it tumbles o'er the mighty steeps,
  Till cleft by mossy granite wedge in twain ;
  Then with divided flow, through vale or plain
Rolls to Pacific or Atlantic deeps.

Th' impetuous years of youth thus onward go
  With careless glee and joyous confidence ;
But soon with sudden shock and backward throw
  The stream of life sweeps to its crisis, whence
It turns to pour its flood where tempests blow,
  Or into calm of God and innocence.

G. R. W.

A STUDY IN BROWNING.

COMPARISON OF "FRA LIPPO LIPPI" AND "ANDREA DEL SARTO."

These two monologues cannot be said to differ greatly in quality of style. They differ in subject matter, but the poetic qualities are very similar. What difference there is, is due more to the respective incidents presented than to a distinctive manner of treatment. It may be said that Fra Lippo Lippi is the more vigorous and energetic of the two; but, when we bear in mind the sterner character of the circumstances outlined. this is a lesser distinction than at first appears. A somewhat tender and guarded expression is thoroughly in accord with the pathetic regret of Andrea Del Sarto, which frequently comes to the surface. The lack of response on the part of Lucrezia, as thought

---

"The Great Divide" is the name given to a phenomenon found in the Rocky Mountains. A mountain stream divided upon the summit of the watershed flows eastward and westward, one part to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific.

of by her affectionate life-partner, could be fittingly expressed only in gentle language.

In the character and actions of these two men—Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea Del Sarto—there are valuable suggestions for the wise ordering of life, but these suggestions are opposite in nature. The impression is conveyed that Fra Lippo Lippi, especially in his younger days, did not enjoy many social advantages. At an early age he had to look around for his own living, and was thrown upon the charity of the world. But his being thus forced to make his way in life, practically alone, cultivated in him the habit of sharply observing life and things in general, a power which perhaps would have remained latent had his lot been cast in more congenial surroundings. When introduced to the monastery, his previously formed habit of keen and accurate observation enabled him with his chalk so faithfully to represent life on the cloister-wall that he immediately won the unbounded admiration of the monks. And his conviction that life ought to be faithfully portrayed was so strong that when the Prior discountenanced his picturing of the physical, he would in no way swerve from his conviction. He recognised that God had made the beautiful in life, and that was for him sufficient justification for its faithful portrayal. The point to be observed is that having formulated and adopted this as his ideal, he persistently held to it.

Andrea Del Sarto was a man who probably had greater opportunities for the highest cultivation of his powers, and it is altogether probable that he possessed larger mental capacities for great achievements. He had possibilities of greatness, and even the possibility of being justly ranked with the very greatest artists, such as Michael Angelo. He was certainly conscious of this, but yielded to his passionate affection for Lucrezia, and in this way he allowed himself to be lured from the path of duty and honor. He had high ambitions, but in a moment of short-sightedness and impatience he forsook his ideal, and by an act of dishonesty he took the step which blighted and withered the whole of the remaining part of his life.

Now placing these men side by side, and speaking of their artistic gifts and ideals, we might say that the one was a dia-

mond in the rough, whilst the other was a diamond polished and beautified by culture, and made fit for the costliest and most worthy setting. The one fulfilled his highest possibilities in life; the other, though fitted for the highest attainments, filled only a mean position, and this was due to his unfaithfulness to what he knew to be the path of integrity and virtue. This view of the two men is borne out by the fact that we know Fra Lippo Lippi—to use Browning's term—to have been a "half-man." It is a fact that Fra Lippo Lippi's gifts placed him among the artists who ranked about half-way between Giotto and Michael Angelo. It may be replied, Andrea Del Sarto was also a "half-man." That is true, but there is this difference, that whilst Fra Lippo Lippi was so by necessity, not having been so richly endowed by nature, Andrea Del Sarto was a "half-man" by choice. The opposite suggestions, then, are these: Fra Lippo Lippi's spirit and habits are to be emulated; but the life of Andrea Del Sarto suggests itself as a beacon and a warning, a course of life to be shunned.

In reference to the theory of art as depicted in the two poems there is a very decided difference. It is not a difference of contradiction, but a different standpoint is taken in the two cases. The Renaissance spirit is very strongly stamped upon the view set forth in Fra Lippo Lippi. One feature of that period was that men were just then beginning to awaken to a recognition of the beauties of nature. Immediately preceding this time, men were blind to natural beauty, simply because they would not look out and see it. The general tendency was to a morbid introspection rather than a generous appreciation of the world. Since no exactly definite time can be named when men aroused from this lethargic slumber, it is easy to understand that whilst some had awakened and were open-minded, being ready to receive the beauties in the world around them, others were still clinging to the circumscribed limitations of the old ways of thinking. Of these two classes of men, we have striking examples in the case of the monks and the Prior. As the monks looked at the picture of the boy patting the dog, and then at the Prior's niece, they were filled with admiration for the faithful representation of life. The Prior was one of

those who were still slumbering in the pessimistic attitude of the past; and he rebukingly questioned, "How? what's here?" He condemned the painting of bodies and recommended the painting of the soul, but when he endeavored to state the way in which the soul should be painted he got into difficulty with his definition of what the soul was.

Fra Lippo Lippi's confession of faith as to the theory of art follows — that the best thing to do is to paint beauty as God has made it. He further adds that in the contemplation of beauty we arrive at the clearest recognition of the soul. The soul is not to be excluded from the sensible, but the physical is to be heightened by the inner flashing, yet indefinable, character of the soul. As far as it is possible Fra Lippo Lippi believes in making both soul and body beautiful.

In Andrea Del Sarto the thought is advanced that the greatest achievements of art are to be reached only when there is a noble whole-souled endeavor prompting to the attainment. This is negatively indicated by the expression, "If ever I wish so deep," meaning, "If ever I wish so fully as to wish with my whole heart," an attitude unpractised in the case of the speaker.

Browning frequently presents the thought that the attainment of a comparatively low ideal is a less noble matter than the partial, yet perhaps approximate, attainment of a very lofty ideal, as for example:

> "That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.
> That low man goes on adding one to one,
> His hundreds' soon hit:
> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit.
> That, has the world here—should he need the next,
> Let the world mind him!
> This throws himself on God, and unperplexed
> Seeking shall find him."

But here Browning reverses the statement, and at the same time preserves harmony between the two statements. When speaking to Lucrezia, Andrea Del Sarto says, "Well, less is more." The meaning is that Andrea Del Sarto recognises that the lesser attainments of men possessing smaller powers than

himself, and even when fully using these powers they do not produce works equal to his own partial attainment. But even granting this to be the fact, the expression, "less is more," would not mean that their lesser attainments are greater than his greater attainments, that is, it would not have this meaning apart from the fact that Andrea Del Sarto, though excelling the others, still possessed unfulfilled capabilities. But because of this, the "less is more," the less of others is more than his more.

It is also affirmed that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," and the alternative is asked, "Or what's a heaven for?" In itself, this is a true and noble thought, but it is probable that Andrea Del Sarto is here making use of it to shield his own shortcomings. The motive, however, does not affect the fact that it is stated that a man's standard should exceed his attainment. It is true that Andrea Del Sarto's loosely-held ideal is higher than his attainment, but there need not have been so wide a discrepancy between them.

In the passage referring to the "struggle" of "half-men," it is pointed out that the conditions necessary for the highest achievement are power and will. The lack of either one detracts from the real value of the other. Power and will are like the two oars of a boat when rightly used, which make headway possible, but the absence of either oar really means that the boat will simply move in a circle without making progress. And the facts of experience inform us that most men lack one of these essential conditions to distinguished greatness. Andrea Del Sarto seems to think, and probably justly so, that he would not have been lacking in either respect, had he only received the loving sympathy and encouragement of Lucrezia, for he says:

> "Had I been two, another and myself,
> Our head would have o'erlooked the world."

And he also says:

> "If you would thus sit by me every night
> I should work better."

The effect produced in reading the two poems is that the one, Fra Lippo Lippi, kindles a sturdy admiration for the strong and independent firmness of character persistently manifested. The interest is stirred by the meagre opportunities he enjoyed

in childhood, and the frank faithfulness of character developed. The interest in reading Andrea Del Sarto is no less readily enlisted. It is probably the more quickly secured because of the dampening influence that the unappreciative indifference of Lucrezia must have had upon his loftiest aspirations. It is on the principle that,

> "My heart will beat, while it beats at all,
> With the under-dog in the fight."

It is an interest of sympathy rather than admiration, seeing, as we do, that the failure of Andrea Del Sarto to reach his ideal, is because of his constancy to one who was unworthy of his love.

J. H. Hannah.

A VISIT TO COLOMBO.

After a long voyage without sighting land, we came to the tropical island of Ceylon, famous for its tea and spices. Our stopping place was Colombo, a thriving centre of population in the south-west corner of the island. It is the capital city of Ceylon, and is known also as an important military post of Her Majesty's great Indian Empire.

It was early on a beautiful morning when our great vessel drew up off the town. As her anchor chains rattled over the side, a merry breeze was blowing and the spray flew high over the stone breakwater that shelters the harbour. The scene was most picturesque. In the offing we could see a brig rapidly approaching us with all her snowy canvas spread. She made a pleasing picture as she rounded the breakwater, with the men on her yards smartly shortening sail. The harbour was alive with boats, and some of them had the strangest appearance Besides the ordinary steamers and sailing-craft, there were the bum-boats of the traders, the log-boats of the diving-boys, and those curious looking catamarans, which in the stiff breeze seemed to skim the water like wild sea-birds. Beyond the white beach the shore appeared closely wooded with palm, banana, cocoanut and other trees. In addition to the native huts, our eyes could detect square flat-roofed buildings, some of

considerable size, and in not a few cases highly colored. These, with here and there a dome or a spire lifting itself above the dark green of the palms, marked the position of the town. Far away in the distance could be seen the blue outlines of the great mountains of the interior towering above the thick forest of the intervening country.

Scarcely had our engines stopped before a rope was thrown from below over the starboard rail and a native came clambering up the ship's side like a monkey. He leaped on board, and immediately pulling the rope up after him, brought on deck a big delicious-looking bunch of bananas, and without a moment's loss of time began to bid vigorously for customers among the passengers. Another native followed, and another, and another, in rapid succession, until in an incredibly short space of time the whole deck was crowded with these pedlars making ridiculously excited efforts to sell their miscellaneous merchandise. Some had fruit and cocoanuts to offer; others had fancy boxes, some of which were pretty little toys, deftly made with porcupine quills; others sought to tempt us with curiosities and ornaments in the shape of shells and ivory and different woods of the island; some strewed the deck with shawls, handkerchiefs, hats, silk shirts, and white duck suits, while still others had walking sticks, steamer-chairs and other miscellaneous articles. All these fellows were talking at once in broken English, with much gesticulation, and each of them seemed to be as eager to sell his wares as if his very life depended on his getting rid of them. The prices they asked were rather fanciful, for they expected to be beaten down, as they generally were, to about a third of the original figure. I overheard one of them demand fifteen shillings for a chair, but he finally took five shillings, with a satisfied grin.

At first the novelty of all this was very attractive to a stranger, but after an hour or two of such "Babel" one began to think of how he might escape. At last, when everybody had become thoroughly tired of this "much ado about nothing," the ship's mate unceremoniously cleared the deck with a thick banana stalk, bringing it down with much emphasis on their black backs. It seemed a shame, but it was the only treatment

these people appeared to understand. On shore, a little later, we were only freed from a pestering fellow by a native policeman knocking him down with his club. In spite of our refusals and protestations, and even in spite of our threats, this man had followed us for miles in the hope that we would employ him as a guide, for he saw that we were strangers.

Not the least interesting sight was the diving-boys, who paddled alongside the steamer on logs, and would dive for pennies thrown into the water. One of these little urchins went right under our ship and up again on the other side for anyone generous enough to throw in a shilling. To advertise themselves they sang snatches of popular songs in very bad English, beating time by flapping their elbows against their bare ribs as they balanced themselves by standing on their bobbing logs.

I got into a boat, and a few minutes later set foot on East Indian soil. Passing by the tempting tea-house at the end of the pier we were surrounded by eager natives, who wished to take us in carts of various styles to "see the sights." Some of these conveyances were drawn by little oxen and others by coolies. I engaged a "jinrickshaw," and was soon gaily riding along in a little two-wheeled cart behind a man running like a horse in the shafts. Though the day was sweltering he kept up his pace mile after mile, and didn't seem to be at all fatigued. Every now and then he would turn half round as he ran, and call to me the name of some building or something else of interest to a stranger like myself. He took me through the famous Cinnamon Gardens, and once we stopped that I might gather some specimens of the fragrant spice.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the town again. I dismounted, and paid off my "horse." Walking a short distance I was in time to see the officers of the British regiment stationed in Colombo, and others of the well-to-do "whites" (and only "whites" seemed well-to-do) taking their fashionable afternoon drive. They circled about on a splendid broad white pebble drive-way between the sea and the southern part of the town. There were plenty of red-coats to enliven the scene; the ladies and children were dressed in beautiful white summer attire; the carriages were drawn by

fine horses, and attended by gorgeously arrayed Indian coachmen and footmen.

That evening I visited the Colombo market, which is a street lined on each side with huts, where one may buy very cheaply all kinds of tropical fruits and nuts and other good things. It was a strangely fascinating scene—almost weird in its effect on the mind of a Westerner. I can see it and feel it all again—the still, humid atmosphere, the air scarcely cooler than in the daytime; the dark, dense, novel foliage overhanging the road on either side and casting its black shadows in the uncertain moonlight; the flickering glare of the torches as they shone on the ripe, rich fruit in the stalls, and threw into bold relief the forms of the dusky merchants and buyers, the strange language of the people; the constant murmur of tropical insect life; a mysterious cry coming now and then from the forest,—it seemed almost unreal to me and I stole away alone to a spot near the beach, and throwing myself down on a slope within sound of the plash of the sea, spent the last hour in reverie before seeking my lodging for the night.

F. S. Beddon.

Woodstock.

Editorial Notes.

From time to time in this part of The Monthly we draw attention to the successes of our graduates, and sometimes we do this in a manner that may seem to indicate a tendency to self-glorification. Had we no legitimate reason for so doing, we might perhaps be fairly open to the charge, but we submit that circumstances make it advisable not only to state the facts but also to emphasise them by comment. We are frequently met by the expressed or implied insinuation that, inasmuch as McMaster is a small denominational college, the training given here cannot be as good as that to be obtained at a larger institution, and that therefore our graduates will not be able to compare favorably (to put the insinuation mildly) with those of other and larger colleges. To combat this, it is not enough to express our opinion to the contrary: we must reply with facts that will disprove the proposition. Our purpose, then, is self-defence, not self-glorification. Just as soon as our amiable critics and lukewarm friends cease holding and expressing such an opinion, just so soon shall we cease pointing out the significance of certain facts. That condition of affairs not existing, it is necessary to mention certain achievments of our graduates during the past six months.

At the Normal College last term only *two* students out of considerably over one hundred received honor standing. One of these was a graduate of McMaster, Miss A. Grace Iler of the Class of '98, a specialist in Classics and English, and the other a graduate of Queen's, both, it will be noted, students from what may be called small denominational colleges. To be sure, this does not prove that small denominational colleges produce better students than large undenominational institutions, but it does tend to show, among other things, that the trained product of McMaster University can compete with that of larger institutions. Further, all our graduates at the Normal College last term, four altogether if we remember rightly, not only passed, but also received Specialist standing. This latter fact is worth noting. As we have said on other occasions, we do not pretend

to give as much special training along certain lines as some colleges, but we do endeavor, in conjunction with a broad general course, to give sufficient special training to enable our students to qualify as Specialists with the Education Department of Ontario. That we are doing this is shown by the fact that not a single graduate of McMaster has failed at the Normal College. But we do not have to confine ourselves to Canada. For several years we have had to record the successes of our graduates at the University of Chicago, and we are now able to do the same with respect to Harvard University, the oldest and largest institution of learning in America. After spending a year in post-graduate study at Harvard, Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, of the Class of '96, received his degree of Master of Arts, and was chosen as Assistant in Chemistry, a position of considerable responsibility and one carrying with it a remuneration large enough to meet all the ordinary expenses of a year at Harvard. Moreover, he was elected to the Carbon Club, a working scientific society electing only *one* member a year, which member this year proves to be a graduate of McMaster University. We congratulate Mr. Cohoe on the honor conferred upon him, and we confidently rely upon him to discharge the duties of his position in a manner satisfactory to his Professor and creditable to himself and to his Alma Mater.

The election of Professor Hadley to the Presidency of Yale marks a striking departure in the traditions of that venerable university and is doubtless indicative of a change in the dominant purpose of modern higher education. There have been twelve presidents of Yale since its foundation in 1701, and every one has been a clergyman. President Hadley enjoys the distinction of being the first layman to be elected to that high office. Yale was established to train young men for the Congregational ministry, but to-day out of some three hundred graduates in Arts a year not more than a dozen on an average, it is said, intend to enter the ministry. Up to within the last fifty years, one may almost say the last twenty-five, the vast majority of her graduates, like those of all other American colleges, were intended for the learned professions, the ministry

law, and medicine. To-day an increasingly large number leave the university as graduates to enter active business life as bankers, merchants, mining and civil engineers, etc. The aim of the university of to-day is not to produce doctors, lawyers, ministers, but good citizens, men with high characters and democratic principles. To be a successful president of a modern university a man must be more than a minister. He must, of course, always be a man of lofty and inspiring character, but in addition thereto he must be a man of large administrative ability. Frequently these qualities will best be found in a minister, as for example in President Faunce of Brown, not to mention cases nearer home, but frequently they will be found in a layman. Those who know President Hadley are confident that he combines the requisite qualities of high character and executive ability in large measure, and after a careful perusal of his inaugural address we are inclined to agree with them. Some of the points in that address are worth being noted by all friends of higher education.

Yale, as we have said, was primarily a college for training men for the ministry. It has largely ceased to be that, but it has not ceased to be a Christian college, nor is its President ashamed to avow its distinctively Christian character. Dealing with the necessity of preserving and developing common student interests outside of the class-room, Prof. Hadley says:

"Of all these interests, the most fundamental are those connected with religious observances and religious feeling. Yale is, and has been from the first, a Christian college. All her institutions show this throughout their structure. This was the dominant purpose in Yale's foundation; and the work and thought of the children have conformed to the wish of the fathers. . . . Whatever change in outward observance may be made, none will be made unless it shall surely and clearly appear to those in authority that we are but modifying the letter of a tradition for the sake of preserving its spirit."

Closely connected with this frank faith in the importance of the Christian character of Yale, and, indeed, inherent therein, is his recognition of the fact that Yale "must meet the demands for progress on the intellectual side without endangering the

growth of that which has proved most valuable on the moral side." This is the great educational problem of to-day, and according to President Hadley it is the latter part that must "engage the most immediate attention from a college president, and to which the action of the University as a whole and the intelligent thought of the University administration must be devoted in order to prevent the sacrifice of the moral interest of the whole commonwealth." One way in which President Hadley proposes to deal with the problem is by preserving the Christian character of Yale. Another is by "endeavoring to limit the occasion for the use of money on the part of the student." The democratic spirit has always prevailed at Yale much more than at its great rival, Harvard, and President Hadley seems determined that it shall be fostered. This spirit is, we believe, one of the direct results of the Christian character of Yale, and we cannot but rejoice that so great an institution as Yale should make it her aim to preserve her Christian character and her democratic spirit. It is along these lines that true progress lies.

THE MONTHLY gladly takes occasion to applaud the action of the present students of old 'Varsity on the precedent they have set for coming generations. The full importance of this precedent can only be realized by remembering how rapidly generation follows generation in the life of a university.

Heretofore it has been the custom to give intoxicants a place in the social functions of the University, making the use or non-use a matter of personal choice with the students and others. This year, however, a majority of the students have decided against this practice, with the result that a most desirable innovation is to be made by the banishment of wines.

This prohibitory measure, enacted in the very heart of Ontario's higher thought, must be especially welcome as a testimony to the reasonableness and righteousness of such a step. It is to be hoped that all possible support may be given by the social leaders of Toronto to the students in their departure from the trammels of established custom.

It must be a source of profound gratification and thankfulness to all the friends of missions to hear of the remarkably auspicious opening of our new mission in Bolivia. We were convinced before he went there that Bro. Reekie was divinely led in his thought of devoting himself to Bolivian work. It was because of the like conviction that the Convention authorized the Foreign Mission Board to begin the work. All that has happened since has but justified our faith. Bro. Reekie in Oruro, and Bro. Routledge in La Paz, are meeting with open doors on every hand. The latter is prepared to assume the responsibility of self-support as soon as another man comes to his help. We are glad that so good and true a man as Rev. C. N. Mitchell, M.A., is forthcoming for that important service. All McMaster students of to-day and of earlier days will still bespeak God's blessings on these brethren. Our hope is that many others of our number may yet join them there.

The death of Sir William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., etc., at Montreal, removes the most widely celebrated man of science that Canada has ever produced. He was born in Picton, Nova Scotia, in 1820. He was educated in that town and in Edinburgh University. In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education of his native Province, and in 1855 he accepted the Principalship of McGill University. His educational abilities and his administrative genius placed McGill in the first position of Canadian Universities. By establishing a Normal School in connection with the University, he rendered an untold service to Protestant education in Quebec. For thirteen years he personally presided over its work, and lectured to its pupils. His erection of the splendid School of Practical and Applied Science has rendered a like service to Quebec, and indeed to Canada at large. His Acadian Geology, which is the standard work on the geology of the Maritime Provinces, first brought Sir William into world-wide fame. During his intensely active and laborious life he published a number of learned volumes, both in science and on the bearings of science on the Bible. He was one of the formidable opponents of the doctrine of scientific

evolution as propounded by Darwin and Herbert Spencer. That a man of great natural powers of mind, whose original researches were second to no investigator of his time, should reject the doctrine of evolution, is proof enough that the doctrine is not a demonstrable proposition. Sir William's original discoveries were numerous and important,—the most unique being that of the *Eozoon Canadense,* the oldest known form of animal life.

Book Reviews.

JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS.*

John King is the popular pastor of a church in Chicago. He takes a special interest in the young people of his congregation and in slum work. By invitation young people of many sorts meet with him in company weekly, when a question box is opened and the pastor gives his answers to their questions. These, the author states, are verbatim copies of written enquiries presented to him by his own young people the week preceding the writing and public reading of the chapter that contains them. They cover a wide range and present no orderly arrangement, but relate principally to matters of conduct. The questions and answers will be very interesting to many readers, though they are mostly common-place and the pastor's replies rarely evince a thorough apprehension of the spiritual realities underlying all conduct.

Rather loosely connected with the account of the question class is a story of two musicians, twin brother and sister, he a magnificent tenor and she a great violinist. His career, built on self-conceit, is one of ever-deepening ruin. She, not yet a Christian, firm but self-forgetful, meets ever-growing success, is finally converted and marries a Christian author.

Apart from the desire to add another book to his series, Mr. Shel-

---

* John King's Question Class. By Charles M. Sheldon, pastor of Central Church, Topeka, Kansas. Published by the W. J. Gage Co., Toronto. Pp. 283. Price, paper 30 cts., cloth 75 cts.

don's probable aim is to assist young people to meet the grave moral issues of life. There are some serious errors of moral judgment, as where King, the model pastor, whose aim is to make the Sunday services worshipful above all things, is represented as urging the gambling Stanwood, after knowing of his dissipation, to continue singing church solos with increased pay. However, I think the book is on the whole helpful. But what a pity that preaching should turn to story telling!

The author lacks humor; he is natural and simple; sometimes graphic and even powerful in description. Though he does not live in his characters, his interest in them is fairly well sustained. The publisher's work has been very creditably performed indeed.

GEORGE CROSS.

Aylmer, Ont.

ROMANCE AND REALISM.

"The Lunatic at Large"* is pleasant reading. The hero is confined in a private asylum for financial and other reasons, but escapes in an ingenious way. Suffering a complete loss of memory as to his name and position, he is otherwise exceedingly acute. He realizes that as a certified lunatic he is largely irresponsible for any of his actions. Acting on this he has many adventures; he falls in with a German baron just arrived in London, and whose letters of introduction are all to people out of town. The lunatic at large makes friends with the baron and puts him through a course of introductions to English society and customs that profoundly impresses his German lordship. Eventually the hero recovers his memory and his position as a wealthy Englishman. The style of the book is clear and easy, the situations delightfully absurd, the dialogue bright, and, for a pleasant evening's reading, "The Lunatic at Large" may be safely recommende d

In "Ragged Lady," † Howells traverses ground with which he is very familiar. New England, New York, and Italy are home to him, and the local coloring of the work is hardly open to question. The story is thoroughly readable, and the Ragged Lady will not soon fade from the reader's memory. Her beauty and her winsomeness endear her to the reader as they did to Mrs. Lander, to Miss Milray, and to her many lovers. The other characters are skillfully drawn; we sympathize with Mrs. Lander and Mr. Milray; we pity Dr. Welwright and

* "The Lunatic at Large." J. Storer Clouston. Toronto: the W. J. Gage Co.
† "Ragged Lady." W. Dean Howells. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

Baron Belsky; we undergo moral perplexity with Frank Gregory; we esteem Mr. Richling and Miss Milray; we laugh with and at the Shoeman and Mr. Hinckle.

Ragged Lady is a New England study. The lady, Clementine Claxton, is the daughter of a machinist, "up from down Po'tland way, some'res," who for his health has retired to the woods near Middlemount, a mountain summer resort. They are as poor as they are intellectual, and Clementina possesses graces that a princess might envy. After serving at the summer hotel in Middlemount, Clementina is adopted by a wealthy Bostonian lady of no social standing and very common tastes, with an incurable propensity for "doctoring." They live for a time at expensive American hotels, and subsequently at Florence. In this beautiful Italian city, Clementina wins many social and personal triumphs through the influence of Miss Milray, a resident American lady, who is charmed with her beauty and grace.

In Florence her patroness dies, and Clementina finds herself poor in place of being an heiress. She is distressed, at this juncture, by the apparent faithlessness of her accepted lover. Returning to America, she meets her lover, who has been in a railway wreck and whose life is shattered. They are married, and after a brief period of happiness, she is left a widow. She returns to Middlemount as also does her first lover, and the question of a second marriage is raised for her to solve, and is left unsolved at the close of the story, or rather, like the Lady or the Tiger, is left to the reader to solve.

The plot is thus comparatively simple and quite probable. The Puritan blood of the New Englander came from the finest stock in old England, and present poverty may be in direct descent from former high family. So Clementina's beauty and grace and her adaptability to environment are all easily possible. Nor is her sudden elevation from hotel-girl to heiress, followed by her descent to poverty, at all impossible. In short, hardly any fact or incident in the story can be challenged, and yet the truth of the general picture is open to question. Why? It is not easy to say.

For one thing, the evident effort with the dialect and the author's references to it seem to develop an unreal atmosphere. The c› r-sations are suggestive of exercises in phonetics or philology. Isn't all English dialectic? Is a New Englander's pronunciation his most characteristic feature? That one might think so, from reading this book, shows how undue has been the emphasis given to the dialect.

A more serious consideration lies in the delineation of the charac-

ter of Clementina and of Frank Gregory. She is beautiful, exceedingly graceful and winsome, ultra-conscientious, devoid of emotion in her manner, but acting very emotionally at times, uneducated but with perfect sense of delicacy and propriety, innocent as daylight and impervious to flattery or anything that would spoil her, with calm stoicism accepting poverty and wealth with equal indifference, and with a profound belief that the ultimate outcome of everything would be all right. He is a study in over-conscientiousness. To say that Howells has failed in these two characters would be unfair; but it can scarcely be said that he has succeeded. The minor characters are better, Mr. Lander, the vice-consul, and Rev. Mr. Orson being effectively portrayed with a few life-like strokes.

The title is not very satisfactory from a literary point of view, but may be successful enough from a financial standpoint, for titles go a long way in selling books. Howell's linguistic peculiarities are occasionally in evidence as, *e.g.*, "her reyankeefied English," p. 279; "Mrs. Lander's reluctance from a maid," p. 173.

Making due allowance for any faults, it must be said the book is well worth reading and is a contribution to the study of New England character. It presents a type different in many ways from the characters portrayed by Mary E. Wilkins and Marie Louise Pool, and yet the kinship is easily discernable.

The publishers have done their work well. The paper, type and presswork are decidedly above the average, and the illustrations by A. I. Keller are worthy of that illustrator. They really illustrate and the last one is especially good.

E. A. Hardy.

College News.

EDITORS { MISS MCLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

OFFICIOUS SOPHOMORE :—"Say, its your turn to go down and get the biscuits to-night."

WEARY FRESHMAN :—"Oh, is it? And its your turn to eat them, I suppose?"

SOPH. :—"Yes, that's what it is."

FRESHIE :—"Well, I guess we'll miss our turns to-night."

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY :—"Now, Mr. ——, will you tell us something of Socrates' philosophy?"

BEWILDERED JUNIOR :—"He—he—said that—that all we know is that we don't know anything."

PROFESSOR :—"Well, please don't let us have too much evidence of that kind of knowledge this morning."

AND still they come! Messrs. McLay and Sprague are back from the "Old Sod," and think Canada not a half bad place after all.

PROFESSOR IN THEISM (gesticulating with his forefinger) :—"In illustration of my point take a bell. Now you hear that bell—— " Stage whisper from the second row :—"I wish I did!"

THE regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held Friday, November 13th, in the University Chapel. The programme of this meeting assumed the nature of a debate in which eight members of the Society took part. The subject was as follows: Resolved that the Boers are justified in the position they have taken in regard to the Transvaal question. The affirmative was supported by Misses Clemens', McLaurin, Blackadar and Norton, while the following upheld the negative side of the argument: Misses Gile, Annable, Cameron and Delmage. We were glad to have with us some of the former members of the Society. Miss Bailey, '98, gave an instrumental solo which we all enjoyed, and Miss Whiteside, also of Class '98, kindly consented to act as judge of the debate. After a careful consideration of the arguments on both sides, the judge declared her decision in favor of the affirmative. The meeting was then closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

THE annual public meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held Friday, November 24th. The chapel was very tastefully decorated and the Society was very glad to welcome the friends who never fail us on such occasions. The entertainment was furnished almost

entirely by the members of the Society, with the exception, however, of two or three numbers of the programme. Miss Hobson, of the Jarvis Street Choir, delighted the audience with her rendition of "Carita" and "At Parting," and all heartily enjoyed Miss Ivy Kerr's two violin solos. A special feature of the evening was a short speech from a representative of each year, which presented the characters of four women chosen from the life and literature of the Moderns and Classics. Miss Parlin, '03, presented "The Life and Character of Andromache;" Miss Grace Wallace, '02, "The Story of Jeanne d'Arc;" Miss Sanders, '01, gave a vivid picture of Goethe's "Iphigenia," and Miss McLay, '00, told the story of "The Life and Character of Antigone, as portrayed by Sophocles." Miss Wallace, '03, pleased all by a delightful reading entitled, "The Origin of Man." The programme was closed with "The Maple Leaf."

THE second regular meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society, held on the evening of November 10th, was well attended. After some business was transacted, an interesting programme was rendered, the most important part of which was an eloquent and instructive lecture on "Poetry," by Professor Alexander, of Toronto University. A violin selection, by Mr. Farmer, '03, and a vocal solo, by Mr. A. C. Newcombe, '00, completed the programme of the evening.

AT a regular meeting of the Tennysonian Society, held in the University Chapel, Friday evening, November 19th, the following programme was given:—Instrumental Solo, Mr. J. L. Harton; Debate, "Resolved that a University training fits a man for business life." Affirmative, Messrs. Riggs and Parker; negative, Messrs. C. J. McLean and Fraser; reading, Miss McLaurin. Professor Campbell, who acted as critic, briefly summed up the arguments and gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The second monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Thursday, November 16th. After a half hour of devotional service, reports were received from the various city missions. Mr. Ralph E. Smith then gave a resume of the year's work in Foreign Missions. This was a carefully prepared paper and full of interesting and inspiring matter. Dr. Welton's address on "Spirituality in College Life," was a rare treat to all present. The college which gives little room to cultivating the spiritual life turns out men generally less spiritually-minded than when they entered. The ideal college life recognizes the necessity of a three-fold discipline, physical, mental and spiritual. The last of these must have three essential aids: First, Devotional Study of God's Word; second, Habitual Communion with God; third, Active Service for God.

The most important item of the afternoon session was Mr. G. R. Welch's report of the World's Y M.C.A. Convention, held at Oberlin, Ohio. This convention was unique in the earnestness of the Christian workers gathered together, the thorough-going business-like way in which the

sessions were conducted, and the marvellous condensation of the addresses. Discussion of religious problems and planning for a far-reaching work of evangelization were the objects of the Convention. Mr. Welch's report was a digest of the best things he heard at Oberlin, and was very helpful to his hearers. Some of the students then gave some of their lessons learned in their summer's work; and a day of real spiritual uplifting was closed by prayer, offered by Dr. Newman.

His numerous friends rejoice that Mr. Brownlee has got the better of it in his fight against typhoid, and is now in a fair way to recovery.

Field Day.—McMaster's Annual Field Sports were held on the Bloor Street grounds, Tuesday afternoon, October 31st. Although postponed from the previous Friday, the delay did not at all dampen the enthusiasm of the games, nor cause the general interest to wane. The Field Day of 1899 was a decided success in attendance, interest and records; for a large number of McMaster professors, students and friends, among whom the ladies of Moulton College were quite in evidence, thronged the grand stand; the rivalry between the years reached an exciting but healthful pitch, and worthy feats were enthusiastically applauded by all; while no less than seven College records were broken, and one Inter-collegiate record easily passed. G. L. Lamont, who won the McNaught Cup and also the Chancellor's Medal, with 23 points, showed up especially well in his running events; A. B. Cohoe won the First Association Medal, with 18 points, and C. C. Sinclair the Second Association Medal, with 17 points. A. E. Haydon smashed the Inter-collegiate record made at Montreal lately, by clearing 9 ft. 1 in. in the Pole Vault. R. E. Sayles came close for third place with 15 points. Among the new records established this year are: Putting the Shot, by Lamont, at 31 ft. 6 in.; High Jump, Cohoe, 5 ft. ½ in.; Pole Vault, Haydon, 9 ft. 1 in.; Quarter Mile, Lamont, 56 2-5 seconds; Running Broad Jump, Cohoe, 19 ft. 4 in.; Kicking the Foot Ball, "Bob" McLaurin, 174 ft. 10 in.; Running Hop Step and Jump, Sinclair, 41 ft. 2 in. Other events were all made in good form; in this respect especially the athletics of this fall far surpass last year's sports.

Tennysonian.—The necessity for a new and larger chapel was again demonstrated at the first meeting of the Tennysonian on Nov. 3rd. A very interesting programme had been arranged and there were present a large number of visitors from the 3rd and 4th years. The president in his address was received with applause as he foretold the brilliant prospects of the Society. For the first number on the programme Mr. Farmer rendered a piano solo. Dr. Rand was then called upon, and in the course of his remarks he read one of his latest poems. A recitation by Mr. Miles completed the programme proper, and after the remarks of the critic, Dr. Smith, the meeting adjourned.

Literary Society.—In spite of the threatening weather there was a large attendance at the first meeting of the Lit. for the term. President Cornish, in his inaugural address, briefly outlined the objects of the Society and predicted for it a brilliant future. Rev. J. Harry King then rendered a patriot song of his own composition, which was heartily applauded. The debate of the evening was upon the subject now occupying the attention of the entire Anglo-Saxon nation, "Resolved, that Britain is justified in declaring war on the Boers." Messrs. Gunn and Fox upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Hotson and Nicole supported the negative. While Dr. Smith, who acted as judge, was summing up the arguments, Mr. Triggerson gave a solo. The decision was then given in favor of the affirmative, and the meeting adjourned.

Football.—McMaster has every reason to be proud of her football team this season. The only defeat sustained was at the hands of the Dental College. Victoria and the Toronto Meds. were defeated in well fought battles, but the game of the year was played with Osgoode Hall. Neither team was able to score, but the play from the first was fast and abounded in brilliant work. The second team entered in the Intermediate Series did not meet with such success, but showed that McMaster boys could play a losing game in the same sportsman-like way as when more successful. Rugby is now being taken up and it seems there is good material here for a team. We are fortunate in the possession of two good coaches, Messrs. McDonald and Haydon, and under their able guidance the embryo Rugby players will soon be developed.

Inter-year Matches.—Great interest always centres around the inter-year matches and this year was no exception. The first game was played between '03 and '02, and resulted in an easy victory for the latter. Theology could not withstand the team work of '01, and succumbed to superior prowess. The next game between '01 and "Century" was well contested, but "Century" finally won. Two games were necessary to decide the supremacy between "Century" and the "Sophomores." The first was very exciting and resulted in a tie. In the second the "Sophs." had decidedly the better of the game and won by 1 goal to 0, thus obtaining the handsome pins donated by Ryrie Bros.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editors { Miss Lillian Baird. / Miss Sarah Howard.

Our "Hallowe'en Tea," which has come to be one of the most delightful events of our College life, passed off this year even more successfully than usual. The decorations were, if possible, more

beautiful; the speeches were more brilliant, and were given with an ease that would have done justice to members of the Legislature; the refreshments were of the best, while the large number of students present was, of itself, sufficient to give added zest to the general enjoyment. The happiest part of the celebration, however, was the opportunity afforded of welcoming our beloved Principal who, on this occasion, after an illness of several weeks, was able to receive the girls on their return from the dining hall. This left nothing lacking to make the evening quite the most pleasant of the term.

To the music-loving students, of whom Moulton possesses not a few, the last month has offered many attractions. Among the "musical treats" have been "The Redemption," the "Friedheim" Concert, and the Recital at Jarvis St. Church; each proving most enjoyable, and offering fresh inspiration to those who sometimes feel that there is, indeed, no "Royal Road to Learning"—especially in music.

Rev. Mr. Eaton is still unrivalled in the interest which he takes in Moulton and in Moulton students. While we do not see him as frequently as we might wish, this perhaps adds more pleasure to his rare and welcome visits. On Monday, 20th inst., he favored us by conducting the chapel exercises, to which special interest was given by his earnest words.

Once more the event which brought "Peace on earth, good-will to men" is to be celebrated; a celebration into the joyousness of which no one can enter more heartily than the college student; for does it not mean a reunion with loved ones at home? Many a homesick student now joyfully scans the much-used calendar, which tells of fast approaching freedom and rest. All hail to the coming holiday season; may it, indeed, be to all a season of joy and gladness!

The Flower Show.—How delightful it was one day not long ago, to leave school-rooms and books, and to enter, for a time at least, a realm where all was beautiful. Such was the experience of those who attended the "Flower Show." To many the beauty and variety of the flowers was a reason for wonder, and adjectives failed, in the attempt to express the admiration which was so worthily lavished upon the beautiful exhibit of chrysanthemums, roses, carnations, violets and orchids.

On Friday evening, Nov. 10th, the students, with a large number of friends, listened to a very delightful lecture on "Rome," given by Rev. H. W. Cody, rector of St. Paul's. The interesting scenes and events of this famous city were described with realistic power, while the beautiful limelight views, under the direction of Mr. Whittemore, made it almost possible to imagine oneself as seeing in reality, the world-famed St. Peter's, the Parthenon, the Amphitheatre, or the Appian Way. It will not be the fault of the lecturer if every one who heard him fails to grasp the first opportunity to visit this city around which such great interest centres.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { S. R. TARR, M.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

ON Thanksgiving day the College enjoyed a visit and a defeat from McMaster football team. Just when we were beginning to feel how sweet a morsel was victory, the ball went through between our posts twice without asking permission. But for this we should certainly have won, as we had a goal to the good. However, as it was, the battle was a hard one for McMaster as well as for our boys. Both teams played grandly. Of course we know there is a little luck about getting goals, as our captain suggested in his after-dinner speech; and perhaps there may be some science, too, as we were promptly reminded by the popular Ed. Zavitz. It depends which side scores them!

The McMaster men looked a very "green" lot going on to the field, but our fellows looked "blue" coming off.

The night before the game the two teams sat down together to feast. The Woodstock boys did not get left behind in this any more than did the turkeys who were unlucky enough to have to provide the entertainment.

SINCE our last report Woodstock has been delighted by a special lecture given in the school chapel, by Rev. Chas. Eaton, of Toronto. The subject was "Success." If we were allowed a pun we would say the lecture was in every sense a "successful" one. For just one hour and four minutes the audience was not its own master, being led at the will of the speaker. The man who gives much of good to his fellows is the successful man, and only he; was Mr. Eaton's doctrine. We were told that to reach success three things were necessary: aspiration, inspiration, and perspiration, and a good deal of the latter generally.

HALLOWE'EN will be a night long remembered by some of our boys, for several will have scars to remind them of it for the remainder of their days. With blackened faces and with torches and tin-trumpets, and wearing various and indescribable costumes, the boys marched, singing and shouting, through the streets, celebrating the time-honoured custom of Hallowe'en. While thus moving in harmless procession, they were fiercely set upon by roughs of the town, who threw volley after volley of brickbats and other missiles into the ranks. Nearly all were hit and some badly hurt. Striking back in self-defence, one of the boys of the College was arrested and handcuffed, but finally released, by a very valiant policeman, who declared at the top of his voice his determination to "*do his duty*" at all costs, in the name of the Queen! Another member of the College band was charged with riding the horse on which he was mounted, on to the sidewalk. The one student was fined $6 at the police court on the following day, but since the facts have become widely known, feeling among the towns-

people has been so in favour of the school, that the fine is to be refunded and the other charge withdrawn. The expressions of regret from the towns-people and newspapers of the unwarranted attack upon the boys have been numerous and sincere, and a number of the most prominent business men formed a Citizens' Committee, to which thanks is due for interest in our behalf. Feeling that we did nothing to originate the trouble, and acted only in self defence, we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves.

The Judson Missionary Society this month were privileged to have Dr. McLaurin as their speaker. He gave, in a most interesting and graphic way, an account of the methods which a missionary uses in dealing with different classes in India. We all hope that Dr. McLaurin will favour us us again.

On Friday, Nov. 10th, the College met a team from the town of Woodstock in a game of Rugby, on the campus. The school completely outplayed their opponents, and gained an overwhelming triumph with a score of 24 points to 0. The town men were the heavier, but lacked practice and combination work. For the victors Vail, Stephens and J. McArthur were remarkably fast as half backs. As a quarter back, J. B. McArthur also distinguished himself.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. Roy, Editor.

The Institute opened on the 4th of October this year, the same as usual. The majority of the students were prompt in their attendance at the opening, thus enabling us to enter upon the work of the year without the necessary delay. A few of our old familiar faces are missed, but their places are filled by others whom we welcome in our midst.

Very little change has taken place this year in our staff of teachers. We are sorry, however, to have lost Miss Parmelia Bullock from among our number. But we heartily welcome in her place another of our old students who has been engaged in teaching elsewhere for several years. Last year she taught in the city of Hamilton, Ont., but our fellow-worker, Mr. Roy, thought Hamilton was too far away, and to annihilate the distance he brought her here. Consequently, on Sept. 6th last, Miss Elisa Gendreau became Mrs. E. S. Roy, and on Oct. 4th we welcomed her among the staff of teachers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Roy have our best wishes, and may their stay with us be a pleasant one.

It is always a pleasure to welcome visitors in our midst. Up to the present time we have not been deprived of this pleasure. Among

the many entertained thus far we might mention the names of Rev. Geo. R. MacFaul, who has lately become one of our Grande Ligne workers, Drs. Lafleur and Dadson, the Revs. L. A. Therrien, A. L. Therrien, W. T. Graham, J. R. Webb. Perhaps the visit of the three latter was especially interesting because of their being here as a committee to discuss the advisability of making special efforts to obtain necessary funds to enable the erection of a new wing to our Institute. The time has come when this long felt need ought to be done away with. The only way to do this is to build. It has been decided to do so if possible.

At the Annual Students' Meeting last February it was suggested by Rev. L. A. Therrien that an appeal be made to all old and new students for help in this work. The suggestion was put in the form of a motion and a committee appointed to carry it out. On Nov. 1st, 1899, this committee sent out blanks, of which the following is a copy, to all ex-students who could, in any way, be reached :—

"I, the undersigned, hereby pledge myself to give on or before the 1st of February, each year, for five consecutive years, 1900-1905, the sum of.....to help in building a new wing at Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Que.

Name.....

Correct Address.....

Date.....

NOTE.—Send all Guarantee Slips and Remittances to A. E. Masse, Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Que. Make all Money Orders payable at St. Johns, Que.

THE SECRETARY."

As a result of this effort pledges have been received, thus far, to the amount of one thousand dollars.

NEVER does a young fellow feel more "sporty" than when he knows the girls are looking at him, and never I suppose, do young girls feel more "sporty" than when they can get such a look. Our campus is a great impetus in this line, it being so situated that the young ladies looking out their windows behold the fine young athletes performing their "distinguishing acts." As the fall has been dry and the campus in good shape, base-ball has been the game of the season. We have several expert players, among them two might well be mentioned :—Our "corkscrew pitcher" and our "invincible catcher." A fine bicycle track has been made around the campus this fall by the boys. This, together with the bicycle house built this last summer, ought to induce the boys to bring their wheels with them at the Institute.

Here and There.

A. B. Cohoe, B.A., Ed.

The first college paper was published at Dartmouth and was edited by Daniel Webster.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"How dare you laugh at me, you young rascals?" Chorus of Pupils—"But we're not laughing at you, sir." Teacher—"Well, then, I don't know what else there is to laugh at."—*Tit-Bits.*

Meyer Bros. & Co, New York, announce a novel, "Near the Throne," by W. J. Thorold, for the illustration of which certain "artists of distinction and renown" have posed in forty pictures.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE YEARS.

"Time in advance behind him hides his wings."—*Young.*

As comes amain the glossy flying raven,
That with unwavering wing, breast on the view,
Cleaves slow the lucid air beneath the blue,
And seems scarce other than a figure graven—
Ha! now the sweeping pinions flash as levin,
And all their silken cordage whistles loud:—
Lo, the departing flight, like fleck of cloud,
Is swallowed quick by the awaiting heaven!

So lag and tarry, to the youth, the years
In their oncoming from the brooding sky,
Till bursts at middle life their rushing speed
All breathless with the world of hopes and fears;
And, lo, departing, the Eternal Eye
Winks them to moments in His endless brede!

—*Theodore H. Rand, in Acta Victoriana.*

The "Trinity University Review," in the midst of a great deal of bright and interesting college news, publishes a somewhat severe criticism of Hall Caine's book, "The Christian." All readers of this work have found in Glory Quayle an exceedingly interesting character, and few have failed in discovering the many and great defects in the character of John Storm; but very few would venture to find in the character, Drake, the real hero. The following sentence would hardly express the sentiments of an age in which the elevation of moral standards is not the most unmarked feature:—"It may be remarked in passing, that Drake is depicted in the book as an English gentleman, standing high in social and political life, who was a little wild at times, but, on the whole, manly and honourable, and who, after attempting once or twice to trifle with Glory, finally recognized her intrinsic worth and offered her marriage." Rather, we might change the latter part of the sentence to read thus:—"who, after attempting once or twice to trifle with Glory, revealed *his* intrinsic worth or *worthlessness*, and was refused marriage."

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1899.

ELDER JOSEPH CHANDLER.

The Eastern Townships (counties) in the province of Quebec, have had more than one pioneer Baptist minister. Among them are to be remembered, Elders Arvis, of Abbot's Corners, and Green, of Montreal, both still living; Mitchell, of Magog; Gillies, of Eaton (Sawyerville), and Chandler, of Burford (Coaticook), all deceased.

Some time ago a sketch of the career of Elder Gillies appeared in THE MONTHLY. This article will briefly sketch the life and labors of Elder Jos. Chandler.

Elder Chandler was born in 1812, at Minchin, Hampton, Gloucestershire, Eng. In his youth he was apprenticed to the tailor's trade. Though naturally of a serious temperament he experienced the fact that companionship with other apprentices who were godless, caused his seriousness to wane. Yet during this period conviction of sin never left him, for one Sunday morning under the sense of sin he sought a Baptist meeting-house, and entering betook himself to the gallery, to the most remote corner of the same.

His journey to the place cost him something for having never attended a Baptist service before, he felt somewhat ashamed to be seen going thereto, and so took a circuitous route by a back alley. Though safely hidden in the corner, as he thought, from the gaze of men he escaped not the truth of God, for the text, Gen. 6: 7, ". . . . . every imagination of the

thoughts of the heart was only evil continually," pierced him to the quick, and it seemed as if the minister made his whole sermon an intentional, personal thrust at him.

This service was effective, like that in the Wesleyan Chapel upon Spurgeon, in the conversion of the young apprentice. This morning had another surprise in store for him in the unexpected meeting with his employer at the door at the close of the service. Of course, hereafter the converted apprentice became the butt of ridicule among his shop-mates.

Investigation into the Baptist belief with the help of Bible and dictionary followed his conversion and ere long he was led to abandon his Episcopal views and identify himself with the Baptist people.

His fellowship with Baptist deacons at this time was always a happy memory to him. Through their direction, because of his willingness, he was led to tract distribution and exhortation at religious services, for one deacon remarked "One free man is worth two press men." Sundays became very busy days to him religiously. His labors had their outward compensation sometimes in ingratitude, expressed too at times in the concrete fashion of rotten eggs.

In 1836 the youth Joseph Chandler emigrated to America, making Toronto his home for a time. He often referred to the joy, even to tears, that he experienced over the first gospel sermon he heard in Canada. In Toronto he followed his trade, being employed as head cutter. Here he managed to save of his wages, sufficient to enable him to begin his course in the Montreal Baptist College in 1840.

Though this college did not exist long it sent out a number of worthies who have left the impress of their godly characters and labors upon the Baptist denomination in Canada.

In 1843 the recent student found his way to the Coaticook Valley, 125 miles south-east of Montreal in the district known as the Eastern Townships, that portion of Canada lying along the boundary between Quebec and the States, originally settled for the most part by families from the Eastern States. He located on a farm in the township of Burford which at that time was not very thickly settled, and here he began his doubly

pioneer work of farming and preaching. Hereafter for the space of 30 years he labored six days of the week on his farm, cleaning the land and tilling the soil, and on Sundays preached from one to three times a day, besides teaching in the Sunday School. In the early years of his ministry he made many of his preaching tours on foot, for conveyances were few and good roads unknown.

Regularly at 10 a. m. on Sundays, rain or shine, was the former apprentice and student, now Elder Chandler, found at the desk of the district school-house ready to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ to his neighbors attending the service.

The times and manners of those days were simple and plain. Oxen in summer and in winter often drew *sleigh-loads* of earnest-minded people through the woods to the services. In summer persons of all ages would be found at the services, oftentimes barefooted, and with headgear of little cost. But the spiritual joys of believers were as real then as of believers now.

Little monetary support did Elder Chandler receive for his labors, for systematic giving was not then in vogue, nor were crisp bills and shining dimes so plentiful then as now. Bro. Chandler's farm was midway between Drew's Mills (now Dixville) and Coaticook. Previous to his arrival in the vicinity a little Baptist church had been organized at Drew's Mills in 1838 under the pastoral care of Elder Israel Ide. After taking up his residence in Burford Elder Chandler held the pastorate of this church for 30 years. The services were first held in the district school-house, then in a Good Templars' hall. About 1863 the little church began to think of erecting a suitable building and to this end $11 in subscriptions had been secured.

Just at this Juncture, Adventism burst upon the townships and spread through them like wild-fire for several years, almost demoralizing many churches, Drew's Mills Baptist church not excepted. About 1874, a re-action from Adventism having set in, the church began to recover itself and in that year united with the Baptist church in Coaticook (formerly Free-Will Baptist), forming what was known as the Coaticook and Burford Baptist church. This union took place under the direction of

Pastor M. McGregor, missionary of the Baptist Convention East, who in Dec., 1873, began to conduct services in the building of the almost defunct Free-Will Baptist church in Coaticook. Elder Chandler retired from active pastoral duties just prior to this union and confined the Christian work of his remaining years to occasional preaching, and to S. S. work in Coaticook, continuing the latter until a few months previous to his decease.

It was a custom with the Coaticook church in later years to have Elder Chandler preach on the anniversary of his birthday, and many testify that his last sermons, doubtless because of his ripened experience, were his best.

He was permitted to attend the Sunday morning prayer service shortly before his death and, being asked to speak, he arose with feebleness but spoke with a power hitherto unknown by his brethren.

Early in the spring of 1895 he began to fail rapidly. To friends wishing him "many returns" on his last birthday he replied, "O don't wish me that, wish me home." On May 17th, 1895, aged 83, he departed to be at home with the Lord and to take on the vigor of eternal youth, leaving to follow him later, a devoted wife, three sons and three daughters.

His last words to his family were, "I have no greater joy than to hear that you walk in the truth,"—"I commend you to the word of His grace which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." The funeral services were conducted by pastor A. C. Baker, of Sawyerville, son-in-law of the late Elder Gillies, the pioneer brother pastor with Elder Chandler.

Elder Chandler was twice married, in Sept., 1847, to Miss Maria E. Jenkins, one daughter being born to them; in Oct., 1850, to Miss Mary Ann Lorimer, five sons and two daughters being born to them.

His family still feel the force of his life and character for he was a man of prayer, a quiet, earnest, self-sacrificing, God-fearing man. Pastors of the Coaticook church remember him not as an obstructionist nor critic, but as a generous-hearted, fatherly counsellor.

The community wherein he spent half a century still testify to his sincerity, piety and usefulness.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
  Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a loving life
  Is more than books and scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
  The saintly fact survives,
The blessed Master none can doubt
  Revealed in holy lives.

J. H. HUNTER.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK: GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND LIFE.*

(Continued.)

It is time now to turn from retrospect to prospect and to inquire regarding the present outlook. Since to-day is the child of yesterday the outlook for the present, in part at least, grows out of these facts of the past which we have been considering. To three points I invite attention, and my observations must be brief, and must continue to be of a very general character.

For one thing, in looking out on the present, we discern a marked re-action toward faith and toward a spiritual view of nature and of human destiny. The wave of materialism of twenty-five years ago, which found a voice in Professor Tyndall, soon spent itself and began to recede. It was followed by a wave of agnosticism, of which Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley have been the most noted representatives. This also is spent and is dying away. Meanwhile faith, conviction regarding the reality of God, of the human soul, of an unseen world, has taken a new hold of the human mind. Many of you will recall Matthew Arnold's exquisitely beautiful, but most pessimistic poem, "Dover Beach," in which he sadly sings the dying away of Faith. He says:

"The sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd,
  But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar,
  Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear,
And naked shingles of the world."

---

* Address delivered at Annual Meeting of Alumni Association, May, 1899.

If Mr. Arnold were living now and were re-writing that poem, he would have to say, not that the "Sea of Faith" is full, but that it is rising. Let me illustrate my meaning. One of the ablest and most influential writers in America to-day is John Fiske. He is a disciple of Herbert Spencer and a leading exponent of evolution. Here is the title of his latest book: "Through Nature to God." A reviewer says, "The movement of Professor Fiske's mind from the destructive negations that characterised the evolutionary philosophy of twenty years ago, to constructive affirmations on the side of a spiritual interpretation of life, has been slow but continuous, and this last book places him fairly within the lines of the scheme of thought which finally brought the late Professor Romanes within the circle of Christian faith." In this book Mr. Fiske says, "The lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the human soul has not been cherishing in religion a delusive phantom, but in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the everlasting reality of religion." Here is a sentence from the late Professor Drummond, written as long ago as 1878: "The old cry, 'How far science has wandered away from God,' will soon be obsolete; and 'How near science has come to God,' will be the cry of the thoughtful and far-seeing." This that Drummond predicted twenty years ago may now be said to be fulfilled. We recall the experience of George John Romanes. Following relentlessly, as he supposed, the demands of the scientific method, he published in 1878, his "Candid Examination of Theism," the conclusion of which was pure atheism. But from this he afterward slowly but surely returned to faith, and before his death, five years ago, he re-entered the Christian church.

As regards agnosticism, here are some words on that subject from President Schurman of Cornell University, who on such a matter is a perfectly competent witness: "Our knowledge of God," he says, "is the same in kind as our knowledge of the external world, or of ourselves." Again, "Agnosticism, so

far as it rests on the supposed limits of our cognitive faculties, is in reality an utterly baseless dogma." Again, "But the agnostic fever seems already to be burning out. And unless all signs are misleading the night is already far spent and the dawn is at hand." Remember that I am illustrating the reaction towards faith. Four years ago M. Brunetiére, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, wrote an article entitled, "The Bankruptcy of Science," in which he maintained that science has not fulfilled its promises. It has not established a universal morality; it has not organized humanity; it has not told man anything of his origin or of his destiny; it has not even explained the origin of languages, of society, of laws of conduct. He says, "We are confronted all over Europe by a religious reaction." The temper of the twentieth century will be that science has lost a part at least of its prestige, that religion has gained a part, and that it is coming to be seen that the apparent antagonism between them is mainly due to the extravagant pretensions of the men of science." Indeed "in France a new crusade has risen, a crusade which seeks to gather into its hosts men of all creeds and men of none, and which proclaims as its object the recovery of the sacred places of man's spiritual life, the holy land in which virtue shines forever by its own light and the higher impulses of our nature are inspired, invincible, and immortal. On its banner M. Paul Desjardines writes the word of Tolstoi, '*Il faut avoir une âme;* it is necessary to have a soul,' and declares that the crusaders will follow it wherever it leads them. 'For my part,' he cries, 'I shall not blush certainly to acknowledge the Christ preached by the doctors. I shall not recoil if my premises force me to believe, at last, as Pascal believed.'"

We all know that the greatest poets of our time have been Browning and Tennyson, and that they rank among the few really great poets of all time. We know how profound their influence has been upon the world of thoughtful people, and also what powerful witnesses they have been to the reality of spiritual things. Once, while walking in his garden, Tennyson pointed to a rose, exclaiming to his companion, "What the sun is to that flower, that Jesus Christ is to my soul." And you

remember these lines of Browning in which, no doubt, his own faith was expressed:

> "I say, the acknowledgement of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it,
> And has so far advanced thee to be wise."

Facts like these are signs of a *renaissance* of faith. I do not exaggerate the importance of these signs: sceptical doubt and practical atheism abound in plenty; and yet in twenty-five years the atmosphere has changed for the better, there has been in some measure a return to faith.

The second thing to be noted in this outlook on the present is the prevailing acknowledgment of the supremacy of Christ. Again, do not misunderstand me. I do not say that on every hand there is an acknowledgement of the orthodox doctrine of the person of Christ, or of the supernatural character of his historic appearing. The Christ of the creed is by many denied; concerning the person of Christ the conflict rages. But in spite of this no one can fail to observe the acknowledgement which prevails, no matter how inconsistent it may be, of Christ's moral and spiritual supremacy, the homage which is paid to Him as the supreme example and guide. This is found in unexpected quarters. It is well known that whilst a gathering of socialists may hiss at the mention of the church, it will applaud a reference to Jesus. Indeed in the socialistic and labor agitations of our time, men suppose that they are following Jesus, and no name carries such weight as His. You will also find a marked homage paid to Jesus by a certain section of the Jews of our day. More than once have we met with some utterance of a learned and influential Jew which has astonished us. It is no confession of the Christ of orthodoxy, but it is a confession, sometimes exceedingly intense in its language, that if the Jews are to have any life of the spirit at all they must learn the secret of it from Jesus. A little volume entitled the "Spirit of Judaism," by Miss Josephine Lazarus, one of a well-known Jewish family, makes an almost passionate plea for the recognition of the spiritual unity of men, of Jew and Christian alike, according to the teaching of Jesus. In that volume I find a sentence like this, in which, appealing to her own people, Miss

Lazarus says, "We must cross the Rubicon, the blank page that separates the Old Testament from the New, and read with fresh eyes, fresh hearts, the life and teachings of the one whom the world calls Master."

As to the men of science and the philosophic evolutionists of our day, so far as they are religious, they all conclude with a reference to Christ as the supreme Teacher; Him alone they call "The Master." For example, John Fiske ends his little volume, "The Destiny of Man," with these words, "As we gird ourselves up for the work of life, we may look forward to the time when in the truest sense the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords." I know that much of this may be discounted, that it may be regarded as an attempt to gather the fruits of Christianity without acknowledging or possessing the roots. Still, it illustrates my point, regarding the supremacy of Christ as it is acknowledged in our day. The world cannot get on without Christ; it is restless; it hungers and thirsts; it gropes in the dark. Somehow it vaguely feels that only Christ can answer its questions, only He can give the the living bread.

"Hushed be the noise and the strife of the schools,
Volume and pamphlet, sermon and speech,
The lips of the wise and the prattle of fools:
Let the Son of Man teach!

Who has the key of the future but He?
Who can unravel the knots of the skein?
We have groaned and have travailed and sought to be free,
We have travailed in vain.

Bewildered, dejected, and prone to despair,
To Him as at first do we turn and beseech:
'Our ears are all open! Give heed to our prayers!
O Son of Man! teach!'"

With what intensity of faith and devotion believing hearts everywhere turn to Christ I need not remind you, your own hearts sufficiently testify to this. In this restless, questioning, critical, aspiring, struggling age, amid all the sin and the sorrow within us and around us, Christ remains our Saviour, our Guide, our Hope.

"Subtlest thought shall fail and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go,
But our human needs, they will not alter,
Christ no after age shall e'er outgrow.

Yea, Amen! O changeless One, thou only
Art life's guide and spiritual goal,
Thou the light across the dark vale lonely,—
Thou the eternal haven of the soul."

A third thing is noticeable in this outlook on the present, viz., a demand that the Christian faith be manifested in life more truly than ever before, and a very earnest endeavor on the part of many to respond to this demand.

It has been said that "God in His providence seldom gives to one prophet or generation more than a single main problem for solution. Be this as it may, there are questions which, a generation ago, were living, upon which the deepest interest could be aroused, but of which, to-day, we seldom hear. I do not say, *e. g.* that the Protestant denominations are disintegrating, or coalescing, or that denominational convictions have lost their grip, but who that can run back over thirty years does not see that interest in denominationalism as such has waned, and that the denominational disputant and champion, once common, is now almost an extinct species? The demand to-day is that the Christian principle of brotherhood be acted upon, that the common brotherhood of man be recognized. The demand is that Christ's law of the service of man, to which He gave Himself, and to which He called His disciples, shall be obeyed. The demand is that Christ's teaching regarding stewardship shall be practised, that Christ's teachings regarding our human relationships, regarding the duty of man to man shall not be explained away but shall be made the law of our lives. To illustrate my meaning, think of Mr. Sheldon's little book, "In His Steps; or, What Would Jesus Do?"—of the circulation it has had, of the influence of it in spite of its defects. Or think of the life and teachings of Count Tolstoi. And may I not refer in this connection to the Manifesto issued by the Czar of Russia, calling for a conference on disarmament? The sins, the crimes, the ignorance, the wrongs of human society are brought to our notice as never before, and the demand is that all who follow Jesus shall deny themselves and shall throw themselves into the work of destroying the kingdom of darkness and establishing the kingdom of light. And so we have brotherhoods of the kingdom, and college settlements in the slums of great cities, and

many another enterprise. Then right along side of this we have what is sometimes called "the Keswick teaching" regarding the indwelling of Christ in believers, and Christians are summoned to yield themselves unconditionally to Christ, and to go forth among men no longer living their own self-centred lives, but living the very life of their Lord.

Here we must pause in this our outlook. I have given only a few strokes of the pencil. Entire sections of the picture have been left out, as for example, the Foreign Mission work of our day. It is impossible to sweep the eye over the entire field in a short address. And I have endeavored, not to express my own opinions, but rather to be an interpreter of our time. Never was the work of the minister of Christ more inspiring, and never was it more difficult and exacting. To guide the faith and to lead in the services of the church of Christ to-day,—who is sufficient for it? Let not men enter the ministry to whom no divine call has come. For the perfunctory minister the world never had so little use as it has to-day. Never was there a greater need that we walk with God, that we preach by our lives, that our message have in it the unmistakeable evidence that it comes from God. And we must hold by the old truths, the theology that has done the work in the past: the self-revealing of God in Jesus Christ, the atonement of Christ in Calvary for the world's sin, regeneration by the Holy Ghost. This we must preach, not as a system learned in a school, but as a theology which is our personal conviction experience and inspiration. The accent of conviction, of reality must be in ever word, God always has a place and a work for men who really believe in Christ, and according to Jesus' promise, forth from such men, in every land, in every age, "flow rivers of living waters."

J. W. A. Stewart.

VITA BREVIS.

A glowing spark, swift, hot-red, bright,
  Struck from the anvil ringing;
A moment's heat, a moment's light,
  Into the cold dark flinging.

A moment's heat, a moment's light,
  A moment's music bringing;
Life's golden spark in the cold and dark
  From the shore of eternity winging.

O. G. Langford.

IN SCOTLAND AND THE FREE KIRK.

Among the choicest memories of my recent trip to Great Britain are the ten days which I spent in Scotland, and a Sunday in the free kirk. Being of Scotch extraction I had often heard interesting tales concerning life in the home land of my parents and to hear much of Scotland is to hear of the kirk, for to the devout Scotchman the kirk is the very gate of heaven. Having taken passage on the S. S. Columba which plies between Glasgow in the south and Ardishaig in the far north I had occasion about six o'clock in the evening to visit the dining saloon in order to refresh myself as the steamer did not touch dock until late in the evening. Here I met with a typical Scottish scene. Dozens of the branny sons of the North were seated about the festive board, enjoying a bit of bonnock, (oat meal cake) and their wee drahm (as they call it).

I listened with deep interest to the main drift of their conversation and strange to relate there was little discussion outside the parish minister—the last business meeting of the kirk—and the general good of the cause. I had heard many fairly successful elocutionists attempting to imitate the brogue of the Highland peasant, but to listen to their conversation—so natural, so sweet, was to find in it a simple charm that thrilled me with inexpressible delight.

If the Scotchman's blessing is his natural aptitude for religion, his devotion for God's Word—his love for the kirk—the Scotchman's curse is his natural aptitude for and participation of strong drink. Extol if you will their love for liberty—their Christian liberality—their missionary enthusiasm—their moral and spiritual susperiority over other people and I will point you to one dark blot upon their national page—to one sad fact deep written in their national life—to one fatal habit that is eating at their very vitals and it is found in the fact that their sons and their daughters from youth to old age frequent the public houses of their great cities and country-sides and drink to their physical, their moral and often their spiritual distruction as well. They are bound slaves of an awful and a national curse. It is no uncommon sight to see the spirit vaults of Scotland crowded with women, mothers with their suckling babes. Nor is it uncommon to see mothers place the cup of intoxication to the lips of the little ones. Thus from infancy they become acquainted with, and form associations about, that which finally "stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder."

Scotland is a land with few doctors and is the poorest place for patent medicine men to thrive in. They have one grand remedy always by them for all diseases—aches and pains, "that flesh is heir to." Namely, seven-year-old Scotch whiskey.

In the little village where I spent several days, a town of about fourteen hundred inhabitants, I was surprised to learn that there was no resident physician and none within a radius of several miles. So that those who live far back in the country are often thirty and forty miles from a regular practitioner. I remarked to one gentleman the great contrast with Canada in this respect. Being inquisitive I asked him what he did in these back settlements when one of the family falls sick? Why, maun! (with a look of astonishment) "They gie 'im whiske," was his prompt answer. But I said, supposing the patient is not improving under the treatment and is near death, what then? "Why, maun," said he, "'gie 'im a wee drahm more." But what if he is dying? "Very weal, if auld Scotch is na able to cure 'im let 'im dee, he's no fit to live in Scotland, and so we send for the minister." Religion and old Scotch go together in

life, and when "the never-failing" fails in death then the other comes to the rescue.

The week had been very unpleasant with heavy, cloudy, searching Scotch mist, falling part, if not all, of each day, but the Sabbath broke over those never to be forgotten heather-clad hills, bright and beautiful.

Everything seems conducive in Scotland to make the Sabbath Day "the best in all the seven." Nature herself appeared to reserve a special portion for that day. The Highland people make much of the Sabbath, the minister and the kirk. The free kirk in Ardishaig is truly "beautiful for situation," and it might be fittingly added, is the joy of the whole community. It stands on a considerable rising ground, behind it and on the right and left are the higher hills, while in the front, as far as the eyes can see, stretches the beautiful river Clyde. I had the good fortune to visit Scotland in the best season, the belle, purple and white heather, being all in full bloom. To see those ancient hills bedecked with these variagated colors and all radiant in the full glory of the sunlight, presented a spectacle that for beauty of natural scenery is rarely surpassed and one not soon to be forgotten.

"Hither the tribes go up" to this mountain-surrounded and loved Jerusalem, each face and elastic step reflecting the Psalmist's expression' "I was glad when they said unto me let us go up to the house of the Lord."

To see a Scotchman in the kirk is to see him at his best. He has a peculiar delight in the doctrines of Sovereign grace and no higher joy can flood his soul than to hear a sermon that fits in well with his own ideas. The free kirk of Scotland has an excellent type of ministry—men of education, men of power and men characterised by intense spiritual earnestness—the enthusiasm with which they enter into the sublime work of preaching delighted and shamed me at the same time. Rev. Mr. Stewart who has been pastor of the church I attended since its dedication in the forties, and who is now over eighty years of age preached in the morning of July the 30th an evangelistic sermon on Isaiah 60 : 8, with fervor that would well become a man of less than half his years. His divisions were simple, clean cut, and forceful.

I.—The Flight. II.—The Manner of the Flight. III.—The Reason of the Flight. Conclusion.—The Consequences of the Flight.

His theme was revival. He pointed out in his introductory remarks how that the prophet in this vision looked forward to an ingathering which the church as yet had not experienced. This great revival is likened unto a cloud for multitude and to a dove for swiftness. Evident danger is the explanation of the flight; its consequences are joy and salvation.

The fact that the preacher had certain fixed divisions meant more than that these formed the hinges for his thought and marked different stages in the development of the theme in hand. For at the conclusion of each the whole congregation knew well that there was a time coming for a general relaxation, when the preacher took a fresh supply of breath and got ready for the next division. In the mean time those in the audience who had been under deep tension took the opportunity for shifting their positions and momentarily diverted their minds from the fixed train of thought. This was most noticeable after the third division when all gathered fresh energy for the "now finally, brethren, in conclusion, for the application."

The free kirk at Ardishaig was in the throes of a very trying experience the Sunday I was present. A new presentor took up his duties. I sat by the one who had served them some thirty years and now was dethroned. He had resolution in his heart, and in his eye, which manifested itself also in his general bearing all through the service.

The elders watched very cautiously the new presentor—a plumber by trade—fresh from Edinburgh. He was full of new ideas and broke in on some of the long standing customs of the service. This pained several of the parishioners. When retiring after the service was dismissed I overheard several very interesting remarks from some who were not taken by his innovations, one of which was:

"The sermon was 'a very weel but there were too many motions in the hoose 'o God from the new presentor."

Regarding the service as a whole it was characterized by deep reverence on part of both the preacher and the congre-

gation. All followed the reading, prayer, singing and sermon with the greatest interest; the congregational rendering of Psalm eighty-nine was among the finest renditions of sacred song I have heard. There was a spirit of true worship in the service which seemed to reach its height as all joined in this concluding Psalm that was truly sublimely grand.

Many sermon tasters were present. One in particular who sat near me and amused me much. He never looked up, and from his appearance you might think he was bordering on the land of nod, but if the preacher, growing over earnest, approached dangerous ground, or threatened in any way to disturb the divine symmetry of the doctrines of grace, he was at once alert and you could see him quietly turning over the pages of his Gaelic Bible to square up some doubtful statement with a familiar passage; and if he found the scripture in no sense distorted he at once resumed with composure his former position. Verily like Paul he was set for the defence of the truth.

In concluding this letter I wish to describe a very familiar scene at the pier of Ardishaig, a scene which takes place at the departure of nearly every steamer. It is the farewell greeting given by those that are left behind to the hundreds of tourists and visitors who go daily out of this historic port. When the anchor is being lifted—led on by some strong voice—"Bonnie Charlie," one of the most popular of Scottish songs, is begun, and soon all on the pier are united in one hearty round of song—the chorus of which is—

"Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"

To one who was unaccustomed to such a scene, it was, to say the least, pathetically impressive. Friends part here every day who "will no come back again." Some soldiers were leaving home for the Transvaal, after spending their furlough amidst the scenes of their childhood. These attracted the attention of all present. It was truly a pathetic sight to see them standing on the deck of the steamer looking wistfully over to those on the pier—a wife, a child, an aged father, a dear mother—until, when far out on the Clyde, as the last wave of the handkerchief greeted the eye their parting song still floated on the breeze—"Will ye no come back again?"

L. Brown.

Grimsby,

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

(From the French.)

"So you never heard the story of Marie Labelle and her pearl necklace," said Madame de Thou as she stopped knitting and settled back in her fauteil before the cheery fire. "Well, Marie was one of those charming girls who by a sort of mistaken destiny are born of humble parents. She had no *dot*, M'sieu, no means of being known, loved or wedded by a *gentleman*, and so she married a fat little clerk at the Bureau of Public Works.

"She had all the instincts for what is elegant and beautiful in life, for with women there is not inborn the idea of caste or rank; beauty, grace, and charm take the place of family and birth. She suffered ceaselessly, feeling that she had been born for all the luxuries of life. The poverty of her dwelling, the worn-out chairs, all these things tortured her. She thought of lofty chambers filled with the tapestries of the Orient, lit by countless tapers in tall brass candelabra, of the salons hung with satin, of the priceless bric-a-brac, of the coquettish boudoirs made for five o'clock teas with intimate friends, and became despairing. She had no dresses, jewels nor carriages; she felt made for all these things and would have liked to please, to be admired and sought after.

"She had one friend, a class-mate, at the convent school, who had all these wonderful treasures and whom she visited no longer, because she felt her poverty so much when she came back to her humble home.

"But, one evening her husband came home with an air of triumph, holding a large square envelope in his hand: 'Here is something for you,' said he.

"She tore the paper sharply and drew out an engraved card which bore the words:—

"'The Minister of Public Works requests the honor of M. and Mme. Labelle's company at the reception ball of the Ministry on Tuesday evening, January eighteenth.'

"To her husband's surprise she disdainfully threw the invitation on the table.

"'Why, my dear, I thought you would be delighted, here is a fine opportunity for you to go out. Everybody wants to go as it is very select and very few of the clerks have invitations. The whole official world will be there.'

"She looked at him in an irritated way and asked impatiently, 'What do you think I've got to wear?'

"'I had not thought of that.' He stammered: 'Why, your theatre costume; it looks all right, to me at least.' He stopped, for his wife was crying. Two great tears stole slowly down from the corners of her eyes. But, by a violent effort, she conquered her grief. 'I cannot go to the ball for I have no dress, give the invitation to some friend whose wife is better off than I.'

"He was despairing. 'How much would it cost to buy a suitable dress that could be used on other occasions?' said he.

"After some seconds of calculation she replied hesitatingly: 'I don't quite know, but I think about four hundred francs.'

"He turned a little pale, for he had just saved up that amount for a little trip to Nautene next summer, but he said:— 'All right, darling, try to have a pretty one.'

"The day of the great ball drew near, and Mme. Labelle seemed sad and uneasy. The dress was ready, however. One evening M. Labelle said: 'What's the matter? Why you've been so queer these last few days.'

"'Well, it worries me not to have a single jewel to wear. I shall look like a statue of poverty. I'd almost rather stay at home, for nothing is more humiliating than to look poor among ladies who are rich.'

"But her husband cried: 'How silly you are! Go and borrow some jewels from your old school-mate. She will be glad to help you out.'

"She uttered a little cry of joy. 'It's true, I never once thought of that.'

"The next day she called on her friend, who received her with great attention and was delighted to be of service to Marie. Taking from a beautiful cabinet a large jewel box she said to Madame Labelle, 'Choose, my dear.'

"She tried on various ornaments before the mirror, but suddenly she saw in a satin box a huge necklace of pearls. Her

hands trembled as she took them, and fastening them round her beautiful throat, she remained lost in ecstacy at the vision of beauty.

"'Can you lend me that alone, my dear.'

"'Why, certainly.'

"She kissed her friend passionately and departed with her treasure.

"The evening of the ball arrived. Mme. Labelle was more beautiful than them all, gracious, elegant, and charming, and intoxicated with joy. All the great men, the deputies, the generals and ministers asked her name and begged to be presented. She danced with passion, made drunk by pleasure, in the triumph of her youthful beauty she forgot everything, but the glory of her success, of her awakened desires and that sense of victory so sweet to woman's heart.

"At length it was all over and taking one of the ancient cabs near the Statue of Maissoneuve, which as if ashamed to show their misery in daylight are only seen after nightfall, they were deposited before their humble dwelling in the Rue des Recollet, and sadly they climbed to their humble home.

'She removed her wraps to see herself once more in all her beauty. Suddenly she uttered a cry. The necklace was gone

"Her husband who was already undressing, demanded:

"'What's the matter now?'

"'I have—I've lost the necklace!'

"He started up, distracted and pale with fright.

"'What!—how?—It cannot be possible!'

"They looked everywhere, in her pockets, in the folds of her dress. All in vain. 'You had it on when you left the Ministry, so you must have left it in the cab.' 'Yes, did you take his number?' 'No.' They looked at one another and blank despair was written on their white faces.

"They went to police headquarters, to the cab agencies, everywhere, but came back each night with hollow pale faces; they had discovered nothing.

"By the end of the week they lost all hope, and her husband who had aged five years took the box and went from jeweller to jeweller searching for a necklace like the other, sick both of them with chagrin and anguish.

"They found in a shop on Rue St. Catherine a string of pearls the exact counterpart of the lost necklace. Its price was forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-five thousand, and if they found the other before the end of the year the jeweller would buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs.

"Loisel Labelle possessed eighteen thousand francs, a legacy from his father. He borrowed the rest. He gave notes, contracted ruinous obligations, compromised all the rest of his life, and, frightened by the black furies of poverty and the tortures he would suffer he laid down the thirty-five thousand francs upon the counter.

"Marie took the necklace to her friend, who said coldly, 'You ought to have returned it sooner, I might have needed it.'

"Marie now faced the future with heroism. The debt must be paid. They dismissed their servant and removed to one room in a tenement house. She washed the dishes, and carried the water up-stairs; she dressed like a woman of the people and as a washerwoman she soiled her pretty hands in the homes of the very ministers with whom she had danced on the evening of her triumph.

"Her husband worked evenings and copied manuscripts at five sous a page.

"This lasted ten years. At the end of this time they had paid all with compound interest.

"Marie looked old now. She had become a sister of the poor, strong, hard and rough; but sometimes she sat down near the attic window and thought of that far off time when she had been so beautiful, courted and admired.

"What would life have been without that fateful necklace, who knows? Upon how small a thing hangs the web of destiny. How little is needed for us to be lost or saved! Life is strange and filled with many changes.

"One Sunday on the Champ de Mars, while resting from her weekly toil, she suddenly saw a woman leading a little boy. It was the old friend of her girlhood, still young, beautiful and dainty.

"Mme. Labelle went up to her.

"'Good-day, Jeanne.'

"The other, astonished by the familiar address from a woman of the people, stammered :

"'But—I do not know—you are mistaken.'

"'No. I am Marie Labelle.'

"'The lady uttered a cry of pity. 'How changed you are!'

"'Yes, I have had hard times since I saw you, bad enough, and because of you!'

"'How so!'

"'Do you recall that necklace you lent me?'

"'Yes. Well?'

"'Well, I lost it!'

"'Why you brought it back.'

"'I bought you another just like it. And for this we have saved and scrimpled ten long years. It is all over now and I am so glad. And you never noticed the difference in the pearls.'

"And she smiled with a proud naive joy.

"The lady strongly moved put her arms around Marie's poor thin neck.

"'Oh, my dear! My necklace was paste and worth not more than two hundred francs!'"

G. H. Campbell, '00.

"TU ES HOMO!"

As watches grievingly a loving mother
The son who once was all her hope and pride,
But now bro't low with sin and wine (that tide
Whose woful flow still many more shall smother);
She, widowed heart, to whom is left no other
Still clings to him with tenderest affection,
But weeps and yearns and prays in her dejection:
"How noble might he be! Still save him, Father!"

So God from heav'n looks down and sees us each,
Not as He meant when from His hand first came
His creature, then by Him esteemèd good,
But prone to sin of deed, of tho't, of speech,
O, His the grief at sight of all our shame,
And His the cry: "How noble, if he would!"

Leonard A. Therrien.

"THE LAND OF BURNS."

" Fair Dumfries, rare Dumfries, forever dear to me,
Of burgh-towns the pick and wale, the bonniest place I see."

" Auld Dumfries " is one of the most interesting of Scottish towns. Its history extends back into the dim past, when the Roman legions drove the early inhabitants of that district northwards. Kings have lived within its walls; great affairs of the nation have been transacted there; and some of the most momentous events in the annals of Scottish history have occurred in this old town. At the present time the old moats and mounds in the neighborhood afford evidences of the early occupation of that district by the Romans, while the ruins of castles and religious houses tell many a story of the exciting days of early Scottish history. The important part which Dumfries has played in the history of Scotland is sufficient of itself to add interest to any survey of its past and its present features. Added to this is the fact that the Patriot Bard of Scotland lived there and died there—this fact has overshadowed all others, so that the district has become known as " the Land of Burns."

Dumfries is picturesquely situated on the River Nith whose peaceful waters flow through the counties of Ayrshire and Dumfrieshire, both consecrated by the genius of Burns. The " Sweet Afton" of his song joins it before crossing the Ayrshire boundary, and afterwards it flows along the western division of Dumfrieshire into the Solway Firth some nine miles from Dumfries. The surrounding country is hilly and abounds in historical associations and places once the haunts of genius. The town stands in a sheltered position on the left side of the Nith, while on the opposite bank is the small, but modern city of Maxwelltown. Although having separate councils, they are practically united for municipal purposes.

Almost every town in Scotland has its traditions and institutions, which can be traced back to very early times. The burghers take a peculiar pride in these, and it is always a source of great satisfaction if they are able to refer to any particular date, as the time when some royal personage or great man visited or resided in their town. The good citizens of

Dumfries possess these traits likewise and they recall with pleasure that Dumfries was once a royal burgh. It was in Dumfries that Robert the Bruce slew the false Sir John of Badenoch, otherwise known as the "Red Comyn," and struck the first blow for freedom. The hopes of the Baliol party were crushed by this act; all Scotland rallied to the support of Bruce, and the result after eight years hard fighting was the great victory of Bannockburn.

There are many other interesting persons connected with the early history of Dumfries. Among those whose names are held in grateful memory is the Lady Devorgilla.

> "A better ladye than she was none,
> In all the Isle of Maré Bretane."

This noble lady erected several religious houses in the neighborhood, and about the year 1275 constructed a bridge across the Nith, which is still in use. When this was built, bridges were scarce and it was then considered a noble structure. With the advance of modern civilization this old bridge has become useless for heavy traffic and is only used by foot passengers now. Still later this same benefactress founded "Sweetheart Abbey" near Dumfries, and in 1289 she founded Baliol College, Oxford, in memory of her husband, John Baliol.

About a mile from Dumfries near a bend in the River Nith stand the roofless ruins of Lincluden Abbey,

> "Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
> When at moonshine midnight hours,
> O'er the dewy bending flowers
> Fairies dance sae cheerie."

It was erected in 1164 by the munificence of one of the Lords of Galloway, and in its day has served as a monastery, church and royal retreat. Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry III. of England found a refuge there after the defeat of the Lancastrian party at Northampton in 1460. In the north wall is the tomb of the Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert II. of Scotland. This tomb was once a very beautiful one, and it still retains traces of its former excellence. Within an arched recess is a sarcophagus and above it is the effigy of the princess.

But Dumfries, before everything else, is the shrine of all

lovers of Burns, for it was there that he passed the most fruitful eight years of his life. It is true that he had won fame previous to his life in Dumfries. He had been feasted and lionized in Edinburgh, the idol of a day, but in all that there was nothing to aid him materially in his struggle for a livelihood, and shortly afterwards he leased a farm at Ellisland, six miles from Dumfries. To this place he brought his "Jean," and together for some time endeavored to coax a living from the farm. At the same time he found opportunities of conversing with the muses in his lonely walks through Nithsdale, or beside the gently flowing Nith. It was then that he wrote "To Mary in Heaven," a beautiful embodiment of tender memories. He held the farm for three years, at the same time acting as excise officer for a division near Dumfries. At the end of that time he obtained a promotion and also an increase of salary. Then he removed to Dumfries, where he resided until his death in 1876. To this period of his residence in Dumfries, Scottish literature is indebted for such exquisite lyrics as "O' a' the Airts the Wind can Blow," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon," and "John Anderson, My Jo." It also gave birth to that noble song of reunion so dear to every Scotchman's heart, "Auld Lang Syne"; to the patriotic verses, "Scots Wh'a Ha'e"; and to the poetical magna charta "A Man's a Man for a' That." This period embraced the most fruitful, as well as the happiest years of his life, but there were many times when he endured "the supreme misery of making three guineas do the business of five." The greatness of the man arose above the exigencies of his circumstances. The essential nobility of his mind flourished amid all the impediments of his surroundings, and produced the richest flowers of exuberant fancy in song and poetry.

He formed a happy circle of friends in Dumfries, in whose company he passed many a social hour, and where he frequently read his poems. His favorite haunt in those days was the Globe Inn on High Street, now called Burns' Howff. A pretentious sign at a narrow opening in the wall on High Street gives the first indication of the whereabouts of this inn. A narrow close leads from this to the rear of some large stores, where the old

building still stands, just as it did in Burns' time; the room in which the poet and his companions usually passed their evenings is of moderate size, finished in walnut. In one corner stands the chair in which Burns always sat and on the wall is a picture representing the poet riding in a storm while composing the martial strains, "Scots Wha Ha'e." In another part of the town on Burns Street stands his home. It is an old-fashioned, plain looking, two story house, with stone steps at the front, small windows, and to all appearances more like a peasant's cottage than the home of a poet. But genius possesses a subtle charm which often makes the most unpretentious thing interesting, and so it is that thousands annually visit this humble building in an old part of the town. It is interesting also to note that the present owner of this house derives a handsome income from the small fee charged the eight or nine thousand tourists who visit it each year. The poor Scottish bard who once lived there toiled hard to earn a living, his genius then unrewarded, while his fame now enables others to enrich themselves.

In a corner of St. Michael's churchyard stands the tomb of Burns. During his life he was a regular attendant at this old Presbyterian church. For years after his death his pew was preserved, but with late changes in the interior of the church this has been removed. His tomb stands in the north-east corner of the churchyard surrounded by the great silent company. The tomb is the largest there and the interior is very beautiful. The poet's remains rest within a sarcophagus, while on the background the poet is represented at the plow looking upwards into the face of an angel hovering over him, as the source of his inspiration. It is a striking representation of the greater part of the life of the Ayrshire peasant. There is another monument of Burns, which represents him sitting on a stump, with his dog at his feet, while on the pedestal are inscribed some of his most famous lines. Some have almost become proverbs of the language—

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
> Gang aft agley,"

while others breathe the spirit of that larger brotherhood—

"It's coming yet for a' that,
When man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

He sleeps now in the churchyard of St. Michael's, the national bard of Scotland, honored by his countrymen, and beloved wherever an inspired strain can strike a chord in the human heart.

Many other distinguished literary men have been connected with Dumfries. Barrie, the happy delineator of Scotch character, attended the academy there, and Scott has described many scenes in that neighborhood, and the originals of many of his characters lived there. Helen Walker, the "Jeannie Deans" of "The Heart of Midlothian," and Robert Paterson, the "Old Mortality" of the Waverley characters, are both buried within a few miles of Dumfries. Craigenputtock, the wilderness home of Carlyle, is twelve miles distant, and the great moralist was in the habit of making annual visits to his brother in Dumfries. Ecclefechan, his birth place, is just a few miles from Dumfries and is visited constantly by numbers of his admirers. To the scenes of "Maxwellton's Braes," the sweetest of Scotch songs, and "Kirconnell Lea," where "Fair Helen" and her lover lie side by side, is a pleasant afternoon's walk.

To appreciate fully the beauty of the land of Burns, and the charm of these associations, it is necessary to visit them and to listen to the stories which many an old resident there can tell of his countrymen whose genius has added lustre to their country. The history of the country as read in its ruins and traditions has made "Auld Dumfries" an interesting place for all travellers, while the songs of Burns and others less famous have embalmed the memory of scenes around it in the sweetest strains of the language.

G. L. S.

Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY takes great pleasure in wishing all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the New Year bring us all a large measure of the pure and abiding happiness that comes from glad service for others and for Him whose birth the festive season celebrates.

THE MONTHLY is glad to know that Chancellor Wallace is being gratified by the reception given by the Canadian Baptists to himself and his mission. Hope is already becoming actualized, and we may expect soon to see something more tangible than visions, in the form of a much needed chapel and library building. There is, however, still room for the exercise of devotion and self-sacrifice, in order tha all needs may be supplied. We are sure that a realization of the urgency of the needs is all that is necessary to ensure the desired result. To secure this realization is the business to which the Chancellor has set himself.

THE first issue of a very promising sheet found its way to us quite recently. It bears a name which ensures for it a hearty reception in the halls of McMaster University. *The Western Baptist* has its headquarters in Vancouver, a city already boasting of three Baptist churches, and of two pastors who are graduates of McMaster.

The editor of this new addition to the sisterhood of Baptist papers in Canada is Mr. Hinson, who recently left a very large church in Moncton in the far east to become the pastor of the leading church of the far west. THE MONTHLY extends to *The Western Baptist* its heartiest greetings and wishes it all success in finding for itself a high sphere of usefulness in the bringing of the Baptists of the east and west into closer sympathy and fellowship.

There is yet another reason why THE MONTHLY is glad to say *bon voyage* to this messenger of truth. The name of Mr. C. L. Brown is held in high esteem as a former business manager of our college paper, and there is therefore a special pleasure to us in finding that he has been appointed to act in the same capacity in the interests of this new publication.

To those who have seen the first copy no words of commendation are necessary; to others we can only say, send your name to Mr. Brown and read and judge for yourselves.

We have received a programme of the course of lectures to be given under the auspices of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute, and we take this opportunity of commending the wisdom and energy of the staff of that institution in providing so excellent a series of lectures for its students and patrons. It is doubtful whether any other educational institution in Ontario—universities included—can show such distinguished names on a lecture programme as appear on that of Lindsay Collegiate Institute, namely, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Bourinot, Hon. David Mills, and J. H. N. Bourassa, Esq., M.P. The lectures, we are glad to see, deal largely with the history of Canada and its relation to the Empire, and are well adapted to promote high-minded patriotism in those who have the privilege of listening to them. We are particularly glad to learn that Mr. Bourassa is to speak on "The Contribution of the French-English Races to the Making of Canada." Just at the present time, when a united people is so necessary in Canada, it is well to remember what our French-Canadian compatriots have done in the building up of Canada. We English-speaking Canadians are prone to forget that what Canada is and is to be depends not only on ourselves, but also on our French-speaking brethren, and we ought, therefore, to welcome anyone who will remind us of the latter's share in our nation-building. We, therefore, congratulate the staff of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute in being so broad in their vision as to give place on their programme to such a lecture as that of Mr. Bourassa, and on the general excellence of their course of lectures. It is evident that they realize the truth of the following passage from Phillips Brooks, which appears in their pamphlet, and which is so true as to be worth quoting here: "Greater than anything else in education, vastly greater than question about how many facts and sciences a teacher may have taught his pupil, there must always be this other question, into what presence he has introduced him; before what standard he has made his pupil stand; for in the answer to that question are involved all the deepest issues of the pupil's character and life."

The following quotation from an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, on "Shall I go to College," states the gist of the whole argument for higher education. We quote it that our readers may have the benefit of it:

It may as well be frankly admitted that not everyone should enter college. It is probable that there are some whose capacities are so

limited that their full measure of culture and attainment is reached before the college stage. If your measure of enlargement is reached when the academy has done with you, then it is surely time to lend a hand in whatsoever the world will give you to do. Every one of us is in duty bound, as well as supremely privileged, to make the most of himself. As soon as that is done, so far as it can be done in the schools, he should set about earning bread and serving his fellows. * * * The story has been going the rounds of the papers that the President of Oberlin College was once asked by a "smart" young man whether one could not prepare for the business of life as well in two years as in four. "Well," replied the President, "when God wants to make a squash He takes about six weeks, but when he wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years." The squash, as a squash, is just as much of a success as the oak. It is by no means to be spoken of with disrespect; but it is not so admirable and noble and useful a result. * * * A man of wide experience in public affairs was asked by a young man what he thought of higher education whether it did not consume altogether too much time. "If I knew that I had but ten years to live," replied the great man, "I would spend nine of them in getting ready for the tenth." There is stated the whole argument for the college course—preparation, training, getting power to see, to enjoy, to do, to live, to get much out of life and the world. The world is not the same to every man. It is for every one of us what we have eyes and wit to see and power and skill to use. The higher education is an eye-opener, or rather an eye-multiplier, for the educated man is all eyes, and he sees and uses what is hidden from others. The difference in the lives of men is not in any great degree due to the difference in their opportunities; it is due to the difference in the men themselves. Opportunities in abundance are all about us. Do we see them? Can we use them? Have we made the most of ourselves? * * * It is well known what a gymnasium is for. It exists in order that a possible man may become an actual man. It takes boys who are half alive, hollow-chested, thin-blooded, slow and stooping, and literally unfolds, develops them, makes them alert and erect, makes real the life that was slumbering in them. It makes the body usable. What the gymnasium is to the body the higher education is to the mind. It calls out individuality and personal power; it makes the man alert and alive in every fibre of him; it makes him understand himself, command his faculties, and make them do his bidding promptly and well; it leads him to understand life and the world

and adjust himself truly to others. Of course the man does not stop learning these things when he leaves college, but the college trains him in these things and gives him an enormous advantage for the future. * * * If this is soberly true, then we should expect to find college-bred men and women in the highest places of influence and usefulness. And this we do find. Actual facts and statistics gathered from many sources seem to make it evident that almost every department of active life at this moment is dominated by college men and women. On the whole, we may say that the leaders, the organizers of the world's activities to-day, are college trained.

Book Reviews.

THE SKY PILOT.*

Ralph Connor is the Canadian Ian Maclaren. His stories and his style are different from those of his Scottish *confrère*, but the spirit of his stories is the same, and that is saying a great deal. It should be encouraging to us to know that our country is finding a voice, and to us of Ontario it is especially interesting to remember that it is not very long since Ralph Connor was wearing a student's gown in Toronto.

This story tells about life on the Foot hills in the great West—that West which, as the author says, discovers and reveals the man in its children, sometimes to their honor, often to their shame. The spell of this great expanse of prairie and mountain has evidently settled deeply upon the spirit of the writer, for his book abounds in fascinating and sympathetic descriptions of the mountains and prairies, and canyons, as they appear in the changing dress of each new season. The people of the country are painted in colors of reality, and it is incidentally made clear how soon, even in a new country, a dominating and even tyrannical social atmosphere is created, and it is shown how there, as elsewhere, men's influence counts for much in the actual life of others, and how easy it is for one who likes another, to help his friend down instead of up. Faults these men have, and serious faults, that bring their own retribution, but in spite of all, the author bears testimony that he has "never fallen in with men braver, truer, or of

*The Sky Pilot. By Ralph Connor. Toronto: The Westminster Co., Limited pp. 300.

warmer heart." To this community comes the Sky Pilot, whose name, given in jest at first, comes to express after all the real place that the youthful missionary, with all his limitations, takes in the community, for whenever any one is led to seek the "upward trail," the Pilot is the man whose help is sought. The Pilot is disappointing at first, but he soon makes it apparent that there is something in him that men do not see at first. For when he is talking to them, men can see the hills breathe as the sun sets behind them, can feel the magic of the canyon's scenery when they lie helplessly in their sick-room, and, what is greater than all, can hear the heart of the Bible throb when he tells its stories. The theological ideas are not put obtrusively, but they are there, and they make the book clear and strong. It is made clear that however attractive sin is in the dawn of the day, its wages come with unerring certainty when the shadows of evening fall. It is made clear that men cannot live without Christ, and still be men. It is made clear that we are our brother's keeper, and that it matters greatly how we act toward him. And upon the mysteries of pain and death, the country itself is made to shed light, for it is made clear that the sweetest flowers bloom in the scarred and twisted canyons, and that "lives are like flowers: in dying they abide not alone, but sow themselves and bloom again with each returning spring, and ever more and more." This is a book to be recommended, and to be thankful for. Its tone is manly and natural, its style is clear and beautiful and strong, and its teachings are drawn from the Fountain of purity and truth. There are many dark things in human life that are not touched upon here, although we meet them in experience, but for discovering to us the good that there is in men we must thank the author, for we are not always able, unaided, to see it. When a man objected about another of Ralph Connor's books, that he had been at the Selkirks and had not seen the things that the author describes, it was a sufficient answer when the reply was given, "Don't you wish you could?"

J. L. G.

"HOUSES OF GLASS."*

This is a production of more than passing merit and charm. The keynote struck of "Charity the greatest of virtues," denotes the author's keen realization of the crying need of to-day. Using as data this ancient but unlearned axiom, he clearly demonstrates the sole and simple solution to the ills of home and of society so pregnant in this advanced age.

* Houses of Glass. By Wallace Lloyd. Toronto: W. J. Gage Co.

The movement of the plot in its earlier stages seems somewhat slow, but with its development comes an increased momentum that culminates in a climax of absorbing interest. The vividness of dramatic action pervades the whole. The characters delineated are forcibly applicable to modern life. Pain, pleasure, passion, pride, prejudice,—these promenade upon the stage in each and all the scenes. Bitter tears are frequent, and often follow fast upon sounds and smiles of gladness. The weaknesses inherent, even in the strongest characters, are pathetically portrayed, while in bold relief, the supreme virtues of love and self-sacrifice stand forth and dominate the plot. The question of life being worth living, is, at first, firmly doubted, then fairly discussed, and finally, fully disposed of. An earnest plea is presented for the placing of society's artificial laws, upon the unerring and unchanging laws of Nature. Hence the question of the magnetic relations of the sexes preserves a prominent place, from a just recognition of which, the author intimates, that divorce and disunion of home would become less alarming in their frequency.

In brief, the entire work discloses, frankly and fearlessly, to earnest men and women (to whom alone it is addressed), the ripe results of twenty years' actual experience in the various walks of life.

As regards style, the author at times flashes with the cold sarcasm of Dean Swift; sparkles again with the suggestive sentiment of Hawthorne, and anon he melts into the tender pathos of a Dickens.

J. R. C.

College News.

EDITORS { MISS MCLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

THE Sophomores are rejoicing over the return of Edgar Tarr from England. Probably visions of the hockey championship are floating before their minds.

A CERTAIN member of '03—"If I am ever preaching and you are within a mile of me, will you come to hear me?"

Junior—"Oh! I wouldn't need to come any nearer."

MR. ZAVITZ is now being congratulated on his election to the presidency of tne Inter-college Football Union. Association football is at present booming among the colleges, and certainly the new officers are the very ones to keep its popularity on the increase.

As the holiday season draws near and the number of rallies and other "meetings" increases, we notice a large number conspicuous by their absence from the breakfast table, and also notice on their faces a wearied look as they wander about the hall.

EVEN at this festive season there are no gatherings more enjoyable than the class rallies. December 13th, the occasion of their 2nd annual rally, will long be remembered by the members of '02 and the representatives of other years who were present. Professor and Mrs. McKay extended their hospitality to the class, and their new home was thrown open to them on that evening. The first half hour which was spent in hemming aprons, was much enjoyed by the ladies and was certainly very interesting to the gentlemen, who have found out that aprons are fearfully and wonderfully made. President J. A. McLean then, in a neat address, welcomed the guests and presented to Mrs. McKay a beautiful bouquet of roses. Following this a short programme was carried out The bard read a poem, "The Sophs. of McMaster," which promises to place him on the pinnacle of fame, and Miss M. C. Blackadar gave an excellent history of the class After an oration by the orator and an instrumental by the minstrel, Professor McKay, the honorary president, gave some reminiscences of his college days and in conclusion wished every prosperity to "Naughty Two." The rooms were now arranged for progressive crokinole and the fifteen scheduled games were played, Miss Tarr winning the prize, a handsome paper knife. Shortly after lunch the gathering broke up by singing, "The Soldiers of the Queen."

THE chapel-room of the University was completely filled, Friday evening, Dec. 1st, when the semi-annual public meeting of the Liter-

ary and Scientific Society was held. The President, Mr Cornish, occupied the chair, and after an opening prayer by Rev. Mr. Fox, made a short address, in which he expressed the hope that before long the Literary Society would be able to welcome its friends to its meetings in a more comfortable audience room. The musical part of the programme was excellent, consisting of an instrumental duet, "Marche Militaire," by Misses M. A. Bailey, B.A., and N. D. Cohoon, '00; a vocal duet, "The Battle Eve," by Messrs. W. E. Bowyer, '02, H. Bryant; an instrumental solo, selected, Miss Dora Hill; vocal duet, "The Fisherman," Messrs. Bryant and Bowyer. Mr. P. E. Baker, '00, gave a reading from "The Habitant," "The Stove Pipe Hole," which was enjoyed very much. The most important part of the programme was a debate, on "Resolved, that the National Spirit has done more for Mankind than the Cosmopolitan Spirit." Mr. R. E. Smith, '00, and Mr A. T. McNeil, '01, spoke for the affirmative.and Mr. H. C. Newcombe, '00, and Mr. J. R. Coutts, '02, for the negative. All four speakers gave excellent addresses and were remarkably well matched, for the negative won the debate by only four points. The Society were happy in having Rev. C. A. Eaton present in the capacity of judge of the debate. Mr. Eaton's criticism was fair and replete with his own delightful humor. An evening of great profit and pleasure was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem and everyone went away thinking that it would be well to come again.

Theological Society.—There was an unusually large audience at the second meeting of the Theological Society and a most profitable hour was spent by all. Dr. Goodspeed gave his report of the conference held in Pittsburg. Besides the report of the proceedings he gave some of his own opinions on the subjects discussed at the conference which were very helpful. Although there were some views expressed at Pittsburg which differed from his own he considered that he had derived much profit from the meetings. During the evening the Theological quartette gave two selections which were much appreciated.

Tennysonian Society.—The last meeting of the Tennysonian for the term was held in the chapel on the 8th inst., with President Meldrum in the chair. The particular point of interest in this meeting was the reading of the *Argosy*, a paper supposed to make hits on the students. The editors deserve great credit for the painstaking way in which they collected their information and the impartial way in which they dealt it out. Mr. Wilson read the first part and Mr. B. R. Allen the second. Between the two portions the 31 Avenue Road chorus, an unnameable aggregation under the leadership of Mr. Bowyer, delighted the audience with their sympathetic rendition of "Johnny Schmoker." A piano solo by Mr. Harton and one of Mr. McLean's inimitable character sketches completed the programme for the evening.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The December meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Friday, the 15th. The morning session

was one of great inspiration and rich blessing. The first address was on Spirituality, and was given by Mrs. Armstrong who has spent so many years in Burmah. It was a rare combination of sweetness and strength. Rev. C. A. Eaton followed with a characteristic address on the Higher Mission. The preacher can only be successful as he possesses the higher life and larger vision. No merely college-made man could move men ; he must put his ear to the lips of God. He needs to study the great racial movements, the world's religious movements, the intellectual trends of the times and the social problems of the day. The second session, which was the annual public meeting, was held in the evening. The annual report was presented by the secretary, Mr. A. J. Saunders, and its adoption was moved by Rev. Joshua Denovan, and seconded by Rev. W. W. Weeks, each of whom gave splendid addresses. Mr. Denovan gave many interesting reminiscences of Dr. Fyfe and expressed the keenest sympathy with the work of the Society. He urged Christlikeness and defined it as being like Christ in aim, purpose and act. Mr Weeks deplored the fact that fewer conversions than formerly was the cry of the church Numbers did not always mean highest spiritual condition and yet the purpose of Christianity was to bring men to Christ. The secret of success may best be found by studying the methods of the Apostles. The preacher requires to know three things : first, the world's need ; second, a soul's value ; third, the obligation resting on himself as a minister. The session was closed with prayer led by Dr Welton.

The members of The Year One and their friends met on the evening of Dec. 7th, to hold their third annual rally at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Newman, who, for the second time, have shown their generous hospitality in opening their home to The Year One. President A. T. McNeill and Miss McLaurin received the guests, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Farmer, Miss Lick and F. H. Phipps, the latter two of whom were at one time members of The Year One. The first part of the evening was given up to a Library Party, after which an informal programme was rendered, consisting of addresses from the President, A. T. McNeill, and the Hon. President, Dr. Farmer and several selections of music both vocal and instrumental. The members of the Junior Year well remember when they were first initiated into the responsibilities and pleasures of a class rally. The first one, though enjoyable, was surpassed by the one of the following year, and now it may be said that this, the third one, far excells both of the previous ones. This is due to the fact that as the members of the class have remained in the University and struggled against the same difficulties, and met the same successes, the bands of friendship and the ties of comradeship have become stronger and closer. One special feature of the evening was that the new class pins were for the first time exposed to the public gaze for admiration. The general verdict is that they are neat and handsome.

Inter College Debate.—The evening of Dec. 4th was of special interest to us all, being the first time the picked men of McMaster and Victoria crossed swords since the Inter College Debating Union was organized. The chapel of Victoria University was crowded with an enthusiastic audience of supporters for the contesting parties. The subject of the debate was the proposition, "Resolved That competition is more beneficial to mankind than co operation would be." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. A B Cohoe, B.A, and T. H. Cornish, of McMaster; while Messrs. I. W. Davidson, B A., and F. L. Farewell supported the negative for Victoria. Dr. B. E. McKenzie officiated as chairman; Prof. Hume, Prof. Hague, and Prof. McFadyen acted as referees. Argument and eloquence waxed until time was called, when all, of course, were confident of the decision. While the referees were considering the matter Miss E. Jean Cross favored the audience with two beautiful selections which were well received. Prof. Hague in giving the resumé of the addresses drew attention to a weakness in the wording of the proposition, being capable of two interpretations. Unfortunately McMaster men had interpreted it contrary to that taken by Victoria and upheld by the referees. In matter, the honor fell to Victoria, but in the manner of delivery and style, McMaster carried the palm. The decision, although given in favor of the negative, did not lessen the confidence placed in our men. The able and masterly way in which they presented their arguments was especially complimentary to their Alma Mater.

The last regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Literary League for the Christmas term was held Friday afternoon, Dec. 8th, in the chapel. In the absence of the President, Miss Dryden, the chair was occupied by our Vice-President, Miss Sanders, who ably performed her duties. The programme consisted of readings from three of the popular books of to day. Four members of the society, Miss Bailey, '98; Miss Gile, '00; Miss Iler, '02, and Miss McNeill, '03, gave readings from the following books:—"A Double Thread," "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus," and "Penelope's Experience in Scotland." Miss McNeill pleased all lovers of the dear "auld" Scotch tongue by her reading, in which she showed clearly her Scotch parentage. Miss Cohoon, '00, played an instrumental solo with admirable technique, and Miss Parlin, '03, sang very sweetly for us. We were very glad to have with us at our meeting, Mrs. C. A. Eaton, who kindly consented to act as critic. Her sweet manner would remove the sting from all criticism, however harsh, that she might choose to make, but she was good enough to say, "That she could make no criticisms which were unfavorable." The meeting was closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Students will please take note of the following:—You are hereby requested earnestly to entreat Santa Claus with all your youthful ardor to give us lots of snow and skating for Christmas. Tell him to be sure and send the kind that will stay and that won't go off after a day or so.

THE SOPHS OF McMASTER.

(Apologies to Kipling.)

Ave ye 'eard of the Sophs of McMaster,
With their bloomin' big bumps of conceit ;
We take Greek with a groan, we've mechanics at 'ome,
O, they knock us clean off of our feet
(Poor beggars—clean off of our feet).
We've our mark on the cup for athletics,
And we kicked up the deuce with the pins,
And our fellows, you'll find, 'ave a fair share of mind
And an 'orrible wallet of sins
(Poor beggars—we pay for our sins).
Then 'ere's to the Sophs of McMaster,
And 'ere's to our dear little cribs,
And Professor McKay, e's the 'ole bloomin' way—
Yes, 'ere's to 'is generous nibs
(Poor beggars—he lays for us, kids).

Walk wide of the Sophs of McMaster,
For the 'ole bloomin' fellows we owns,
We win all the praises, escape all the hazes,
And we've plugged till we're nothing but bones
(Poor beggars—we're nothing but bones).
We may sleep till its ten in the morning,
Or go to our classes like lambs,
But we can't get away from the tune that they play,
When the time comes around for Exams.
(Poor beggars—those bloomin' Exams.)
Then 'ere's to the Sophs of McMaster,
The president, h'orfsers and wimmin,
And all we desire, is to wade through the mire,
And not to go down when we're swimmin'
(Poor beggars—its bloomin' 'ard swimmin').

—*W. P. McDonald, '02.*

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS LILLIAN BAIRD.
MISS SARAH HOWARD.

MOULTON has many friends, and although circumstances prevent a number of them from throwing open their doors to a bevy of young girls, full of mirth and gaiety, there are some who are very active in their efforts to make particularly happy these same pleasure-loving students. On Friday evening of November 24th, the students of the First and Second Year classes were entertained by Mrs. Burke at her beautiful new home in Rosedale, while the remainder of the students spent an equally enjoyable evening at the home of Mrs. A. R. McMaster, on December 9th.

LAST month we referred to the entertaining lecture given by Prof. Cody, upon "Rome." This month the famous city was viewed by us

from a different standpoint, when Prof. Dale, of McMaster University, gave a very able lecture upon "The Greatness of Ancient Rome." The high character of the Moulton Lecture Course for this year was fully sustained on this occasion.

THE Moulton students who attended the open meeting of the Ladies' Literary Society of McMaster, report a very interesting and profitable evening.

WE have been favored during the past month by a visit from Chancellor Wallace, who conducted chapel service. The visits from the Chancellor are not as frequent as we should like them to be, but he is always welcomed with much pleasure, and his good advice is well received.

DURING the month we have had with us at the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, Miss Ross, the Representative of the Student Volunteer Movement; and Mr. Bingham, a returned missionary from Central Soudan. Miss Ross, whose visit to us last year made her especially welcome again, gave us a very interesting talk on the work and object of the movement with which she is associated. Mr. Bingham, who is to return the first of the New Year to carry on his work in the Soudan, brought before us, very impressively, the needs of that land in which, while there are many natives enrolled as soldiers of the Queen, there are so few who are soldiers for Christ.

THE last meeting for the year of the Heliconian Society was held Friday evening, Dec. 8th, when the following interesting programme was given:—

Piano Solo,		Miss Guyatt
Essay,	Florence Nightingale	Miss Thompson
Vocal Solo,		Miss Mihell
Essay,	Louise Alcott	Miss Annable
Piano Solo,		Miss Alexander
Reading,	Heliconian Paper	Miss Gertrude MacGregor

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { S. R. TARR, M.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

THE Literary Societies have both been busy this month. "The Excelsior" has met regularly and engaged in two debates. The Philomathic held its "open night" last Friday (8th inst.), and the evening was a signal success. We were favored by a very large attendance of town-folk. Piano solos were given by Prof. Teakles and Mr. King; "Soldiers of the Queen" was sung by Mr. Bert Bingham,

supported by a chorus of members; "The Oracle" was read by "Editor" Bingham, and proved witty and wise. However, the chief item of entertainment was a debate upon "Trusts." The resolution had been given the following form, "Resolved, that the time has come in Canada when Trusts should be controlled by Legislative Action." Messrs. Woltz and Beddow represented the affirmative, while Messrs. Janes and Roberts did battle for the opposition. The judges were Principal Levan, of Woodstock Collegiate Institute; Pastor McKay, of the First Baptist Church, and Principal McCrimmon, of our own College. After a spirited contest, Principal Levan, on behalf of the judges, announced victory as resting with the affirmative.

The Judson Society meeting of this month proved to be very interesting. Two of the students, Mr. H. H. Bingham and Mr. W. T. Roberts, each gave an excellent address, telling of experiences which met them on their summer "fields."

Mr. Roberts has been chosen to act upon the Executive Committee, in place of Mr. Alexander, now at McMaster.

The student body has been pleased to give welcome to several visitors at "morning chapel," among them the Revs. Alfred Day, D. Hutchinson and J. P. McEwen.

The Rugby season closed with two games against the O. A. C., Guelph. The first was played on our own campus, and resulted in a fine match, Woodstock, however, being defeated. The last contest was fought out at Guelph, and ended in another triumph for the more experienced home team.

The red and yellow leaves having at last been buried under the first snows of the new season, skates are being sharpened up, hockey-sticks are flourishing about dangerously in the halls in anticipation of their exercise out-of-doors before long, and every night after four o'clock bell, basket-ball keeps our "gym." very full of noise and dust.

Just now our thoughts are on Christmas, of course. Most of us have visions of roast turkey, plum-pudding, and other friends at home! but—ah! baneful "but,"—the exams. come first!

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. S. Roy, Editor.

On Nov. 24th we were treated to a very enjoyable entertainment at the Rousay Memorial Church. Rev. A. L. Therrien kindly consented to read us a chapter of a new book which he is about to publish.

The title of the book is not yet made known, but the subject matter is drawn from incidents in connection with the Grande Ligne Mission work. The book is to be in the form of a novel, but Mr. Therrien says that the incidents recounted, and the situation described have nearly all of them their basis in fact connected with our own mission work. The chapter he read us was certainly very enchanting, and if the book sustains the same character throughtout it will be of thrilling interest. It is written in Mr. Therrien's own pleasing and graceful style. The reading was relieved here and there by the singing of appropriate songs by the Institute Quartette. Perhaps a few who did not understand English could not appreciate the reading, but refreshments were afterwards served to which all did full justice as usual.

THERE seems to be quite an interest taken in sports this year. On the evening of the 12th inst., a meeting of the boys was called for the purpose of reading and adopting a constitution for the association now known as the "F. I. A. A. A." We are pleased to see the boys organizing themselves into a society of this kind and trust that it may increase the interest taken in that part of our school life, which is certainly much needed in all such institutions of learning.

OUR rink is in very good shape at present. All that is needed to make good skating is water and a little cold weather. We certainly ought not to be very far from enjoying this favorite "pastime."

OUR Temperance Society is still in existence and is doing good work. On the 8th of December we listened to an interesting programme prepared by Miss Rustedt and Mr. Bullock. The report of the committee appointed to canvass for new members informed us that the scholars, with few exceptions, had signed the pledge. The aim of the society is to instil, in those who become members, such principles as will enable them, not only to sign the pledge, but also to keep it after they have signed.

THE Annual Musical Soiree is an event of no small importance at Feller Institute. It is always anticipated with pleasure, and coming as it does, about the middle of December, it is a welcome break, in the routine work, before the beginning of examinations. The evening, on this occasion, was devoted entirely to the works of Robert Schumann. As an introduction to the musical programme, Mrs. Arthur Massé read an interesting paper, on the life of the great composer. She spoke particularly, also, of the need of cultivating the musical taste of young people, and of imparting high ideals, so that even boys and girls might enjoy something besides a merely catchy air. The Glee Club, composed of about twenty of our best singers, teachers and scholars, sang three very lovely selections, "Happy Farmers," "King Ringang's Daughters," and "Gracious Me! the Goslings are Flying." There were vocal solos by Mrs. Massé, Miss Piché, and Mr. F. W. Therrien, besides two duets and a trio. The instrumental music included piano

solos, by Miss Rustedt, and quite a number of the girls, and a violin solo. Our youngest pupil, little Louis Côté, son of one of the Grande Ligne missionaries, also took part, playing his piece with a great deal of skill. One of the most enjoyable items on the programme was a sweetly sentimental duet, " In the Woods," by Mr. and Mrs. Roy. As they stood arranged in their wedding garments, and singing with appropriate expression, it was only natural that the young people, always imaginative, should fancy that while the composition was Schumann's the blissful reality had been, very recently, their own. To Mrs. Arthur Massé, who has charge of the musical department of the school, is due much praise for our delightful entertainment. She was very ably assisted by several of the other teachers, and the pupils acquitted themselves very creditably. After all has been said, there are still some young people, who think that a tête a-tête is more charming than any music and being rare in Feller Institute, should be duly appreciated. So, the social hour, after the programme, passed all too quickly and Mr. Massé's reminder that it was late, was not applauded. —M. R. M.

Here and There.

A. B. Cohoe, B.A., Ed.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE YEAR.

I wonder what this new year holds
  Of sorrow, gladness, joy for me ;
How many fruitless hopes enfolds,
  How many smiles and tears to be—
    I wonder, ah, I wonder.

I wonder if the sun will shine
  For me as bright as it has shone ;
Will light with bliss this heart of mine
  As in the days that now are gone—
    I wonder, ah, I wonder.

I wonder if you'll love me still,
  Will give me answer sigh for sigh ;
Will let my heart adopt your will ;
  Will feel my presence ever nigh—
    I wonder, ah, I wonder.

I wonder if it please our God
  To let us live through this new year ;
To let us loveful tread earth's sod,
  And to each other be anear—
    I wonder, ah, I wonder.

—*Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

THE CUP-BEARER.

The beauty of the world but runs to waste,
For sunrise after sunrise comes and goes
And leaves no trace of all its splendour gone,
And sunset after sunset, like the sea
We cross in dreams to reach the gates of God,
Ebbs far and farther and is seen no more ;
Night through her billowy clouds upswings the moon
And blurs the dark with flying mists of light,
Or bares her fathomless deeps of slu mbrous calm
And silent hollows pebbled thick with stars,
But fades and is forgotten of the day ;
And love and hope and joy and youth, and all
The bloom of life and sweetness of the year
Flows past us ever to its bourne of death,
Sings like a stream adown its sunny hill,
And sighs through sunless places of the vale,
Its depths and shallows glimmering strangely flecked
With shadowed gloom and glory of earth and heaven,
Slips from our touch and flashes out of sight.

And even as it passes and is lost—
Ere yet it spills into the sunset sea
That far-off murmurs by the gates of God—
The immortal Hebe captive among men,
Art dips her golden cup into the stream
And lifts the living waters to our lips
That we may taste how sweet is all we lose.

—A. St. John Adcock, *in the London Outlook.*

They tell this story of Lord Rosebery, who is a very bad shot : Not long ago he was on the Scotch moors, and having unsuccessfully fired at a covey of birds that rose not more than twenty yards ahead, he exclaimed : "It is strange that none of them fell ! I'm positive that some of them must have been struck !" "I dinna doot," returned the keeper, with the usual freedom of his class, "that they' were struck wi' astonishment at gettin' off sae easy !"

The *Canada Educational Monthly* for October publishes a paper by Percy J. Robinson, B.A., on the subject of Residential Schools. The paper though brief gives a suggestive and timely presentation of the subject. Residential schools have been passing through a period of depression due largely to a corresponding period of depression in material prosperity, accompanied by the general establishment of high schools. It is well at this time that the use of residential schools should be recognized and the conditions pointed out which will favor their return to popularity. The work of the educational development of the three-fold nature of a boy is at present divided between the day-school, the home, and the Sunday-school. The boarding school takes the place of all these, and by so discharging all three functions it gives additional strength and is able more effectively to do the work of each. The work of Woodstock College and kindred schools is not a work of the past, but largely and ever-increasingly of the future.

THE PUBLICAN.

I would be strong, O Lord !
Strong-souled to trust Thee in the midst of foes,
Strong-armed to strike at every wrong and sin—
Yet gentle, Lord !
For all injustice give me fire and sword ;
For wrong that touches me, the grace to wait ;
And for Thy poor, who stumble in the way,
A hand all strength, a heart all tenderness.

I would be brave, O Lord !
To speak Thy word 'gainst every lying creed ;
To hate the hypocrite and all his kind,
Though in the guise of Fortune's self he come
With both hands full of gifts, of wealth or place ;
To be regardless of all consequence
When for Thy truth I stand, though all alone—
Yet generous, Lord !
And not unmindful of that yesterday
When 'mongst Thy foes I stood, and truth opposed.

I would be true, O Lord !
Would seek to find, would find to do Thy will ;
To every idol, though within Thy church,
" Nehushtan !" cry ; nor ever think of rest
Till Thy light floods the world, and all men see—
Yet humble, Lord !—
What's truth to me another soul may vex
That has not lived or battled in my place—
And tolerant of all who seek and fail ;
Clear-eyed to seek 'neath error's every form
The seed of living truth that's hidden there ;
To find in every erring son of man
What Thou did'st find in me—a son of God.

O Master mine ! that found me in the way
Oppressing where I might have served my race,
Receiving tribute, though I had enough,
From hands that ached with toil and penury,
My answered prayer I saw within Thy face,
Thy face all power and faith and gentleness,
And from Thy face it leaped into my soul—
My prayer, my hope, and my sufficient creed,
To be like Thee.

—William J. Long, *in The Outlook.*

Dedicate it to the Lord's Work.—The saloon-keepers are asking, " Where is the consistency of church members who, by their ballots, make the selling of liquor in saloons a legal business, then refuse to accept our contributions because our business has contaminated the money ?" I believe the saloon is the greatest curse the world has at the present time. But if saloon-keepers have a desire to contribute of their means for spiritual purposes, I say, by all means accept it, and with clean hands and a pure heart dedicate it to the Lord, praying that His blessing may attend it wherever it goes. The great sin lies back of all this by legalizing the saloon.—*Mrs. J. S. Hunt, Erie, Pa.*

THE preacher does not always take it as a sign of approval when he sees members of the congregation nodding.—*Tit Bits.*

STUDENT (after preaching a forty-five minute sermon)—It took me just fifteen minutes to prepare that sermon. Deacon—I thought so.—*Ex.*

They were playing they said at a practice game,
That they oft had played before,
And curious friends stood by and smiled,
And wondered which one would score.
And Cupid as umpire, called the game,
With a clear and cloudless sky,
And the minister smiled as he hung out the score,
For the game had come out a "tie."—*Ex.*

THAT was a rather pointed story that the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst told in his pulpit to illustrate the fact that no man could come into close contact with the universe without having the idea of the Maker come into his mind. The late Robert Ingersoll, while in Mr. Beecher's study, at one time, saw a large globe standing on his table—a globe that showed, in elegant outlines, the contour of the earth's continents and seas "That is a fine globe you have there, Mr. Beecher? Who made it?" was Mr. Ingersoll's inquiry. "Oh, nobody," answered Mr. Beecher.—Boston Transcript.

WE take pleasure in acknwledging the receipt of the following exchanges:—The Acadia Athenaeum, Acta Victoriana, The Varsity, The Trinity College Review, The University of Ottawa Review, Vox Wesleyana, The Montreal Diocesan Theological College Magazine, The University of New Brunswick Magazine, The Queen's University College Review, The McGill Outlook, The Presbyterian College Journal, The Manitoba College Journal, The Albert College Nines, The O. A. C. Review, The Univetsity of Virginia Magazine, The College Index, The Kenyou Collegian, The Ottawa Campus, The Notre Dame Scholastic, The Shurtleff College Review, The Athenaeum, The Young Women's Gazette, The Mitre, The Advance, The Sybyl, The Bowdoin Quill, and others.

SHE LOVED BOOKS. — The danger of pretending to have read books that one has never seen is pleasantly illustrated in the following story which appears in an American paper:—

He was a grave, thoughtful man of marked intellectuality and fine literary tastes. She was a featherbrain of a soubrette. Most vivacious and winsome in her petite blonde loveliness, but in no sense a bookworm.

"Are you fond of literature?" he inquired, with accustomed carelessness, but he was watching her attentively.

"Passionately," she replied, "but I get so little time to read anything except the chronicles of my profession. Ours is a most exciting art, but I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott?" he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not——"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvellous descriptions? One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And 'Scott's Emulsion'"—he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

THE WORD OF GOD.

I hear a babel, an alarm of tongues,
And a wild whisper on the lips of Fear:
"Say, will the ancient Refuge of the Soul
Be broken down by rude irreverent hands?"

Nay, fear not, for the God's Truth is secure—
The Truth, the high Truth of humanity.
It is the Light behind our broken light.
The fire whereat men warm their wintry hearts.

After the tug and roar of centuries,
The Word will still endure, immutable—
Still through the shadow of the letter shine,
As fire in ashes, as a star through cloud,
As soul behind the body. Rest in peace.

It will endure: no power can break or bind
Its inaccessible majesty and might.
It was anterior to Aldebaran;
And will endure, impeccable and strong,
And seraphs will climb onward in its light,
When earth has faded as a whirl of smoke,
And the last sun withers in the wrinkling skies.

—EDWIN MARKHAM, *in New York Journal.*

THE following is from the "old land" where apparently the conditions are not entirely different from those prevailing in the "new land": The recent case at Aberdeen, where an applicant for an educational position represented himself to be an alumnus of the University of the granite city, although he had never graduated, gives a contemporary an opportunity of telling a very good story in connection with University degrees. A chimney-sweep prosecuted a resident in the suburbs of Edinburgh for debt. The presiding justice called for the sweep to give evidence as to the debt. "And what is your name?" "Jamie Gregory, LL.D., sirr." "What, Doctor of Laws? And where on earth did you get that distinction?" "'Twas a fellow frae an American college, an' I sweepit his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash Jamie,' he says, 'but I'll mak' ye an LL.D., an' we'll ca' it quits.' An he did."

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE.

The night wind murmurs in the poplar tree ;
The white moon sails in deeps of cloudless sky ;
The nightingale is singing, all for thee,
Her lovely lullaby.

The bright, light birds that in the sunshine sing,
Are sleeping now, as thou, my bird, should'st be ;
The spell of night lies soft on everything—
On all the flowers and thee.

The lawn is grey with dew, the river flows
With ceaseless murmur by the willows gray ;
Soft sleeping now, the lily and the rose
Wait patiently for day.

The daisy buds are sleeping—softly curled—
Soft sleeps my flower at last upon my knee ;
And the Almighty love holds all the world,
As mother love holds thee.

—*British Weekly.*

For all true words that have been spoken,
For all brave deeds that have been done,
For every loaf in kindness broken,
For every race in valor run,
For martyr lips which have not failed
To give God praise and smile to rest,
For knightly souls which have not quailed
At stubborn strife or lonesome quest ;
Lord, unto whom we stand in thrall,
We give Thee thanks, for all, for all.

For each fair field where golden stubble
Hath followed wealth of waving grain ;
For every passing wind of trouble
Which bends Thy grass that lifts again ;
For gold in store that men must seek,
For work which bows the sullen knee ;
For strength, swift sent to aid the weak,
For love by which we climb to Thee ;
Thy freemen, Lord, yet each Thy thrall,
We give Thee praise for all, for all.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *in the Young Women's Gazette.*

A CANDYDAIT.—"We invite attention," writes a Georgia editor, "to the announcement of a candidate from the F. rks for school commissioner, and we will say this much in his behalf : If ever a man needed an office with a school attachment, he is that man. Read his announcement : 'To the ediTor i am A candydait to the Office of skule KommiSsioner an Ask My frens to Cast a Voat in My Beehalve, I am a 1 Arm man, beein cut oph in a saw Mill, an nead the Office.'"

TO A DEAD BIRD ON A WOMAN'S HAT.

Had I found you where the sunshine
  Sifted through the lacy screen
Of the overarching treetops
  To the mosses mottled green,
I could smooth your downy feathers,
  Saying, "Happy fate was this,—
Dying, while the world was fairest,
  From an overweight of bliss."

But too brief your time of harking
  To the summer's joyous laugh,
And your crimson throat was surely
  Stiffened ere it sang the half
Of the songs our Father gave you,
  That the forest fain had heard.
Unappeased, I mourn you,—cheated
  Of your birthright, little bird.

—Bertha Gerneaux Woods, *Washington, D. C.*

An Irishman was painting a fence. His face wore a troubled look. Suddenly a smile shot across it, and dipping the brush into the paint pot, he began to paint faster and faster.

"Why are you painting so fast?" asked a bystander. "You're in a rush all of a sudden to finish the job."

"Sure, an' thot's all right," was his reply "I haven't much paint left, an' it's finishing the job Oi'm afther before it's all gone."

The Seven Bibles of the World.—The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedan, the Tri Pitikas of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, and the Scriptures of the Christian.

The Koran is the most recent of all, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments and from the Talmud.

The Tri Pitikas contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the "kings" meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era.

The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindus, but they do not, according to the late commentators, antedate the twelfth century before the Christian era.

The Zendavesta of the Persians next to our Bible is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contained, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses wrote the Pentateuch 1,500 years before the birth of Christ, and it is maintained that that portion of our Bible

is at least 300 years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was given to the world in the fourteenth century.

SPEECH.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence, all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

ELLA WHEELER, *in The Young Women's Gazette.*

A HEROIC SHEPHERD.—An incident of the recent blizzard on the ranges of Montana is told by a journal of Helena. It appears that a large sheep owner, near Healy, Butte, employed a man of considerable experience as his shepherd. He was out with the sheep in the "coulee" when the storm came on. He did his utmost to get them into the camp, but they were too widely scattered, and he was unable to get them together. Evidently knowing the danger of trying to save them, he went into his tent and wrote a brief note which he left behind him, saying that he was just about to start up the "coulee" after the sheep, although he was almost exhausted. His body was found the next day stretched on the snow. He had followed them a long distance but had perished in trying to bring them into camp.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1900.

FOUNDER'S DAY ADDRESS.*

On occasions such as the present historical reminiscence is appropriate. About seventy years ago there emigrated from the Green Isle to Canada a vigorous and sagacious youth of about eighteen years of age, to push his fortune. Immediately he secured a situation in a respectable store in this city; not many years after he developed into a successful merchant; by and by he became the manager of one of our largest banks; then an honorable Senator in our central Parliament; then a millionaire. All this time he was a simple consistent Christian, belonging to the very small religious sect called the Baptists.

Successful business men are generally apt to have blemishes in their reputation which some people who have come into contact with them are disposed to retail; but concerning the man of whom I now speak, not once in thirty years did I ever hear an insinuation regarding the purity of his moral and commercial character. While I know he had a strong will and even could exhibit sometimes a little temper (what is any tool worth that has no temper?), the unanimous verdict of society seems to be that he was an honest, truthful man all his life long. This man was the venerated Founder of McMaster University. To this institution and its affiliated schools—not to say anything about what he gave to that church of which he was a member—his gifts and bequests must have amounted to $1,100,000—princely beneficence!

* Delivered at McMaster Hall, December 21st, 1899.

Closely associated as I was with this educational institution in its inception and organization, perhaps I may be permitted to speak freely about it. Originally, as some of you are aware, it was simply a Theological College, affiliated with Toronto University. In the great work of mental culture our Government ought to be deeply interested, as an essential part of its political economy; the national revenue ought to secure the very best professors and tutors and the most complete and comprehensive educational apparatus that money can obtain; students ought to come into contact and competition with other students in the various courses of study.

Broadly and generally this is all true; but we Baptists have thought there is another side to this important subject of education. The one idea that dominated the minds and decided the plans of the Baptists in organizing this independent university was, that Christianity (with which the State cannot meddle)—that *Christianity* is the foundation and the centre, the main and ultimate object of all our genuine university work.

In so far as this idea of ours may be understood to foster and specialize denominationalism, we are sorry. Denominationalism is simply a disgrace and a weakness to true Christianity; it is the contradiction of that tender desire expressed by Jesus Christ in His prayer for His redeemed, "That they all may be *one*, even as Thou Father art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." Oh! what guilt lies at the door of Denominationalism! It is one of the principal barriers in the way of our world's evangelization.

But we do not, by the organization of this university, defend or sanction denominationalism. Many of us deny that the Baptist churches are a denomination; we claim to be the modern perpetuation of the primitive apostolic Church of Jesus Christ. Pity is that any of our churches are drifting from the simple Scriptural model. In organizing this university the only idea, and the only desire of the more thoughtful of us was, that Christianity should be the fundamental reason for, and the ultimate aim of all its education. We hold that the Bible is the

supreme literature and law, and Jesus Christ is the Supreme Teacher of perfect Truth—the beginning and the ending of all valuable mental development. With this divine ideal of education I heartily sympathize. And I need not say that this is the lofty principle expressed in the singular motto emblazoned on the banner of this Institution—"ALL THINGS IN CHRIST CONSIST," or stand together.

Yes, this—this is the reason by which the existence of this independent school of learning is justified—we are endeavoring to educate, *i. e.*, to *lead out* and lead up the nature of the student to the Divine Ideal of Humanity. We believe that every student is a trinity—body, soul and spirit—and that the spirit is the essential part to the development of which his intellectual and physical nature ought to be subordinated. This is the high standard aimed at—so to educate the young man that his *personal life* in that sphere he chooses to move in shall *personate Christ.* In other words, A human life *consistent* with our motto, "In Christ all things consist," will alone succeed in making the most and the best of education and subsequent opportunities. It will *stand together* a power for good.

Education as taught in our national universities has been necessarily classified into separate special departments:—SCIENCE, with its thousand and one issues; EVOLUTION, beginning with protoplasm and ending in the foul vapor of decay; PHILOSOPHY consisting of principles, inferential deductions and doctrinal conclusions *ad infinitum.* No one human life is long enough to pursue exhaustively any one of these special lines of study. The result must be mere fragmentary incoherence, and the man must turn out an intellectual crank. Darwin dies, his mind full of the marvellously slow evolution of certain worms he had been nursing for the last twenty years of his laborious life; Pasteur dies dreaming about microbes; Drummond (beautiful fellow) dies wandering over the vast regions of interminable evolution; the Astronomical Specialist dies star-dazed; Hugh Miller suddenly leaves this world, tired to death with the mutterings of mysterious geology. Perhaps it may appear to some very presumptuous for a man of my dimensions to speak on a subject of this sort; but it seems to me very plain that if such

special lines of study are to be harmonized and humanized—if we and they are to "stand together" for any useful purpose, we must subordinate them all, day by day, to God's Ideal of Perfect Humanity—we must get and keep the human spirit in living touch with Jesus Christ. It seems to me something awful to banish Jesus Christ (THE WORD OF GOD) from our Schools of Learning, while we devote our lives to the critical and painful study of the words of men! Listen to this statement and *think* for a moment or two:—"In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was Life, and the life was the life of men. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." O, let every one of us think out these words. Unless our spirits come into vital fellowship with God's humanized Word our Education—our lives surely must be a miserable failure.

On my way to this assembly to-night the stars were shining down upon me, and they brought to mind these impressive words of the poet with much power:—

> "Behold the midnight glory! Worlds on worlds. Amazing pomp!
> Re-double this amaze; ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more,—
> One human soul outweighs them all, and calls
> Th' incomprehensible magnificence
> Of unintelligent creation poor."

Yes, the spirit—the soul is the man—is the woman; and the education—the leading out of that, is genuine school work.

One word more. This institution is called McMASTER University. MacMaster means the Son of Master. Jesus Christ, according to our motto, is the Master of this particular school of learning. You remember His claim uttered to His disciples:—"YE CALL ME MASTER AND LORD; AND YE SAY WELL, FOR SO I AM." "ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST."

Each student of McMaster University virtually acknowledges Jesus Christ his supreme authority. Each student ought to regard himself McMaster—A son of THE MASTER.

Now let us fling out our banner to the breeze:—"ALL THINGS IN CHRIST CONSIST."

JOSHUA DENOVAN.

THE MINISTRY OF ART.

"And if artists have the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let ev'ry little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale"

"There exists no state of society, however rude in which some attempts at corresponding realizations in artistic expression are not to be met with, the difference between such products of the imagination and the most refined is a difference only in degree." From the untutored savage to the most highly cultured man of modern civilized life, there is a progressive development in artistic expression. When the barbarian adorns himself with crude ornaments and covers himself with tatooed painting, he is giving evidence of an aspiration after the beautiful just as the civilized citizen does, who builds a comely house, pays to have the streets cleaned and the parks attractively arranged. Each is seeking to satisfy, by outward symbols, the inward conception of beauty.

History repeats itself; in ancient, mediæval and modern times, we find humanity impressing matter with mind. The Egyptians with their pyramids, obelisks and sphynx; the Romans with their castles and fortifications; Greece with her idealistic, cultured nature represented in her enduring monuments, and England, France and Germany, with their creative and imitative arts, have all produced the highest principles of the national life. Indeed it would seem as if it were an essential attribute of mankind to be surrounded by artistic interpretations portraying the aspirations and innate cravings of every people in every age; for painting, sculpture and architecture must exhibit the degree of civilization of their age.

Every man in his daily occupation has a certain environment and certain tools from which he fashions his article and presents it to the world for a good or evil use, likewise the artist chooses his surroundings and materials, but how vastly superior his craft to any other. His tools are intellect, feeling, will, imagination, with the co-operation of the physical realm. His acute senses draw from the vastness of God's art gallery and and from the depths of universal nature. For this reason his responsibility is greater because his field of activity is boundless.

The influence of this laborer is broad, not only because the Divine Artist furnishes implements and themes, but because he makes his appeal to man directly through the senses. How much this means may be better understood by examining the ways and words of some men of genius. Shakespeare, who portrays human character so perfectly, makes his creations seven-tenths emotion and passion. Rousseau in his Emile "everywhere emphasizes the absolute importance of the senses and bodily capabilities as the only sure basis of memory, judgment and understanding," while Comenius says "There is nothing in the understanding which was not before in the senses." Moreover the Infinite has so ordained that the innocent child shall have the right material in complete nature to satisfy its desire for sense-food and the requisites for growing manhood. Again, it is the senses which adorn and clothe mind and to art has been given this ministry of carrying strong mental food through the senses to the spiritual nature.

Art cannot be defined by any mere scientific theory, but a delicately woven principle of glowing passions and vivid imagination, of pure purposes and skilled workmanship is art in the true sense and its mission lies in promoting the supreme end of human existence.

The painter is constantly feeling for God, and on finding the glory and the radiance reflected in his own soul and seeing that "light which never was on sea or land," he forthwith strikes out upon the canvas the spirit of his Creator in His creations, thus earning his title of "mediator between God and man." For God made us with a susceptibility to beauty, immersed us in this refining atmosphere to call forth our noblest qualities, to soften and refine us, yet ofttimes our powers of perceptions become weakened and the mediator must awaken us with his trumpet that the radiance of beauty may pour into the soul. He who would be such a mediator between the heavenly and the earthly must suppress the baser nature and, in constant communion with his Maker whose works he interprets, make in himself a complete existence because "before beauty is power and before genius is manliness."

As the lily imbibes from the atmosphere the nourishment

which distils and assimilates before bursting into blossom, so the artist draws within himself the best of everything and after humanizing it presents to the world a perfectly blended ideal in just the form best adapted to draw up to a higher life and exert a larger ethical influence. The final goal of the artist is to raise life to the level of art, not to bring art down to the level of men, and a true artist means a true man. He is endowed with the highest gifts and enthused with a mighty purpose to enrich and stimulate the beholder by presenting the best of earth's treasures. He is besides glorified with the mission of leaving a magnificent and imposing monument of the national conceptions.

Milton calls praise "that last infirmity of noble mind," but the imitator of nature seeks no such ignoble guerdon for his desired reward, rather counts it an honor to be one of the helping ones for

> "—— don't you mark? we're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
> And so they are better painted—better to us,
> Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out."

Art in its highest form appeals through simplicity and sublimity. One work which combines these two qualities is Millet's Angelus representing two peasants at the humble occupation of hoeing. At the sound of the evening bell they drop their work and stand with bowed heads in the attitude of prayer. As one gazes upon this picture a thrill of reverence half Divine stirs the soul and "thy mind expanded by the genius of the spot has grown colossal." In large measure the spirit of the Christ-life has been given us by painters. After Christianity had gradually worked its way, awakening new currents of thought, expressions more refined and aesthetic were represented in the paintings of the time. As soon as a house was built for the worship of God, artists filled with the desire to glorify their Maker began to decorate the building and make it meet for the Master's use. Indeed it has been said that "man has risen so far that the front of Strasbourg Cathedral is one of those productions in which the work of man rises so high in the sphere

of sublimity and great perfection, as to seem fit to take its place among the silent and eternal monuments of nature." "Religious art is human spiritual education?" and just as bees plunder flowers to make honey, so the artist draws inspiration from the everlasting fountain of God's love from which he builds the work that satisfies the æsthetic taste of souls weighed down by intellectual and physical materialism.

The Saviour's lowly birth, the appearance of the angels, the visit of the wise men, the visit of the child Jesus to Jerusalem, incidents of the three years' ministry, all are themes to be given breath by the painters' skill and sublime enough to touch a concordant note between Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian.

The ministry of art is "the culture of the individual to the increasing of the capacity for enjoyment. Dark and narrow is the path in life—however surrounded by external splendor—of him who is insensible to the mystery and wonders of nature, to the magic of genius, to the elevated and glowing sentiment that arises from the contemplation of the true, the beautiful and the good." The artist is he who holds "the golden key that opens the palace of eternity," is he who discloses to the soul the Infinite, for "if you get simple beauty and naught else, you get about the best thing God invents."

A talent for any art is rare, but a cultivated taste is within the power of everyone. It may be acquired by the thoughtful contemplation of the works or copies of the works of the masters. Fine art galleries are the treasures of many European countries and some American cities, but Canada has as yet spent her energies more in the accumulating of wealth than in the cultivation of the finest of fine arts. It has only been within the last few months that the matter has been taken up seriously in a general way. The Public School Art Leagues are beginning to supply a long-felt want by furnishing copies of the most costly and inspiring works of art to satisfy the æsthetic needs of the pupils So that in spite of disadvantages, we are making our desire to see the beautiful felt, not in the possession of such finished masterpieces as those of Giotto and Claude, but in the fitting up of our houses, building our public buildings, and laying out the streets and parks.

The influence of art has an ethical value in regard to dress, the style of which often represents the mental state of the wearer, and in all times is the visible sign of civilization. Herein lies art's most unconscious ministry, the refining of daily life by adding grace and finish to individual character.

To minister to a necessity in each of us, the loving Father made his manifestations of beauty beam on us continually. The blade of grass, the tinted cloud, the starry universe, each breathes a perpetual blessing. It is the province of art to reproduce this beauty. Alas! Blind and unfortunate is he, who, having eyes cannot see it, or whose soul cannot respond to these Divine influences streaming forth from universal being around him.

"Was never form and never face
So sweet to Seyd as only grace
Which did not slumber like a stone,
But hovered gleaming and was gone.
Beauty chased he everywhere,
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.
He smote the lake to feed his eye
With the beryl beam of the broken wave;
He flung in pebbles well to hear
The moment's music which they gave.
While thus to love he gave his days
In loyal worship, scorning praise,
How spread their lures for him, in vain,
Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain!
He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty, than live for bread."

MARGARET A. BAILEY, '98.

AT THE FORD.

I.

A deathlike dew was falling
  On the herbs and the grassy ground,
The stars to their bournes prest forward,
  Night cloaked the hills around.

He thought of a night long past,—
  Of the ladder that reached to heaven,
The Face that shone above it,
  The pillar, his pillows of even.

II.

From out of the sleeve of the darkness
  Was thrust an arm of strength—
Long he wrestled for mastery,
  But begged for blessing at length.

White fear fell on him at dawn,
  As the Nameless spake with him then,
"Prevailer and Prince," called He him,
  "A power with God and with men."

And, alone, the lame wrestler mused:
  "The Face of God is this place!
Ah me—and my life is preserved,
  Yet God have I seen face to Face!"

III.

Life's darkness is background for God,
  For unsleeping Love's high command,
And the shadowy heap of each life
  Is revealed at the touch of His hand.

And the arm of Love doth wrestle
  All night by the fords we cross,
To shrivel our sinews of self
  And give His blessing for loss.

Night shows the houses of heaven,
O pilgrim for life's journey shod,
And from out the sleeve of darkness
Is thrust the arm of God!

THEODORE H. RAND.

SPIRITUALITY.

Theoretically, I suppose, we all hold to the tripartite nature of man.

We know we have bodies, because, forsooth, we can see them. We know we have minds because we use them every day. How do we know we have each a spirit?

Well, to tell the truth, we are not so sure about that. It belongs to the unseeable, and is rather a matter of speculation. Why?

This morning our bodies had their breakfast; our books had their place in our thoughts if not in our hands; what provision was made—what care was taken for the spirit; that part of our nature which is akin to God, and which makes us differ from the dog whose soul can rise no higher than his master.

You took it for granted your breakfast would be ready as usual; you took it for granted that your mental machinery refreshed by sleep would do its work; on what lines does your spirit live to-day?

Your body was to bring you to the Hall; your mind was to attend to what went on there; what was your spirit to do?

You bought clothing for winter; you bought books for study; what did you buy for your spirit?

You looked out this morning on the day and you said, "It is colder than yesterday!" Is your spirit warm, or cold?

Have you got any? Certainly.

As you came to the Hall, how many churches did you pass? If you were in Burma you would see pagodas everywhere, and spiritual temples of one kind or another in every land where man is found. Temples built that the spirit of man might meet

with other spirits to worship them, chiefly in order to get what he could from them.

I suppose at McMaster every conceivable proposition is demonstrated either by logic or mathematics. That is, these are the chiefly travelled roads to conclusions, and quite sufficient for ordinary traffic. Yet, we get quite a distance in our mental culture before either of these foundation sciences come to our aid. We learned to think and to talk before we knew anything about syllogisms. We learned many things—most things—without reasoning about them at all. That was left principally to college days.

Is reason then the potent factor in our lives that it is deemed? An indispensable highway to the certainty of things? Is only that true which we can demonstrate? Or is there another road to knowledge?

I submit that the way to learn spiritual truth is the way we learn physical truth; we must learn it first, and we shall be able to reason about it afterwards.

Childish as it may seem to some philosophers before me, faith is a higher attribute than reason, and comes first. As the helpless babe lives by faith in its mother, so the human spirit lives by faith in God. Reason is as inadequate in the one case as in the other. Simple faith has saved many a one whose reason had no power to discover truth. More have been deluded by reasoning from false premises, than ever were deluded by trusting false promises. The former has misled far more than the latter. The first disobedience came through a subtle course of argument, and Eve thought it safer to be guided by her judgment rather than to believe God's word. To walk by sight and not by faith, this is the most frequented path of error to-day. "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy, and vain deceit."

When God gave Samson his great strength, to "show how slight a gift He thought it, He hung it in his hair"; but eternal life is too precious a gift for so frail a resting place. God chose the most reliable attribute in man to be the vehicle of eternal life. It was not given to reason, but to faith.

Reason is within ourselves, but faith reaches out to God

and links us fast to Him; and we will find knowledge through faith in Him, when it is hopeless to seek it through the labyrinths of reason.

We begin life with a mind little more than an interrogation point. As we pass onward life answers many of our questions, they will all be answered some day. I want to speak of some of the questions life has answered for me; to testify to what I have seen.

I early learned that I must die. It was a journey before me that perplexed me with many questions. I read "after death the judgment." I was not ready for either, and they might come any day. I read that God was Love, and those that sought Him found Him. So I began the search. I was told the right road to Him was Faith. It took me years to find out what that meant.

I could not stand off by myself and reason about God, the Bible says, "the world by wisdom knew not God." "Can man by searching find out God? Can'st thou find out the Almighty to perfection? The heights of heaven, what can'st thou do? Deeper than hades, what can'st thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." All my knowledge came through my senses, and was of material things; how was I to get hold of facts about an immaterial God? How was I to know there was any? How was I to communicate with Him?

I tried prayer; that was what every one else did, and I tried it too. I talked to God and told Him all my troubles, just as a heathen talks to his idol. I had no idea that He would say anything to me. I had no more expectation that God would speak to me than a heathen has that his idol will speak to him. I prayed off into the dark, and hoped God heard me; that was all. But I was not satisfied. There was the fact that I had to die, and I had a load of wrong-doing that must be got rid of somehow. I had asked to have it forgiven, but I was not at all sure what had been done about it; I was pretty sure it was all there against me, just as if I had not prayed at all. I wanted some "evidence of things unseen," and did not understand that that was what faith was. The Master might well

have said to me as He did to Martha, "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest *believe*, thou shouldest *see*?"

The Lord Jesus says, "My sheep hear my voice," and in another place we are told that these things are "spiritually discerned," that is, seen by the spirit. But I did not know that my spirit could see and hear as well as my body. This was a wholly neglected region.

I thought a great deal; I loved to get away alone under the trees in the summer and think. I supposed I was quite alone because I could see nobody; and I was quite sure my thoughts were my own only. I knew in a vague way that God knew all about them, but He was much too far off for that to disturb me. That many of what I called *my* thoughts were spoken to me, and that I was never alone, I was wholly unconscious of; but I began to have a new experience in prayer.

I did not spend all the time in talking. I used to remain on my knees silently waiting before God. I enjoyed being near Him, and keeping still; and I became conscious that God put thoughts in my mind, chiefly promptings to take a certain course, when I was perplexed about what I ought to do.

I suppose a babe feels quite alone at first, and bye and bye it becomes conscious of its mother's presence; so my spirit began to be acquainted with God. After a while a babe finds there are more people than its mother in the world; so in my spirit world there were more inhabitants than the God I worshipped, but that was not the knowledge best for me to acquire at first.

"Can'st thou by searching find out God?" That is, find out about Him? No. But by searching you can find God Himself, and we have not far to search.

"Vain man would be wise," posing before his fellows while he reasons and theorizes about God. Is He? or is He not? What can He do? and what can He not do? And God with His mother-heart patiently waiting and ministering to all our need, and calling us, calling to us, "Only believe," "God has spoken; hear Him." "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God."

When you were a child did you ever have a lesson to learn you did not understand? You understood the words, but you could not get hold of the lesson itself. Then your teacher sat down beside you, and read it over to you with a comment here and there, and it became clear as sunlight, and you understood it perfectly.

So it is with the Bible when God reads it over to us and comments on it here and there. Try it and see what a difference it makes.

How little God's word means to some of us! If you had the Chancellor's written statement that so long as you looked after the fires in the Hall he would provide your board, who would not feel that his maintenance at College was sure? Another writes, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things (food and clothing) shall be added unto you." Who would like to depend on that for to-morrow's breakfast and dinner? What makes the difference? Is Chancellor Wallace's word more satisfactory than the word of the Chancellor of the Universe?

If Chancellor Wallace were in South Africa you might not feel so sure about his providing for you as you would if you saw him every day in the Hall; and for a similar reason many are not satisfied with the Word of God. He is too far away.

Some one says, "I prefer a fifty dollar note to any Bible promises for my board," and a smile of approval goes round the company who hears you say that. Does He feel complimented? I would not dare to doubt it till I had proved it false, because the One who spoke the promise is standing at the door.

But some one says "If I could hear God speak I would believe, but how can I believe what comes to me without audible sound?"

That is, you have no confidence in any communication that does not come through the body. Well, you have a good deal to learn, and the sooner you begin the better.

You *have* a spirit, and it dwells in a world full of other spirits who have or have not a corporeal system. Instead of waiting till you can reason it out, you will find it wiser to begin to live on that basis, and you will be on a far better platform

for reasoning processes after you have learned to live. Your reasoning about it will not alter the facts in the least, and you are losing much valuable time. We speak of cultivated minds men of culture—but where are the cultivated spirits? They are not a few. What is the secret of spiritual power in such men as Moody, Spurgeon and a host of other choice spirits.

"Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty glory in his might, let not the rich glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me." "Satan hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not." What eyes? The eyes of our understanding. Christ said to those who believed on Him, "Blessed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear."

Is that true of you? Do you know the Saviour's voice so that you can distinguish between it and the voice of a stranger? Christ says His sheep can. But many of us have ears that are dull of hearing and our eyes are closed.

What has that to do with missions? Much in every way. A Hindoo can reason about God just as acutely as you can; what he needs is the word of God and faith in it—faith that sees and hears and communes with God. If you know only the outward and physical you have nothing to tell the heathen. The word you bring may or may not be true—who can tell? It has not given you a seeing eye and a hearing ear, you can reveal nothing to another. But that is not all; in going to heathen lands to preach a living, personal, present Saviour, we wrestle not against flesh and blood; we wrestle against incorporeal principalities and powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against hosts of wicked spirits in heavenly places. The enemies arrayed against us are evil spirits and they are fighting for souls over whom they have long held sway. You are to win these from the kingdom of darkness, to open the blind eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan—a spirit—unto God, who also is a spirit. What hope is there for you if your spirit is asleep? "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

You need the spiritual vision that comes by faith ; and God will give it ; His children shall not walk in darkness.

Many years ago I was far away in the jungles of Siam. With me were two native preachers, two of the women who taught in our school and a school boy. We had also a Siamese Karen, a heathen whose elephant we had hired, and who knew the country we wished to traverse.

We found many Karen villages where no missionary had ever been. They were honest, upright people for the most part, hidden away in the dense jungles of those mountain ranges where the words of Christ had never come.

The forest was full of wild beasts and wilder men, but God was with us. We could not see the lurking dangers, but the angel of the Lord encamping round about us could see it all, and that was enough. We had nothing to fear from the Karens, but these mountains are infested with banditti who live by plunder and murder for a livelihood.

One evening we came to a Karen village and to our surprise they would not receive us, nor allow us to enter at all. It was totally against Karen custom, but they had no welcome for us. So we camped for the night just outside under the trees. The men cut down bamboos and made a platform on which the women put up a curtain and we arranged ourselves for the night.

The men slept on the hides which covered the elephant beneath the load it carried on the march, first building great fires which they kept burning all night to keep away the tigers.

An encampment with its bright blaze lighting up the great forest trees is a cheerful place, and we had several visitors that night. The Karens shut themselves up in their village but there were others, travellers apparently, who crowded round the fires and listened while we told them of Jesus. They did not tire of hearing, but the preachers grew tired of telling ; they had tramped a long way and had another march before them in the morning. So they lay down and went to sleep, but these men did not go away and while they would listen I talked, wondering why they stayed so long. At last I told them we had to leave early in the morning and I was so tired I would have

to rest. So they slowly moved off. To my surprise when I came to mount the little platform where we slept, I found several pariah dogs had chosen to sleep under it, and through the night again and again when there was any noise in the jungle they rushed out barking and so guarded us all night. Pariah dogs are much like rats in disposition, as bold to steal and as shrewd to run away, but this night they domesticated themselves and formed a body-guard in force.

With the early dawn we were away to a village where we thought we were sure of a cordial welcome. It was Saturday and we would spend Sunday with them. We reached there at noon, but they did not seem at all glad to see us. The chief, a white-haired old man, told us we were welcome to stay in a part of his house, but they all had to go away ; word had come from another village calling them to a council and they must all go, but would be back next day. So we settled ourselves for a rest at least, disappointed that we were to have no hearers.

Before the old man left, he went out and opened up a lime-kiln which was burning on the edge of the green around which the village was built. As I saw him do it, it came to me like a revelation that that kiln was opened up to bury us all in where no trace of us could ever be discovered.

The old man did it for that very purpose, and the word of the Lord came to me that I might pray and see His salvation.

A great horror of death came over me, and I told the Christians with me I was certain some terrible danger was impending and asked if there was anywhere we could flee. They answered, " Mamma, we are safest in the village, the Karens will not harm us, the forest is full of danger. Mamma is tired from walking so far, when she is rested she will not be afraid. Mamma has never been afraid when there was real danger, why is she afraid now ? "

So I said no more, but when we gathered on the green for our evening worship, just ourselves, not a heathen visible anywhere, only empty houses round us, a great burden lay on my spirit—and while they conducted the worship I poured out my soul in prayer. My mother would never know what had become of me, others would be hindered from coming there by

our mysterious fate, and I plead for God's salvation till the burden all passed away, and I rose from my knees sure my prayer was heard.

Just afterwards in the twilight we saw the Karens coming back. When the old man came slowly up the ladder into his house I said to him, "Grandfather, we are glad to see you back, we thought you would not be back till to-morrow." But the old man said "Humph!" and went silently out to his room. About eight in the evening we heard a noise of elephants trampling through the jungle. They stopped near the house and the men dismounted and tethered them with much noise, then came up into the house where we were. It was the same men I had been talking to the night before, but I did not recognize them.

They passed by us and went out to the old man's room and talked not in Karen which we could understand, but in another language—while they talked we went to sleep. About three in the morning I was awakened by their tramping past me on the springing floor. They got on their elephants and went away into the darkness.

Some eighteen months afterwards the chief of this village sent a man to us asking for a preacher to come and teach them, they wanted to be Christians. Then he told us how when we came before the dacoits had followed us. They had warned the villagers when we came Friday that they were going to kill us all for plunder; and the villagers, afraid of getting into trouble if anything happened to us in their village, had refused us admission. At the next village they had also been warned. They would not turn us out, but they left the village themselves so as not to be mixed up with the affair. The men on the elephants were the dacoits; when they came up into the house they asked the old chief whose side he was on. He said, "We are Karens, we cannot resist you. You are strong and we fear you. We all left the village at your bidding, but we were compelled to come back; we do not know why. If any harm comes to these strangers something terrible will happen to us. It cannot be hidden, God's vengeance will fall on us." The old man was a soothsayer, and they killed chickens for divination,

and tried many auguries while we slept a few feet away. The result was so alarming that those fierce bandits fled from the house and rode away for their lives; while all the villagers needed no more telling that our God lived; they had seen how He saved us, and they worshipped Him with trembling hearts. Many of those villagers are safe in glory now after earnest, active service in the church below.

I often yet remember how it seemed to me that the ministering angels about us were shuddering over the fate that awaited us that sunny afternoon in a pleasant valley among the Siamese hills. Then I recall the word of the Lord to Abraham —"Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?"

The Lord Jesus said to his disciples, "The servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

What purpose have I in telling all this? God talked with Moses "face to face, as a man talketh with his friend." But "God is no respecter of persons." He will talk thus with you if you will give Him the opportunity. "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace."

MRS. ARMSTRONG.

McMaster Hall, Toronto,
December 14th, 1899.

THE GREATNESS OF ROME.

When we trace the career of Roman conquest, when we see in various parts of Europe the old Roman roads and the remains of Roman buildings, when we read the works of Roman authors, when we discover that the Roman law lies at the foundation of many existing European codes, when we remember that our religion itself owes very much to the systematizing genius of Rome, we do not hesitate to claim for ancient Rome the attribute of greatness. It is not a difficult task to point out wherein that greatness consists. But it is not so easy to state the reasons for that greatness. What were the peculiar characteristics which enabled the Romans, first to conquer the civilized

world of antiquity, then to govern her conquests with more or less success for centuries, and finally to transmit to modern Europe a model of absolute rule, the influence of which still exists?

The growth of a nation results from the mutual action and reaction of national character, external history, and those institutions in which the national character and external history are consciously expressed. In the case of most nations the national character is the result of geographical environment and external history.

And in the case of Rome these important factors were not without influence. But the peculiarity of Rome is that, unless we are deceived by the traditional history and poetic musings of the Augustan Age, the old Roman character, both private and public, appears to us fully grown and developed, at the very beginning of her history. From the remotest time we find the position of the house-father defined by the term *patua potestas*, and the magistrate's power expressed by the term *imperium*. When a nation has gone the length of expressing the power of its ruler by the word *imperium*, and of conceiving that *imperium* as its own gift to the ruler, its constitution is in reality full grown. And such is Rome when her history opens. The process of growth, the series of events, of changes and struggles, which resulted in those two famous expressions, are lost beyond recovery. The secret of Roman greatness, the origin of that *constantia gravitasque* on which Cicero so loves to dwell as marking the best type of Roman character, lies buried in the immemorial past. The utmost we can do is to describe some of the ways in which the greatness of Rome expressed itself in her history, both external and internal.

The Romans were great in arms. Rome conquered the civilized world. Is there any period of history which can show a series of events to equal those of Roman history from the first Samnite war in 343 B.C. to the destruction of Carthage in 146 B.C. The self-control, the reverence for law, the orderly obedience of the citizens of the Latin plain, made Rome in two centuries the mistress of the world. So wonderful did that

career of conquest appear—and rightly so—to the Romans o Cicero's time, that the only adequate explanation was to refer it to the guiding hand of providence. One nation had been providentially formed to rule, all the rest had been providentially formed to be ruled, and that just at the proper time and in the proper order. This feature of Roman greatness—the greatness of the disciplined legion—persisted from the time of the Servian legislation almost to the overthrow of the western Empire. As the strength and discipline of the legion were tampered with, the Empire gradually decayed. From Camillus, the conqueror of Veii, to Aëtius, the conqueror of Attila, the Roman annals are illustrated by a long roll of famous soldiers. Emphatically the Romans were great in war.

The Romans were great in government. The first period of Roman history is the development of the city on the Palatine into the Rome of history and the extension of Roman Dominion in Latium. This period is marked by the political conflict between the king and the citizens. The result of that conflict is the abolition of kingship and the retention of the powers of the king with the limitation imposed by annual elections. The second period of Roman history is the gradual conquest or annexation of all Italy. This period is marked by the great conflict between the citizens and non-citizens. The result is the equalization of the orders and the extension of the citizen body—*civitas Romana*—so as to include all Latium and Sabinum, together with Southern Etruria and Northern Campania. It was in this great struggle that the political wisdom of Rome was so conspicuously shown. It was the augury of her future greatness. By her compromise on the demands of the plebeians she had avoided the danger which had proved fatal to all the city states of antiquity. Even Pericles, when Athens had reached the height of her fame, closed the door of admission to the citizen body, thereby dealing a fatal blow to Athenian aspirations. And in all the political changes which Rome underwent, she was eminently conservative. New institutions were developed, but old ones were not abolished. The *comitia centuriata* elected magistrates; the *comitia tributa* passed laws; the *comitia curiata* conferred the *imperium.*

The duties of the consuls were divided; but the full *imperium* was conferred upon each magistrate. The *populus Ronanus* elected magistrates with kingly powers, who acted under the advice of the Senate, which was composed of ex-magistrates, and thus formed an organ of government which never changed and never ended, and whose powers were all the greater from the circumstance that they were undefined. Perhaps there exists not in history a more competent organ of government than the Roman Senate. It is no wonder that the official designation of the Roman state bore the proud title of *Senatus populusque Romanus.* The next great struggle in Roman history was the inevitable result of the conquest of the world. The vast economic changes which that conquest produced, brought on that conflict between the masses of poverty and the classes of wealth, which ended in the establishment of the Empire, the union of the various powers of the state in the person of one ruler, and the submission of all to one master. There was a critical moment when it seemed not improbable that the great Republic might undergo the fate of Alexander's conquests and become the prey of warring proconsuls. The organisation of the Empire saved the nation without solving the question which poverty had raised. But the old forms of election were still maintained for some time; the names of the republican magistrates were still unaltered; the government was still in theory the government of the Senate and the people. The Empire was a political necessity. The position of Rome was lowered; but the provinces—the whole Empire—was admitted within the charmed circle of the Roman name and the Roman influence. Political progress had advanced to the farthest possible limit under the ancient theory of the state: a theory based upon the city as the national unit and upon slavery as the basis of industry. Pagan antiquity—Greece and Rome—could not produce the conditions upon which the modern state rests. And yet Rome was great in her methods of government.

Rome was great in law. And yet the Roman assemblies passed comparatively few laws, in the form of statutory enactments. But the power of the people conferred upon the prae-

tors was the source of an equitable jurisprudence which grew step by step with the progress of Roman dominion. Under the double influence of the conquest of the world and of the universal philosophy of the Stoics Roman law, through the successive labors of Imperial jurists assumed the massive structure of a universal code. By means of the Edict of Theodoric, the Breviary of Alaric, the Law of the Burgundians, and, above all, by means of the Justinian Code, the Roman law has become the law of Europe, and has had an influence not less extensive and not less abiding than its counterpart, the Roman religion.

Finally, Rome was great in her language; which was the adequate expression of the national character. Her mission in history was the acquisition of Empire, the development of political life, the working out of the idea of law. On every great Roman performance in politics, in literature, in engineering, was stamped a spirit of earnestness and energy, of practical sagacity and directness of purpose, of scrupulous thoroughness and vigorous execution. The Latin language has the same characteristics. It is the language of an imperial people: it is the language of command, of statesmen and warriors. Deficient perhaps for the purposes of abstract reasoning and for the spontaneous utterances of fancy, it possessed other qualities more useful for the governors of mankind. The Latin language is dignified and practical: it is forcible and nervous: above all, it is logical and clear. It is consequently unsurpassed for educational purposes. The greatest danger lay in its tendency to rhetoric, a tendency which the course of history has exaggerated in the modern forms which Latin has assumed, in Italian, in Spanish, in French.

In all practical directions the Roman character has the note of greatness, in war, in government, in law, in language. In each case we can trace the progress of that greatness, but in its origin that greatness was the possession, the immortal possession, of those obscure Ramvians, who first settled on the banks of the Tiber.

> " 'Tis thine, O Rome, to rule: this mission ne'er forego.
> Thine art, thy science this—to dictate to thy foe,
> To spare who yield submission, and bring the haughty low."

WILLIAM DALE.

A SEA-SONG OF THE SOUL.

I.

The sea, dear heart, our Pilot knows.
  Oh, trust to His guiding!
Our bark, as wild the cross-wind blows,
And treacherous are the underflows,
Or while the hurricane fiercer grows,
  In star-lit caves is hiding.

II.

Dear heart, our Pilot fears no waves,
  Oh, trust to His guiding!
With curling sheet the deep He braves,
And with the elements—His slaves,
Past frowning rocks and yawning caves,
  O'er charm-bound seas He's gliding.

III.

Our Pilot's name, dear heart, is Love.
  Oh, trust to His guiding!
A hand Divine in a human glove,
An eye that traces the Spirit Dove
To the sun-lit port of the realms above,
  In eternal peace abiding.

H. B.

LE PONT DU DIABLE—A LEGEND.

What shall I do to be forever known?
  Thy duty ever.

. . . . . .

While he who ever acts as conscience cries
  Shall live, though dead.

—SCHILLER.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a chilling frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.

—WOLSEY: *Henry VIII, Act iii, 2.*

The mayor of Fantaisie, a small French town on the western slopes of the Vosges, was evidently in a good humor. In his office, a dirty, dingy little room of the town hall (a name rather too dignified, I fear, for such a ramshackle structure), he might have been seen walking up and down with a springy step, nodding and smiling to himself, and rubbing his hands as does one who is conscious of having done or intending to do a good deed. If we had been there we could have heard him chuckling contentedly to himself and talking in a low voice as if engaged in conversation.

"Really now, it *is* a lucky thing for me that the spring freshets carried away that bridge. Lucky? I am sure of it. Why, now I have an opportunity of showing my philanthropic spirit. The town must have a bridge, but can't afford a new one. Therefore I (he dwelt affectionately on the pronoun) being the richest man in the town, and desiring as I do to confer a benefit upon my native place, must take upon myself the responsibility of providing it. Such an action will be commended not only by the townspeople but also by those outsiders who really can appreciate such philanthropy and the self-sacrifice it entails. Future generations will read of me in the town annals as the good Monsieur Fieffé, the philanthropist. Yes, I will be famous . . . . famous."

Overcome by his excessive emotion the mayor sat down in a large arm-chair standing in front of a rickety old table improvised as the official desk. Seated therein, or rather, half reclining, he contemplated in ecstatic rapture his fame, practically achieved as he believed.

The chain of his fond conceits was rudely and abruptly broken by the sudden opening of the door. In stepped a stranger. Though it was the latter part of March, he was clothed in a heavy fur coat reaching almost to his feet, which were, by the way, extraordinarily elongated and pointed. A large collar on the coat and a fur cap so muffled his head that all one could detect was a pair of fine flashing eyes. His hands were covered with thick mittens of the same material as the coat and cap. He remained standing, his eyes intent on the mayor.

This august personage, who had by this time recovered his official austerity and dignity, jumped up and said angrily :

" Do you know who I am ? I am Monsieur Fieffé, mayor of this town of Fantaisie in the department of Meurthe. How dare you enter into my presence without a formal introduction ? "

The stranger, unruffled in temper and without shifting his position or altering his piercing gaze, calmly, yet tauntingly, replied :

" Do you know who I am ? My name is Legion."

" Well then, Monsieur Legion, before you venture to address me further, you must procure some burgher of my acquaintance to formally introduce you to me, his Worship, the Mayor." He assumed during the delivery of this command an arrogance worthy of an English lord.

" Not so fast, your Worship," the other retorted sneeringly. " I also am a mayor ; have been for some time since, and expect to be for some time to come."

" Ah, indeed," replied Monsieur Fieffé, beginning to feel softened towards a brother mayor, but retaining a trace of haughtiness in his tone, inquired,

" Of what town ? "

" Of the city of Dis, a wealthy and prosperous place, and whose population is still rapidly increasing." He trembled as if a cold shiver ran up his back.

" Pardon my rudeness, pray, towards one of your rank. You, no doubt, holding an office similar to mine, understand why I so insisted on a formal introduction. Really, you know one must protect himself from the intrusion of so many importunate visitors as we would have otherwise. You practice, I dare say, the same plan ? "

" On the contrary, I invite everybody indiscriminately into my office." He shivered again, this time evidently from cold.

" Are you chilly, Monsieur Legion ? If so, come over to the window, and stand in the rays of the sun. Great thing, that, to warm one up."

" No, thank you. I can't stand such a bright light. It dazzles me. In fact, I much prefer darkness to light. Now

that you speak of it, I am somewhat chilly in spite of my furs. Cold climate, this. I am accustomed to a much warmer one. By the way, I don't like to be called Monsieur Legion. It sounds vulgar to my aristocratic ear." Here, he mimicked the arrogant posture previously assumed by the mayor, and continued as he grinned sardonically and triumphantly; "Address me as 'Your Majesty,' for you see before you, the King of the Nether Lands, Prince of Erebus, Duke of Hades, Earl of Orcus, Admiral of the squadron of the Styx, and Lord Mayor of Dis."

Our poor little Mayor, now thoroughly humiliated and frightened in the presence of royalty, stammered with great difficulty:

"I have——never——had the pleasure——the pleasure of visiting——."

"My country, eh? Well, rest assured that you'll pay a lengthy visit there some day. I pledge my word that you'll have a hot time." Suddenly after this utterance, His Majesty, (as we will now term him), banished the grin from his face and said in a suave business-like way that reassured somewhat the trembling mayor:

"Come, let's get down to business. I came here to see you about a bridge. Though we do not use such things in our country, I know a lot about them. Having read in my government organ, 'The Daily Inferno," of the predicament lately befallen your town, I have ventured to offer my services in providing for the speedy construction of a new bridge."

"Don't use bridges in your country? What, then?" interrupted Monsieur Fieffé.

"Ferries. Have used them from time immemorial. You see, we have a good reliable ferryman, Charon by name, who makes the ferry pay well. Lots of passengers at an obol a head. Plenty of revenue. But let's return to the business on hand. See here. I have a proposal to make." He handed a slip of paper to the mayor, who then read aloud substantially these words:

"I hereby guarantee to construct within one night from date of signing, a single-span stone bridge across the river running through the town of Fantaisie, department of Meurthe, on

the following condition,—that the first animal other than the mayor to cross the bridge be given to me as a permanent gift."

Monsieur was in a dilemma. Here was a chance to see a wonderful feat in construction, but at what an expense—his eternal fame. (His philanthropic feelings on which he had plumed himself had totally vanished). There was a great debate going on in his mind as to which course was preferable.

His Majesty interrupted him curtly. "I divine your thoughts. Following your generous nature you have intended to give a new bridge to the town of which you are the worthy head. I commend the intention. Thereby you gain great fame. If you accede to my proposal, you lose it. I understand the quandary you are in. But come, lay business aside for a few moments and accompany me in a short stroll by the river-side May I offer you my arm ?"

In five minutes they were standing on the river bank, which was at that point about twenty feet high and overlooked a still, deep pool of clear, spring water from the mountains. The king renewed the conversation.

"You believe that if you adhere to your intention you will obtain fame. Watch the effect of this pebble on the water below us. See those concentric rings. They commence from one point, and spread, and spread, and spread, and then where are they ? Gone ? Where ? No one knows. That's fame. Again, listen closely after I halloo. Hear the echoes repeating one another among the hills, some loud as if applauding, some low as if murmuring ? Now, do you hear a sound ? Has it also gone? Where ? Nobody knows. That also is fame. Consider ; if you follow my plan you'll escape the expense and trouble of building a new bridge, and likewise the worry attendant on that circle in the water, that echo, fame."

But Monsieur did not intend to relax his hold on renown so easily, even at the instance of such strong and importunate persuasion.

"Well," continued the same speaker, "I see you are determined. So am I. Let's compromise. Tell the townspeople that you yourself built the bridge, though they may wonder that you could do it in so short a time, and grant to me the pro-

viso attached to the proposal. In short, you will reap the credit of my labor. A bargain? Eh?"

The offer was greedily accepted by the mayor, and the bargain closed by the signing of the document mentioned above. Much elated by the great hope of immediate renown, the ambitious little man actually formulated in his mind the plans for the opening ceremonies on the morrow. A cordial invitation was extended to His Majesty to be present at two o'clock sharp and receive, according to the stipulation, the first animal to cross the bridge. The two men then separated.

The mayor walked homewards in high glee. His chuckling could be heard almost across the street. Occasionally his face would assume a serious look and his lips would move as if he were reasoning out a plan. Suddenly he would burst out into loud, gleeful laughter. What could his thoughts be? Substantially they were these:

"This king stipulates that he shall have the first animal other than myself, that crosses the bridge. Now, I have a pretty daughter Antoinette, and she, of course, is an animal. Therefore, it behooves me to so arrange matters that Antoinette crosses first. Then, to cap my fame, I'll be the father of a queen." He never stopped to think that perhaps the king already had a queen.

On the other hand, if at that moment we had been near enough to the monarch referred to, we could have heard his utterances.

"Ha! Ha! Just what I wanted. By Nemesis! I swear she'd make a jolly good Fate! I've been thinking a long time of making an additional one. Three aren't enough. Let's see. How'd it sound? Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos, and Antoinette, four Fates. The French doesn't harmonize well with the Greek. What's a good Greek name? Now I have it. Adrasteia, the Irresistible. That's what we want. Isn't it, Cerberus?" With that he gave the dog such a slap on the left flank that the noise of it reverberated again and again along the cliffs of Acheron, and so startled Charon that he lost a stroke or two as he plied his trade and oar on the waters of the Styx. Cerberus, quite accustomed to such violent usage, merely wagged his tail and scratched his flank with his left hand paw.

Next morning when the burghers of Fantaisie went out into the town, lo! behold! a brand new bridge spanned the river. Such a nice bridge, too! The youths and maidens admired it, for its parapet was low and wide enough to allow at least two people to sit both safely and comfortably upon it—a fine seat for a moonlight night. The older people admired it because it was just the thing wanted to make the town boom. They prophesied increasing prosperity to the whole community. Everybody, old and young, praised the mayor, who pompously and unblushingly informed them that he was the generous donator and constructor of the bridge. He forbade anyone crossing before the formal opening and dedication had taken place. The whole town was so wrapt in admiration of the gift, that all wonder as to its mysteriously rapid construction was excluded from their thoughts.

Promptly at two, the populace assembled at the bridge, each half of the town being on their own side of the stream. The officious little mayor crossed from his side to the other and took his station beside the parish priest who was to read the dedicatory service. Suddenly "His Majesty" was seen standing by them both. Whence and how he came nobody knew.

The priest was on the point of commencing the service when Monsieur Fieffé stopped him, and beckoned to someone across the river. Instantly from out the opposite throng, there stepped forth a beautiful brunette of about eighteen. It was Antoinette. She came slowly toward her father. Her pet dog gamboled and leaped about her in great glee. His Majesty's look became increasingly eager as the girl came nearer and nearer. She was almost across now. Ten more paces, her father thought, would make her a queen. The same number, the other thought, would make her a Fate. Five more paces; four, three, two, and the King of the Nether Lands extended his arms to receive her into fatedom; but—the dog as if moved by a sudden impulse, sprang past her.

Instanter, the king grabbed the dog by the tail, swung him around his head as a professional hammer-thrower swings his hammer, and dashed the poor brute with such force against the pavement of the bridge, that a yawning hole was made

from parapet to parapet. As the dog went through the pavement, the individual who hurled him with a frenzied scream of rage, threw himself after the dog, and disappeared amid fire and fumes of smoke.

The terror-stricken spectators looked askance at one another and murmured, "Le diable, le diable." For a few seconds there was absolute silence. Then gradually the people began to engage in low-toned conversation. Little by little their voices became louder, their conversation more earnest and vehement, and their gesticulations more animated and wilder, until they all as with one voice cried out, as they rushed toward the mayor; "A bas le maire. Down with the mayor. He's in collusion with the devil. A bas le maire."

Their intended victim who had already divested himself of his official dignity, perceived his danger, and instantly fled at full speed southward along the river bank. The mob followed him closely. On and on he ran, up hill and along valley, across brooks and through swamps, till he had distanced all his pursuers. We presume he stopped sometime and somewhere,—but when and where nobody knows and nobody cares.

The bridge, now known throughout the department as "Le pont du diable," still stands. The gaping hole remains unrepaired, which naturally unfits the bridge for use. But it still has a purpose to fulfil; for, when any youth or maiden of the town evinces an inordinate desire for worldly fame, the older burghers still point a moral with the tale of "The Devil's Bridge."

Editorial Notes.

The Monthly and all identified with its management are grateful for the words of commendation which have come from time to time from various sources. It is always an inspiration to know that our earnest endeavors are being appreciated by those whose good opinion we esteem. To all such we promise that for the future no effort will be spared to keep up the standard of articles from month to month. We are, in fact, now able to promise articles for the coming issue from some of the ablest pens in the denomination.

The American Historical Association is one of the most useful institutions of the sort within our knowledge. It is receiving the co-operation of historical scholars in research work, is taking measures for the discovering and editing of all unpublished documentary material of importance, is promoting better methods of historical instruction in schools and colleges, and in general is giving to historical studies an increasing prominence and importance. It is under the fostering wing of the United States Government, which publishes in a handsome bound volume of over 1,000 8vo. pages its Annual Report, consisting of essays and monographs by leading historical scholars on a great variety of themes. The amalgamation of the American Society of Church History with this Association is recognized by the maintainance of a Church History Section, which participates in the annual meeting, and whose papers are published in the Report. Membership is open to all who may be nominated by existing members, and against whom no objection is raised, on the payment of $3, the amount of the annual fee. This payment entitles each member to the Annual Report, easily worth $5, and to the numbers of the *American Historical Review* (quarterly), a superb publication, the subscription price of which is $4.00 a year. Our historical students in the University and out of it should all secure membership in this great Association, which now has on its roll more than 1,400 names, including those of the most eminent historical specialists in America. Professor Newman would receive applications for membership.

One of the most notable features of the closing century has been the growth of the cosmopolitan spirit among all classes. It may be somewhat difficult to define this spirit in its fullest meaning, for it is

something almost as free as the air itself, refusing to be confined within the narrow limits of phraseology. A great philosopher over three centuries ago evidently had this in mind when he wrote, "If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them." Such a man is cosmopolitan in his attitude towards all nationalities, not only in treating them with due respect, but also in sympathizing with their beliefs and customs. This is the spirit which is everywhere manifesting itself in the world to-day; with the liberalizing tendencies of learning men have everywhere become cosmopolitan in their ideas and sympathies, and race prejudice, narrow sectarianism, and dogmatic conceit are "silently folding their tents and as silently stealing away." Because of this spirit the peoples of the West have stretched forth their hands to lift the nations of the East to a higher plane of activity; because of it the Anglo-Saxon race has sought to scatter everywhere the seeds of a higher civilization; and because of it Britain is to-day dying red the African veldt with the life blood of her sons. The cosmopolitan spirit everywhere recognizes liberty and equality; it gives a man that "magnificence of mind" which makes him "a spectator of all time"; and is in truth the essence of the teaching the Master taught some nineteen hundred years ago among the olive groves about Jerusalem, and upon the sunny vine-clad slopes of Judea.

THE *University of Ottawa Review* finds fault with an article on "Truth-speaking" published in our November number, especially with the sentences that reflect on the truth-speaking quality of the Roman Catholic Church. The critic is inclined to question the sufficiency and the accuracy of the information of the writer of the article, and even to doubt whether he has consulted any Roman Catholic works on theology and ethics at all. The writer of our article begs leave to inform his critics that he is abundantly supplied with the most authoritative Roman Catholic works in the most indisputably authentic editions. Besides the great Patrology of Migne, he has access to Roman Catholic editions of the works of Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Occam, Nicolas de Clemangis, Bellarmin, Gerson, Liguori, Perrone; to the great work on Moral Theology by De Cardenas, Raynaudus, De Murcia, Becanus, Bucellus Venetianus, Tamburinus, and many others. The writer of our article has in his possession a set of early Jesuit works that in all probability could not be duplicated in Canada or in

America, comprising "Constitutions of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1583); "Rules of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1616); "Ordinances of the General Officials" (Rome, 1606); "Canons of the General Congregations of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1606); "Instructions and Ordinances common to the whole Society, to the Provincials and Superiors thereof" (Naples, 1609); "Decrees of the General Congregations of the Society of Jesus" (Rome, 1615); and "Letters Apostolic in which are contained the Institution, Confirmation and Various Privileges of the Society of Jesus" (Antwerp, 1635.) This set of Jesuit works bears on the title pages of the various volumes the library mark (in manuscript) of the Munich Jesuit College, which, during the Thirty Years' War (when these volumes were entered), was the headquarters of Jesuit work for the German Empire. Besides these works the writer has in his possession a large body of modern works on the Jesuits and the great work of Dôllinger and Reusch on the "History of the Moral Controversies in the Roman Catholic Church," which treats exhaustively the whole subject of casuistry. The writer of our article, though he has faults enough and to spare, has never before been accused of lack of information on the subjects on which he writes or of contenting himself with mere cheap, second-hand information.

The writer begs leave to submit the following proposition to the editors of *The University of Ottawa Review*: If the editors of the *Review* will agree to publish a certain number of pages (the more the better) of authentic extracts from Roman Catholic literature bearing upon the obligation of Christians to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the writer undertakes to furnish the extracts in the original Latin, accompanied by literal translations.

There are many other points of ethics besides truth-speaking in which Roman Catholic writers fall very far short of the Protestant standard, and which modern Catholics and Protestants alike would do well to inform themselves about more accurately. The materials are at hand in great abundance for the exposition of every phase of the subject of Moral Theology. The writer would be delighted at any time to exhibit his Roman Catholic literary treasures to any intelligent Roman Catholic that may be interested in such works.—A. H. N.

We have received for notice the eighth number of the *Educational Review Supplementary Readings on Canadian History*. Four further numbers will complete this series. The topics selected are in each case concerned with matters of considerable interest, and the names of

the writers are a sufficient guarantee that the articles are critically exact in their statements and up-to-date in research. Sir John Bourinot writes on "The Siege of Louisbourg in 1758;" Dr. James Hannay, on "Villebon and Fort Nashwaak;" Lieut.-Col. Cruikshank, on "The Early Postal Service in British North America;" Dr. W. F. Ganong, on "The New England Movement to Nova Scotia;" Rev. W. O. Raymond, on "Gen. Campbell's Muster," and Capt. G. E. Thatcher, of Louisiana, on "The Acadian Land in Louisiana." These papers are intended primarily to aid teachers of Canadian history by way of supplementing the text-books; but they will prove interesting to any intelligent reader. The price is 10 cents for a single number or $1 for the twelve. Address, G. U. Hay, St. John, N.B.

THE Christmas number of *Acta Victoriana* is certainly deserving of especial mention. We congratulate the editors upon their manifest ability in the production of such a number—of course the evident criticism from the conservative standpoint would be that the editor had exceeded the traditional bounds of college journalism. But in this age of enlarged vision and changing ideals we are bound to admire the man, who even though he break with the past, in response to an enlarged outlook puts forth effort and succeeds in the realization of a changed ideal. Certainly he is more deserving of admiration than one content with failure even to fill the old moulds. We wish the editor of *Acta Victoriana* every success.

Book Reviews.

THE TEACHING OF THE BOOKS.*

This N. T. volume combines introduction and biblical theology. The Introduction to the Books is the work of Mr. Willett, their spiritual teachings are summed up by Mr. Campbell. The latter occupies about three-fourths of the space, and so warrants the title. The introduction shows acquaintance with the most recent scholarship on the subject. The synoptic problem is solved by regarding Peter as the source of an oral gospel which was subsequently written down by Mark. Our Matthew is regarded as a combination of the Petrine

*The Teaching of the Books. By Herbert L. Willett and James M. Campbell: pp. 337; price, $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Company.

narrative and an Aramaic collection, chiefly of the discourses of Jesus made by Matthew shortly before leaving Jerusalem. Whether Matthew is the author of the gospel as we now have it or not, is left undecided. Luke makes free use in a historian's fashion of both of them. John is accepted as the author of the fourth gospel, as well as of the Apocalypse. Apollos is favored as the author of Hebrews. James is given the early date; so is the Apocalypse. In general, though Mr. Willett is perfectly free in his criticism, and makes statements that belittle the supernatural in the Bible, he accepts most of the commonly received views as to dates and authorship. His work is usually clear, scholarly sober.

Mr. Campbell had the more difficult task, and his work will more frequently challenge criticism. It would be strange if it were not open to it. There are marks of carelessness in quoting or referring to Scripture passages. Such are the references to Luke x. 1 (p. 66) and John i. 14 (p. 76). It seems scarcely the fact that the words "without controversy" (1 Tim. i. 16) refer to the general acceptance of the awful statement following. They rather refer to the one statement "great is the mystery of godliness." (These are matters of judgment on which one must take issue.) More serious, however, are his wrong views of propitiation (pp. 126, 154, 305), in which he denies the Godward side even in the face of Rom. vii. of predestination, his aversion to which leads him to translate Acts xiii. 48, "As many as set themselves in order to eternal life, being determined, and obtain it—believed"; and of baptism, to which on page 238 he seems to attach some sort of efficacy. But perhaps the teachings which would call forth the most dissent are those touching the Second Coming and the Resurrection. Naturally enough these are found scattered through the volume, and it is not easy to be sure of what he does teach. The Second Advent took place either at Pentecost, on the coming of the Holy Spirit, or about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, which, at any rate, was a sign of it.

He would always translate *παρουσία* by presence. So he explains John's omission (in his gospel) of Christ's eschatological discourses by the fact that when John wrote they had already passed into history. It must be confessed that he thus gets a simple explanation of the hour referred to in 1 John ii. 8, 19. But it does seem to us that this is a capital illustration of allowing a half-truth to run away with one's judgment. The view surely does violence to such a clear passage as Acts i. 11, to which no reference is made, and it involves

regarding the future tenses employed, *e.g.*, in 1 Thess. iv. 14-17 ; Col. 3, 4 ; and Heb. ix. 28, as referring to a time now long past. We believe that the overthrow of Jerusalem was a coming of the Lord. But surely the ordinary reader of the Bible will get the impression that just as Jesus actually came once and was visible to men, so He will come visibly again, and that that glorious personal return marks the consummation of all His people's hopes and the overthrow of all hostile powers.

As to the resurrection, Mr. Campbell seems to say that it takes place at death. He says (p. 147) "The resurrection body is evolved from within. It grows within the mortal body, from which it emerges at death ; it grows out of the spiritual life as a flower grows out of a seed," That fits in with his view of the coming, but does not fit in with our ordinary view which has pretty clear support in 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

May we venture another criticism ? The author makes a mistake to which we are all prone. It is so easy to make broad statements about the general character of a book, and then pick out proof texts. Mr. Campbell, for example, declares that Luke gives "a broad interpretation of the law's requirement," and quotes Luke vi. 9 as proof. But Mark and even Matthew have the same statement.

There are a number of passages where we would not care to follow the exegesis of the author, but these must be omitted.

Having said so much by way of criticism, we gladly pass to words of commendation. Mr. Campbell is a wide-awake student of the New Testament. His summaries of the teachings of the various books are often exceedingly good. Even a rapid reading will suggest to the preacher many topics for sermons. The book reads well. Many striking expressions are scattered through it. On many much-disputed passages he gives what seems to us the true interpretation, *e.g.*, 1 Pet. i. 16, 21.

The whole work gives a fresh, concise and vigorous compendium of the teachings of the New Testament.

J. H. F.

College News.

EDITORS { MISS MCLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

INTERESTED FRIEND—"Say, old fellow, I hear you have been called to three different churches?"

Dejected Theolog.—"Yes, but they're all on the same field."

A FRESHMAN complained of getting too much advice from a certain senior. "Isn't it sound advice?" "Yes, mostly sound."

"Say, boys, I heard a one-armed preacher last Sunday!"
"Yes? How'd you like him?"
"Oh, very well—he had a rather off-handed manner."

CHRISTMAS DINNER.—The annual Christmas Dinner of the students was held at 1 30 on Dec. 21st. The gaily decorated dining-hall and tables welcomed not only the students but also the Faculty, the Senate, the Board of Governors, representatives of sister institutions, and many prominent business men of the city. After full justice had been done to a repast served up a la Delmonico, Mr. Grigg, the chairman, began the toast list by proposing "Queen and Country." In reply, the National Anthem was sung. "McMaster University" was next proposed by A. G. Baker, being replied to by Dr. J. Ten Broeke. Frank N. Goble proposed the toast to "Sister Institutions." The representatives responded, each bearing the good wishes of the college he represented. In his original and witty manner E. E. Wood did honor to the learned professions which were well represented in reply by Mr. G. W. Holmes, B.A. The praises of the ladies were then extolled by G. H. Grant in a neat speech which brought the proceedings to a close. Remarks on the success of the dinner were everywhere heard, and everyone agreed that the motto on the handsome menu card was very appropriate—"I'm here to have a good time and money ain't no object."

CENTURY RALLY.—The evening of Friday, January 12th, will ever be remembered as the occasion of the fourth and last annual rally of Century Class, which was held at the home of Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace, whose hospitality Century has now twice enjoyed. After the first half hour of introductions and filling out the pretty programmes designed by Century's own artist, Mr. Glen H. Campbell, the different topics of conversation and amusement were proceeded with. In the midst of all this the President, Mr. D. Wesley Gunn, spoke of the varied experiences of the class, and Professor Willmot as Honorary President referred to the class as "the best and greatest of the century." The Chancellor then responded to the President's words of

appreciation of Mrs. Wallace's kindness, after which all were very glad to hear Mr. Brownlee's voice once more in our midst after his serious illness. When the dainty refreshments had been served and patriotic songs sung for "the soldiers of the Queen," a most enjoyable time was brought to a close with "Auld Lang Syne." "Now go we in content" said all, and departed feeling satisfied that if it was Century's last rally it had undoubtedly been its best.

Literary Society.—The officers of the Lit. for the fall term are to be congratulated upon the very successful series of meetings held under their direction. The last of these took place on December 19th, when the chapel was crowded with an enthusiastic audience who had assembled to hear "The Student" read. The paper was ably edited by Messrs. E. E. Wood, '00, and A. J. Saunders, who read their respective parts. These numbers were unusually brilliant, the follies of the students in general and of some in particular being touched off with unoffending good humor, and, to quote from the paper, "Honors were impartially distributed." During the evening Mr. J. K. McLean, '03, delighted the audience with one of his well-known humorous selections which was rendered in a very effective manner. The musical part of the programme consisted of a piano duet by Misses Gile and McLay of Century Class, and a vocal solo by Miss Lick, a former member of '01, both of which were well received.

Literary and Scientific Society.—On January 8th, the Lit. met for organization and election of officers. Following the usual custom, about 6.45 the candidates mounted the stairs in turn and cheered by encouragement from supporters above and supporters below gave in brief but pointed remarks their idea of the merits of the society and of the most effective manner of management. Then candidates and students resorted to the chapel which was soon a scene of very great enthusiasm. Vice-president J. A. Macdonald occupied the chair. The ballot was cast for president and resulted in favor of Mr. J. A. Faulkner, who donned the gown midst lively applause. The following officers were then elected: 1st Vice-Pres., A. T. McNeil; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Dryden; Sec.-Treas., H. S. Arkell; Cor.-Sec., J. J. Nicole; Editor-in-Chief of "Student," J. Cornwall; Assistant Editors, Miss Parlin and P. E. Baker; Auditors for Treas Book, E. E Wood and H. E. Jordan; Councillors, Miss Gile, C. C. Lumley, T. H. Cornish, A. B. Cohoe, B.A, A. L. Huddlestone. Under this efficient staff of officers the society looks forward to a successful term's work.

Tennysonian Society.—The elections of officers for the Tennysonian Society for the Spring term were held in the chapel on January 10th. There was a large attendance; Mr. Meldrum, the President, occupying the chair. After exciting contests the following staff of officers was elected: President, A. L. Huddlestone; Vice-Pres., Miss M. C. Blackadar; Sec.-Treas., C. A. Grant; Councillors, C. C. Lumley and S. A. Buckborough; Editors of "The Argosy," E. J. Tarr and

W. Pearce. The meetings during the Fall term were very interesting and well attended, and the aim of the new officers is to make them, if possible, even better during the present one.

One is almost startled in reading the list of McMaster men, who have recently joined the noble army of Benedicts, no fewer than five having enlisted within a month's time. The Monthly extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Messrs. Geo. Simmons, Will Riggs, Walter Daniel, John McLennan and David Bovington.

Friday, January 19th, was gala day with the Freshmen. This was the occasion of their first rally, when Dr. and Mrs. Newman threw open their home to Year '03. The first part of the evening was given up to an advertisement party, which proved to be one of particular interest. Then the President, T. T. McEwen, in a few well chosen remarks, introduced Dr. Smith, Honorary President of the Year. The Doctor responded in a neat address. The Class History was ably edited and read by the historian, Miss Parlin. The class orator, Mr. J. N. McLean, then gave an interesting address on the 4th of July at Koochiching. After this a hearty vote of thanks was extended to Dr. and Mrs. Newman; Miss Wallace, the Vice President, presenting them with a lovely bouquet. Refreshments were then served, and a very enjoyable evening was ended by the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

The old dining hall of McMaster witnessed another cheerful and enlivening event on the evening of Jan. 18th, when Mrs. Pritchard, our genial matron, gave her annual oyster supper to the "Royal Society of Sunday Bed-Makers." The usual concomitants of such a supper were not lacking; Mr. Perrin Baker proposed the toast to our hostess, pointing out a few of the many qualities which render Mrs. Pritchard so dear to the boys. Mrs. Pritchard replied in a pleasing manner, and an enthusiastic burst of song, "She's a jolly good fellow," showed the general participation in the views Mr. Baker had expressed. Then came the toast proposed by Mr. Laflair to the young ladies who do such effective service in the dining hall about meal time. High Kakiak Grigg then arose and in that pleasing style of his, thanked Mrs Pritchard for her many kindnesses to the boys, and, as the two Vice-Kakiaks, Messrs. Wood and Foster, presented a large and beautiful jardinere, asked her to accept a small token of the students' high regard for her. A little later, after singing "God save the Queen," the company adjourned, well satisfied with oyster suppers in general, and this one in particular.

Founder's Night this year was one of the best ever enjoyed by McMaster students. A large crowd taxed the utmost capacity of the dining hall at 8 o'clock to listen to an address from Rev. Josh. Denovan. Chancellor Wallace, before introducing Mr. Denovan, referred to the munificence of Senator McMaster; but he spoke also of the generous gifts coming in now for the Forward Movement, and

of the beneficent result this movement must have by bringing our University into closer touch with the denomination. The address of Mr. Denovan largely consisted of interesting reminiscences of Senator McMaster and the founding of this University. After these addresses the room was vacated and once again filled with eager listeners to a musical entertainment which delighted all. Meanwhile, however, inviting strains were heard from the orchestra on the second floor, and amid the hum of happy conversation and the ripple of merry laughter the promenades began. Many a beaming student remarked that he had never seen the Hall look so pretty before, nor had he ever found so much pleasure in ascending and descending the oft-used stairways. In the darkened Chapel the stereopticon lantern flashed forth numerous scenes from the seat of the present deadly conflict in South Africa. The Hall itself looked very pretty in its gala attire of bunting and evergreens. Some of the students' rooms were thrown open, and rendezvous were provided by each class decorating and furnishing a room, in which work the deft skill of the University ladies was plainly apparent. About midnight the last strains of music died away, and all was still again, as Founder's Day of 1899 became a matter of history.

We announce Mr. Brownlee's return to a good measure of health and strength with gladness as great as was our sorrow at speaking of his serious illness in a previous number. On the evening of Jan. 11, Mr. Brownlee made his first appearance in McMaster, after a long and doubtful fight with Typhoid ; and to say that he was heartily welcomed back is to express the warmth of his reception in very cold terms. Truly, it was an occasion of unbounded enthusiasm and hilarity. After a round of handshaking and congratulations, it was arranged to gather later in the evening for a general jollification, as the most adequate possible expression of feelings of gladness and gratitude for a friend's recovery. At the appointed hour even the inveterate "pluggers" abandoned their books, consoling themselves with the Roman bar'ds wise words, "*Dulce est, desipere in loco.*" All the non-resident students within reach had been notified of the celebration, and a merry crowd it was that gathered about ten o'clock in the corridor of an upper flat. The entertainment that followed baffles adequate description ; those will best understand who have once participated in similar festivities. After speeches, songs, recitations, and other impromptu performances suitable to the occasion had somewhat relieved the tension of pent-up jolly spirits, refreshments, such as are dear to a student's heart—and palate—were served, perhaps not *à la mode*, but to the satisfaction of all present. And then, after singing, "Thy Praises, McMaster," "The Soldiers of the Queen," and the National Anthem as a final expression of the spirit of the meeting, all departed their several ways, pronouncing it the best "howl" they had ever participated in.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS EDITH OLIVER,
MISS EDITH MCGREGOR.

A LARGE number of students, a strong curriculum, enthusiastic teachers, a good course of lectures, and pleasant, home-like surroundings, are a few of the things which go to make up a successful college year; and our Christmas entertainment was a fitting close to such a term.

The programme was in itself conclusive evidence that what Moulton girls do, they do with a will. The opening number was a piano solo by Miss Maude Shroope, after which Miss Bertha Cassidy gave an amusing recitation, "The Day o' Judgment." One of the Physical Culture Classes gave a series of exercises in Swedish and Delsarte movement, and this was followed by a vocal number, "Hosanna," by Miss Lillian Mihell. Two other drills, a dumb-bell drill and a tambourine drill, were given. The latter, by Miss Margaret McDonald and Miss Lulu Eastman, was particularly graceful. A reading, "The Bairnies' Christmas Giftie," was given by Miss Lillian Senior, who showed marked ability in the reading of Scotch dialect. The dialogue "Six Cups of Chocolate," given by the members of the Fourth Year, was much enjoyed. A piano solo by Miss Mihell, and a tableau "The Lotus-Eaters," brought the programme to a close. After singing the college song, a few moments were spent in conversation with friends, and then the girls went down to the dining-room where a pleasant surprise had been provided by the Faculty, and coffee, cake and ice-cream put the finishing touch to a very enjoyable evening.

WE extend a cordial welcome to Miss Duncan and Miss Speller, two of our "old" girls, as well as to the large number of new students who have come among us.

THE fourth lecture of our course was given on the evening of the 12th, by Dr. Caven of Knox College.

Dr. Welton of McMaster University presided. Dr. Caven gave us a "talk" on Jerusalem, which was both interesting and instructive. His very graphic descriptions presented clearly to our minds the plan and surroundings of that famous eastern city. Many of the incidents he related in connection with the superstitious beliefs of the Jews were very amusing. After the lecture, half an hour was very pleasantly spent with friends in the drawing-room.

MOULTON'S rink is not. No one, however, can blame the students, for they talked themselves hoarse, held enthusiastic meetings, decided and re-decided the admission fee, appointed collectors, and even went so far as to wring from innocent freshies and wiser ancients the sum of twenty dollars—yet that did not bring the rink. After a

few days, boards, marking its dimensions were placed, and then, wonder of wonders, a man appeared! Yes, a man actually did appear and, moreover, he was not an ordinary man, but held a few feet of half-inch hose with which he proceeded to flood the immense area of Moulton's rink-to-be. Alas, this phenomenon did not last long. Whether it was the sight of fifty eager, girlish faces watching him at his work, or the work itself, that caused his disappearance will never be known, but he has never been seen or heard of since; and the rink, Moulton's famous rink, lies cold and forbidding under its sheet of crusted snow.

On Monday evening last, a business meeting of the Heliconian Society was held. It was most enthusiastic, the rivalry existing between the different years was shown by the girls cheering the efforts of others who were endeavoring to put in office their class-mates.

Excitement reached almost fever heat and it was with great difficulty that the President maintained order. Of course utter impartiality was shown, resulting as follows: Pres., Miss M. Younie; Vice-Pres., Miss McLaurier; Secretary, Miss E. Vaux; Treasurer, Miss J. Grobb; Executive, Misses Brown, Stewart, Mihell, McDonald; Chief Editor, Miss R. Duncan; Sub Editors, Misses Baird, Annable, Fairchild; Correspondents for McMaster Monthly, Misses Oliver and McGregor.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editors { S. R. Tarr, M.A.
Frank Beddow.

Returned from the holidays, the school is at it again with new vim and with the largest attendance in many years. This is the "home stretch" with many of us and we feel that every weight should be laid aside, especially the laziness that does so easily beset the student.

The societies have organized again for a new period. The oratory of all new comers has been put through the time honored test of "maiden speeches night" and now we have settled down for steady work. We expect good things of our Philomat this term. The initial programme given Friday night, Jan. 12th, was declared by several to have been the best contributed for some time. One feature was some twenty minutes of very comical antics and noises by a "German Band" made up of members, musical and not musical, of the society. Contrasting with this "intellectual" treat was a fine paper by Mr. Ralph Hartley, on the late Hon W. E. Gladstone. The "Oracle" was read by the Editor. Officers for the winter term are as follows:—Philomat—President, W. E. Matthews; Vice Pres., Geo. Stevens; Secy. and Treas., J. B. McArthur; Editor of "Oracle," F. S. Beddow; Assistant Editor, J. M. Howell; Marshall, W. C. Riddiford;

Critic, Mr. Russell. EXCELSIOR—President, Lorne Williams; Vice President, W. Younge; Secy. and Treas., F. C. Welch; Editor of "Maple Leaf," W. J. Grigg; Assistant Editor, Leo. Buchanan; Marshal, W H. Ellis; Critic, Mr. D. K. Clarke.

OUR rink is not in very good shape yet, but we find exercise in basket-ball.

THE Rugby football team lately posed for a large group-photograph. The proof has been declared "very satisfactory" by those who come out well.

THE annual public entertainment of the College will be held some time during February. This is the event of the year, of course, and will not be behind those of the past in interest and popularity,

THE officers of the "Fourth Year" have been placed as follows:—Hon. President, Mr. Russell; President, Jno. Hilts; Vice-Pres., J. D. Bagshaw; Secy. and Treas., C. Fraser; Valedictorian, J. M. Howell; Bard, H. H. Bingham. Mr. Russell's election was very popular, the "year" insisting on "tossing" him.

THERE is talk of the possible formation of a militia corps in the College. Major McQueen spoke at the last meeting of the Philomat advocating the establishment of such a body. He pointed out the advantages of military drill for young men, and gave the boys particulars as to the formation of a cadet corps or a squad of militia.

GRANDE LIGNE.

MISS M. MOSELEY, EDITOR.

MASTER to girl-student,—"Does this pen knife belong to any one of the ladies, with a cork screw?

INTERESTED pupil,—"And so Lady Smith repulsed the Boers! Wasn't she smart to do it all alone? Where was her husband all that time?"

SOMETHING new in Biblical history. "Methuselah was the longest man that ever lived." "The Mediterranean flowed through the Garden of Eden." On the taking of Jericho. "They came to the city and told the people to hustle out; if they did not leave in 24 hours, they would put the city to fire and blood. Seeing that the inhabitants did not go, they frightened them out by firing cannon." These answers were not found on the papers of honor roll students.

SCHOOL re-opened, after the holidays, on January 3, and lessons were resumed without delay. The results of the Christmas examina-

tions were read and were fairly satisfactory, many of the pupils having done really excellent work. The following names appeared on the Honor Roll, for general proficiency :—Albert Baker, average 88½ per cent. ; Orville Lemoine, average 87 per cent. ; Alice Vessot, average 81 per cent. ; Alfred Des Islets, average 80½ per cent. ; Alice Massé average 75½ per cent. ; James Morris, average 74 per cent. ; Wilhe mina Schayltz, average 73 per cent. ; Silas Pèron, average 72 per cent. ; Edward Hart, average 72 per cent. ; Emile St. Germain, average 71 per cent. ; Katherine Bresbin, average 70½ per cent. ; Quinton McKay, average 67 per cent. ; Walter Hutchins, average 66½ per cent.

The annual business meeting of the "Roussy Memorial Church," was held on the 11th of January. It was more largely attended than usual, owing, perhaps, to the good sleighing, which enabled members, living at a distance, to be present. A very good spirit prevailed, and the reports of the pastor and treasurer were most encouraging. During the year the church has gained by baptism, 18 members, most of them pupils at the Institute. Besides giving the regular amount towards the pastor's salary, the church has contributed $68 to various missions, $15 to repairs and improvements, $15 to the poor, and has paid off $100, of the debt, with the interest. This shows that the Grande Ligne people are learning to give generously, for the church is not composed of rich men and women.

The special attraction, out-of-doors, at present, is the skating rink. The ice is in good condition, and the hockey team practices enthusiastically, all sorts of bruises being received without a murmur. The size of the rink prevents the gentlemen and ladies from skating together, unless they happen to be teachers, and so a time table has been arranged, that all may have a chance to enjoy this most healthful sport. There are some good skaters amongst the girls. It is a very attractive sight to see them gliding gracefully over the ice ; and so one scarcely wonders that there are few boys, big or little, in the building, whose faces are not flattened against the window-panes during one particular hour on half-holidays. Fortunately, the skating season does not last through the whole session, otherwise the physiognomy of some of our young gentlemen might be seriously affected by the flattening process. Perhaps one of these days, the fortunate boys who inhabit rooms on the side of building facing the rink, may be able to earn quite a little neck-tie money by renting window panes at so much an hour.

Here and There.

A. B. Cohoe, B.A., Ed.

Emperor William has recently authorized the German technical colleges to confer doctor's degrees. This action practically raises the technical colleges to the rank of universities.—*Ex.*

The University of Pennsylvania has recently established a two years' special course in "Commerce, Diplomacy and International Law." The new course will train men particularly for the diplomatic and consular service.—*Ex.*

A Scotch Socialist was trying to explain and emphasize the principles of Socialism, when the question was asked by one of his listeners:

"If you had two horses, would you give me one?"

"Certainly, I wad," was his reply.

"If you had two cows would you let me have one?"

"Certainly, I wad."

"And if you had two pigs?"

"Eh, man! it's comin' ower near hame; ye *ken* I hae twa pigs."—*Ex.*

DISPENSATION.

When you are thanking God for what is good
Thank him that light and warmth have not sufficed:
Darkness and cold are part of humanhood,—
Joy to accept the testing-time of Christ.
—G. Herbert Clarke, *in Baptist Union.*

COMRADESHIP.

The lordly summer boasteth
In his lustihood and pride:
A wealth of gifts he scatters
With wanton languor wide.

But I want the winter weather,
When the north winds blow
With its clear keen joyance,
And the comradeship of snow.
—Robert MacDougall, *in the Presbyterian Journal.*

The *Presbyterian College Journal* is a magazine which might well be placed beside any college journal that we have ever seen. The cover is of an exceptionally artistic design and invariably presents a table of contents which invites to careful consideration. Though much of the space is given up to articles contributed by others than college students, yet there is always a portion of the magazine reserved for the

contributions of students and for the recording of the everyday life of the college. The "Talks about Books" by the Rev. Prof. Campbell are always interesting. In many respects we regard the *Presbyterian College Journal* as an ideal college magazine.

ROMANCE.

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And grey wash of the waves was seen
The woven forest-boughs between.

And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
Came gleaming through the forest grey,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watched the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn.
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle grey,
I know not if, the boughs between,
The white deer vanish ere the day.
The grass above my love is green;
His heart is colder than the clay.

—Andrew Lang.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1900.

RESPONSIBILITY IN VIEW OF PRESENT THEOLOGICAL DRIFT.

Heb. 2: 1, R. V., reads, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them." Are we living in the "Drift" age? Is there a departure from the truth as it is in Jesus? Admitting the drift is serious, the Gulf Streams of revealed truth remain the *same.*

Some years ago drifts from the Saragossa Sea excited to jubilation certain New Yorkers. Said drifts were supposed to indicate a change in the course of the Gulf Stream nearer to the great city. Scientific surveys, however, demonstrated that that God-heated and God-guided river of warm water still flowed in its old channel, remaining indifferent to the winds which occasionally swept its surface water towards the Jersey coast. We have at present a surface drift, owing to certain "winds of doctrine," but deep sea soundings have demonstrated that the warm Gulf Stream of Living Truth, coming clear as crystal from the throne flows on in its fore-ordained channel. While, however, drifts from the Saragossa Sea of uncertainty are passing our shores, it may be (while alarming winds are blowing a gale) the part of wisdom to begin a fresh nautical survey, and correct, if need be, any errors that may have crept into our Gulf Stream chart. Even the United States cannot afford to lose another historic Kearsage on the rock Rancador. There is danger lest the best theological navigator may lose his reckon-

ing. If he does, from that moment the drift is begun, and the treacherous coral reef may be struck any hour.

B. Fay Mills tells us that long before he announced his change of views he had ceased to believe in the inspiration of the Bible—the atonement. He first lost his reckoning—then afterwards made shipwreck of faith. There are others like him. With so many winds of doctrine blowing, it is a crisis time in our relation to revealed truth. Theology as taught in our colleges, and as preached from many pulpits, marks a transition period in the history of religious thought. The air is full of rumours of change. A feeling of uncertainty prevails. Great professors, great preachers are becoming such bold swimmers as to venture out far out into deep waters, and are in danger of being swamped by treacherous under-currents. An era of theological revolution has already begun. "Revolutions," we are told "never turn back, but make at times very acute angles." Dr. Briggs, after losing his reckoning, wrote that nervous book entitled, "Whither." While his gymnastics in deep water were in process, an under-current carried him dripping into the Episcopalian Church, whose door stood wide open to the unfortunate though over-bold swimmer. The question of the book was thus answered so far as its author was concerned. But *Mirabale dictu,* the current that landed Dr. Briggs into the Episcopalian Church, swept by its refluent force Rev. Dr. DeCosta out of that fold, and now the question concerning him is "Whither?" Rome, with her hand on the knob of the door "Infallibility," persuasively says, "Hither." Other names, Canadian names, you can recall whom we fear have lost their reckoning, and are borne along as drift-wood.

All movements that mark epochs in religious thought are more than mentally exciting, they are challenges to church history, the history of doctrine, and especially to critical exegetical investigation. If the revolutionists are right, old U. E. Loyalists are all wrong. Hence, our responsibility to test what we believe to be truth from the words of the "Logos" Himself.

Our responsibility reaches as far as the discerning of "the spirits." Discerning between those who prophesy according to the proportion of faith, and those who speculate according to the proportion of doubt.

Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, says, "We must be made fast to something that IS FAST, if we are not to be swept like thistle down before the wind." The need of the hour is to discover the rock of truth on which Christ has built His Church. We must seek and cultivate a spirit of reverence and submission, for thus saith the Lord: God in these last days speaks to us *through His Son.* We must seek and cultivate a spirit of Holy Ghost illumination, joined to a scholarly exegesis of the divine oracles, no matter where such leads or what doxies or orthodoxies such may upset.

In questions of eschatology there remains no room for extra-Biblical or many philosophical opinions. No evolution of human consciousness which has not its tap-root in an inspired record ought to be permitted to sit in judgment on things which till revealed were absolutely beyond our thinking.

Victor Hugo says: "The true pilot is the man who navigates the beds of the ocean even more than its surface." Let us who claim to be pilots study ocean-bed navigation.

Permit a brief review of theological drift during the past 100 or more years: At the beginning of this century we find a reaction from the hyper-Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards, and a drift was observed in the line of universalism. This current gradually weakened and took a modified form under the name of restorationism. The dogma had a glimmer of the sublime and a touch of logic about it, but having only an inferential basis its declension was only a matter of time. It ignored what many are of the conviction is a revelation, viz., that the great ellipse within which spiritual forces operate on the human race as spoken to by Christ, has its force in time, not beyond time.

Later the drift changed its base-line towards "conditional immortality." This current was deepened perhaps by the famous Oxford tractarian movement, of which Pusy and Newman were such noted leaders. Higher criticism by this time had its sword whetted, and gave the movement impetuosity, which many took for momentum.

Next appeared on the waves, generated by this later movement, sailing splendidly on—main sail, top sail—all sheets to the wind, that newly designed and modernly equipped racing-

yacht, "New Theology," with a grand new theologian proudly grasping the helm, attracting the same kind of attention and waking the same class of enthusiasm among its friends and competitors as the "Shamrock" and the "Columbia" did outside of New York Harbour!

To the left of this modern ark, I see the ships Unitarian and Agnostic, with Scepticism as to divine quest at the helm. To the right the armed cruisers Sacerdotalism and Romanism, accompanied by a floating battery named "Infallibility." Thus we have an entire fleet of religious crafts, and we ask the question: How many of those have lost their reckoning, and how many never sailed by the pole star or the sun? Amidst such complexity of doctrine, the responsibility is upon us to find the seat of authority in religion. From whom can I receive the last WORD in matters concerning the spiritual life, this is the query of the hour!

You are aware there is a mighty struggle to keep supposed authority in the hands of the priest. Hence the secret of the wide-spread agitation at present convulsing the Church of England! May the struggle be regarded as "a mere coaxing back of the last chord of divine power?" Multitudes are getting weary of a religion of which they know scarcely more than as a mummy wrapped up in musty robes, malodorous rags of superstition! They are weary of a Christ of whom they know scarcely more than as a statue chiselled out of the cold marble by Sacerdotal sculptors. There can be no authority where there is no divine life. Nothing is authoritative to me but as Jesus Christ speaks truth to my spirit through His Holy Spirit. All authority is vested in Him who is the first, the last, the living One, and who has the keys. The sum of what has been said may be given thus: The present crisis places upon us:

(1) The responsibility of "a true focus." This means a proper adjustment of lenses, in order that the rays may meet on the true object of all revelation, the Lord Jesus Christ. No theology can be scriptural or beneficial or living which is not *Christo Centric.*

I have to view truth not as it is in psychology or conscience or in the Church Catholic, but as the truth is in Jesus, "the

Logos." He is before all things or, "in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." The focus obtained, truth is seen in the great reflector, the Holy Spirit. All theological problems have their solution in Him.

(2) There is responsibility for a right perspective of the truth of revelation. Has God revealed a definite plan for the ages? A right perspective might reveal that many of the dogmas which we have taught as universal may be simply dispensations. Is not an eternally free Jehovah at liberty to deal with the human race according to a series of evolutions in His grace? We may have taken the wheel within the mighty wheel full of eyes, meant in God's plan for this dispensation only, as though it were the larger and ultimate circumference of His all living plan, and yet throughout the larger living wheel, Christ the Sun is illuminating and glorifying all cycles of time and all the æons of eternity!

The perspective of the great apostle reads thus: "Till we all attain unto the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. That we may be no more children, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and in craftiness after the wiles of error, but speaking the truth (as it is in Jesus) in love, may grow up in all things unto Him who is the Head, Christ."

(3) The present crisis places upon us the responsibility of an exegetical revision of our respective creeds. The present crisis forces us back on God's Word as taught by His Son Jesus Christ. Loyalty to the truth as it is in Jesus must lead us to inquire: Whence our present complexion of doctrine? Whence the mould that has given it body and terminology to our faith? Is the mould Petrine, Pauline or Johannine? Or is it Augustinian or Lutheran? Should we not be prepared for a re-investation, and, if need be, for a re-casting of our convictions of the truth as it is in Jesus. Let church history, criticism, exegesis aid us under the Holy Spirit to reach sound conclusions.

(4) The responsibility of seeking a mightier manifestation of the Divine Spirit as Christ's representative in the church. His presence alone can match the insinuating attraction of

spectacular and sacerdotal worship. The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life!

(5) The responsibility of becoming less Sectarian and more Catholic as evangelical denominations. In the South African campaign, Australian and Canadian regiments unite with the Imperial troops under Gen. Methuen, in the advance to the relief of Kimberley. In our greater campaign against the principalities and powers of darkness, what name we are known by as a division of Christ's army is a minor matter. The grand aim is the relief of the perishing, and the defence of the truth as it it in Christ Jesus.

Let us, therefore, resolve to preach Christ and Him crucified with more fervor and unction than at any time in our past. Let us abide hard by that immovable Rock—the vicarious sacrifice of the God-Man.

Thus only can our own souls be enlarged and our influence extend. Thus only can our ministers have power in sifting error, in deepening spiritual life, in checking the ravages, delusions and anti-Christian movements of the hour, and above all, in helping a return all along our military ranks towards the simplicity of Jesus. Therefore, let "Back to Christ" be the watchword of each Protestant pulpit in our land.

A. A. Cameron.

Ottawa.

THE CHRYSALIS.

Wrapt in a mantle cold and gray,
Sweet Nature breathes an elixir,
Forth to the light and sunshine of day,
Bursts a perfect wingéd worshipper.

G. L. S.

THE GREATNESS OF ENGLAND.

The interest in the development of English history and in the growth of the English character lies in the fact that England has so far best solved the problem of just government. That she has in fact done so appears to be proved by the almost universal consent of nations. This consent is shown by the practical adoption of forms of government and methods of administration, first wrought out on English soils, by all nations which for the past century have taken their place in the line of human progress.

The problem presented by Roman history, is so far the simpler, because we can trace its historical development, until the work of human progress for which Rome toiled is taken up by other hands. The English character and English history present harder problems, because English history has not yet run its course. The future is still veiled from our view.

National character is a very complex product. Racial elements, the influence of external events, the growth of internal institutions, all combine in determining the final result. The aim of statesmen in ancient times was the establishment of order, the formation, therefore, of a strong central executive. Rome ultimately accomplished this, but in the process exhausted the forces of the State. But the lesson was not forgotten. The idea of a strong central power was the aim of all European nations during the middle ages. How to preserve that power, what is the source of it, how to limit it, on what does it ultimately depend for its continued existence and efficient working, are the questions which English history tries to answer. The final resultant of the diverse lines of struggle, political and social (the two factors are never wholly identical) is at any given epoch, the national character.

The growth and the security of the liberty of the individual, the possession by all of an equality of rights are the special contribution of the Teutonic people. The struggle of ideas here implied, the idea of power and the idea of liberty, has had a fair field and no favor in England alone of European countries. This is the distinct note of her nationality. Upon the

feebly united elements of Saxon power was imposed the strong Norman executive. From the Norman conquest the struggle for freedom begun. The Church was the first leader against feudal brutality. And it seems as though the preservation of liberty was owing to the Church. For although after the compromise on the Hildebrandic claims, the Church was generally to be found on the side of authority and absolutism, yet in the three great crises of 1215, 1297 and 1688, it found itself on the side of the national party. To accomplish its ends, the Church has by degrees found that its proper sphere of influence is, not to give sanction to despotism, but to influence conduct, to form character, to mould the conscience. From the hands of the Church, the leadership passed to the Baronage. Like the aristocracies of birth in the ancient city state, they form in the modern nation the connecting link between monarchy and democracy. In England the leaders in the struggle for the constitution and for the limitation of the royal power were the great feudal landowners. The Church through its possession of land and because its privileges were open to all, formed a connecting link between baronage and commonalty. And by what almost seemed a series of accidents class distinctions were prevented from developing into legally separate estates. This fact has contributed most materially to national growth, to the blending of the various elements of political moment into one national body. Class distinctions were a marked feature of mediæval life and gave to that life much of its picturesqueness. The baron, the knight of the shire, the yeoman, the tenant, the villein, the merchant, the trader, the artisan, were distinct figures in the picture. But of all the attempts made to perpetuate legally the distinctions of society, the personal summons by writ to the House of Lords is the only one that remains. The growth of the commons as the preponderating element in the constitution, and the final recognition of their claim to ultimate sovereignty, are perhaps traceable to three circumstances : the union in one house of the representatives of the counties and the representatives of the towns ; the holding of the balance of power between the contending factions of the baronage ; the gradual acceptance of the fundamental principle that what concerns all should be treated of by all.

The general utility of the commons, as a means of raising money, kept them in existence until, by 1399, they had claimed and exercised, but by no means secured, all the powers which we understand by the liberties of the nation. But the kings were always restive and had devised means by which laws could be evaded and money raised without applying to their faithful commons. At this juncture, too, the leadership of the nation passed away from the baronage. The power of the barons was destroyed by the War of the Roses. At the same time the force of the mediæval church was exhausted. The elements of a new national life were as yet in the germ. The only force left, around which the national consciousness could find a rallying point, was the power of the crown. Fortunately for the steady growth of the nation, the Tudor despots preserved the forms of liberty, and preferred to throw the form of legality over their arbitrary proceedings. But the union of temporal and spiritual supremacy in one hand was a critical moment: a moment which was prolonged by threatened danger from without. With the overthrow of Spanish power by the defeat of the Armada and the rise of Holland, England awoke as it were from a dreadful nightmare and found that her sleep, disturbed though it had been, had given her a giant's strength. The Stuarts atoned for the sins of the Tudors.

The leadership of the nation passed into the hands of the commons. The Reformation had made of England a new nation. The nobility, the natural leaders of the nation, from whose feeble grasp the sceptre was falling, was attached to the cause of Reform by the gift of church lands. Henceforth the struggle for political freedom wss combined with that for religious freedom. Puritanism led the forces in the strife: was for a time victorious, and then failed—necessarily failed, just as the Hildebrandine theory had failed—as a political force. But henceforward Puritanism formed the basis of all that is best in the British character: a living influence moulding social and political life.

Justice and humanity are the marks of the modern democracy, at least of the Anglo-Saxon type. It has other more questionable marks, lest we should boast ourselves of perfection.

lest we should forget. Even jealous France speaks of Anglo-Saxon superiority and of British greatness. Is it then possible to give any answer as to the cause of that greatness? We can see the germs of freedom in the Saxon invaders planted in homesteads all over the land. We may in fancy trace their slow growth during the ages of Norman despotism and Plantagenet power. We can follow definitely the long struggle of five centuries, which gave to Englishmen a political character and a political training which are unique. We can watch the blending of the principles of the Reformation with the national character. We may mourn over the rash attempt made to stop the national development and lament the consequent rending in twain of the Anglo-Saxon people. We may boast that the blessings of freedom and justice have been conferred upon millions, who otherwise would never have enjoyed them. But who can find out the reasons for these things? The first English freeholders had no title deeds to their lands. The British Constitution is unwritten. The British character is the result of British history. British history is a long struggle for what is just and right. And the British people, like the Roman people, in this respect, believe that the struggle has been guided by the hand of Providence, and maintained by tenacity of purpose and an historic consciousness which refuses to break with the past.

WILLIAM DALE.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

(Translated from the French of Thèophile Gautier.)

The daylight fades: from heav'n's height
  Droops down a sluggish pallid haze,
To dip its plaited garments white
  In unrippled evening water-ways.

Night presses on,—sad tranquil Night
  Who bears the mourning weeds of Day:
And stars in golden vesture dight
  Surround her throne and homage pay.

Still as the flight of bird that loves
  To cleave the atmosphere, it seems
I hear the plaints of cooing doves
  And cradled infants breathing dreams.

Heav'n speaks with earth, as long ago
  When on this sphere the prophets trod:
Of all their mystic speech I know
  One word alone—that word is God.

W. Sherwood Fox.

THREE ENGLISH PREACHERS.

I.

A church in the south of England, being without a pastor appealed to a preacher of the same denomination in another town to recommend a suitable man. He immediately mentioned the name of a draper's assistant, who was a member of his own church and whom he had often urged to enter the ministry, The young man went, and so thoroughly pleased the congregation that they asked him to preach the next Sunday. Finally, they gave him a very urgent call to become their pastor. But he refused the offer. However, the church felt that he possessed unusual pulpit ability and was the man that they were looking for, and begged him to come to them. The young man realized

that this was a call from God and accepted their offer on condition that they allowed him to take an arts course at Oxford. In a short time after taking charge, the church was altogether too small to hold the crowds eagerly pressing to hear him. Then his own congregation united with that of another which met in a larger building not far away, and whose minister very generously offered to become assistant to his younger and abler brother. But even this arrangement proved unsatisfactory, for many found it impossible to get even standing room during the services. It has now been resolved to build a church large enough to accommodate the great number thronging the former place of worship. The new edifice is expected to cost over two hundred thousand dollars. The young preacher is the Rev, R. J. Campbell, B.A., of the Congregational Church at Brighton.

One who has heard Mr. Campbell at first, wonders what makes him so popular. It cannot be the charm of his voice, for it is decidedly lacking in strength. It cannot be because of an imposing presence, for the preacher is of so slender build as to almost hint at frailty. The face, however, is that of a student, clear-cut, with a large open forehead which is broad but not remarkably high. The secret of his success lies in the sermon. The strength found wanting in the body is there. It sparkles with epigram. In a sermon heard by the writer occurred these words: "We cannot miss God but we may not find Him," "The ultimate reality is personality," and, "God's will is not self-will but good-will." The text was 1 Thess. v. 17, "Pray without ceasing." The prayers offered by the Rev. Mr. Campbell were models of beautiful English, as well as examples of fervent utterance breathed in supplication to the Most High. Apt quotation was a notable feature of a sermon of which every sentence was in its right place and was composed of the right words.

The gestures of Mr. Campbell are few and consist chiefly in the movement of the right arm and the closing and opening of the hands. The eye flashes as some truth is forced from his lips in telling fashion. His gestures quicken and his voice gains strength as he warms in his subject which has been treated in a way to appeal, one would think, more to

the cultured than to those unread in literature and philosophy. Knowing the quality of his sermons, one is surprised that men who are classed as possessing but ordinary thinking power flock in such large numbers to hear this preacher. It recalls the dictum of the famous Robert Hall, that the people can appreciate a style beyond their use.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has come to the front in a truly remarkable way. All are agreed that he is worthy of his place. With voice and pen he accomplishes a great work of the highest order of merit. The fear is lest with such a busy life he may so injure his body, that his useful and brilliant career may be unduly terminated.

II.

The great Methodist denomination of England is divided into Primitive, Wesleyans and other bodies, each of which can claim some able preachers. Among the Wesleyans the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the editor of the *Methodist Times*, is perhaps, the leader. But scarcely less able is the Rev. C. H. Kelly, President-elect of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches. As a preacher he is the peer of any in his denomination and always addresses large audiences. Daniel O'Connell said that a speaker with a noble physique had won half the battle before he opened his lips. Less favored men have to win their victories step by step. The Rev. C. H. Kelly's dignified presence in pulpit or on platform gives him an immediate and attentive hearing. One look into his noble face gives the listener assurance that he will receive pleasure and profit from the coming address. In stature he is above the average and his habit of dress reminds of a clergyman rather than of a Methodist minister. His pleasant and powerful voice is heard to advantage in large assemblies.

It is when he is in the midst of his speech that the true charm of Mr. Kelly's oratorical power is felt. He communicates his own enthusiasm to the audience, and at times enthusiasm reaches the highest pitch. Rapidity of utterance and quick body movements are noticeable features in the delivery. Humor plays an important part. Time and again it breaks

forth. At the autumnal Baptist gathering at Leeds he referred to himself as one who had seen better days, because he had been the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and at the same time a man of the future, since he was President-elect of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches. But when occasion demands it, he can condemn wrong and injustice in vigorous style. His scathing arraignment of certain practices of the Established Church was repeatedly cheered by the great gathering. As the eloquent speaker referred to one special case where the Methodists, in order to send their children to day schools, had to promise not to allow them to go to Methodist Sunday schools, some cried "Shame!" "I say it is abominable," was the immediate retort. And the pronunciation of the word "abominable" was a study in expression.

From the days of Wesley and Whitfield until now the Methodists have had great leaders and able preachers. It is not too much to say that in the Rev. C. H. Kelly, the Methodists have a worthy successor of these world-famous men.

III.

The name of John Clifford is familiar on both sides of the Atlantic, and is a household word among English Nonconformists. The editor of the *British Weekly*, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, says that Dr. Clifford is coming to be recognized more and more as the leader of Nonconformity. The position is an important one and demands a man at once a statesman and orator. The *Westminster Gazette* has said, "The minister of Westbourne Park chapel (Dr. Clifford) is one of the ablest, most cultured and most liberal-minded of London preachers." On the platform he has, perhaps, no equal. There is a magnetism with the man that is amazing. He is a born orator. Every address, whether delivered before Young People's gatherings, or the electors of the Board of Schools of London, or great conventions, prove this. Of the art of sentence building he is perfect master, and sentences with Dr. Clifford are vehicles of earnest thought.

Even a hurried reading of his sermons or addresses will convince one that they are the product of a mind well stored with the best of literature. This is the result of much study.

With a growing church to attend to, Dr. Clifford took a severe course of study at London University; and with the well-earned degrees of M.A., LL.B., B.Sc., and F.G.S., besides the honorary one of Doctor of Divinity, he is the most titled preacher in the English Baptist ministry. He seems to be a debtor to the writers of every country and of every age. A good example of his style of composition is his address from the President's chair at the late autumnal meeting of the Baptist Union at Leeds.

On special occasions the minister of Westbourne Park chapel uses the manuscript. The address even when read is delivered with his usual energy. But he is heard to best advantage when speaking without any written material between him and his audience. At such times his whole body speaks, the most notable movement being the swinging of the right arm as he holds a slip of paper in his hand. This slip of paper contains a few notes, but it is seldom that he consults them.

It costs something to be a great preacher or pulpit leader, and the price paid is often plainly seen. Much study has made Dr. Clifford rather round-shouldered. And hard mental toil has left its mark upon his face. Still the ringing voice, the youthful energy of delivery, the stirring language and silent humor make one forget that the speaker has been pastor of a large London church for forty years. It is the earnest wish of Nonconformist England that he may be spared many years of active service. And the wish bids fair for fulfilment.

Scarborough, England. H. P.

ADDRESS AT ALUMNI MEETING.

By Arts Graduate.

I account it a peculiar honor and pleasure to be permitted to speak to-night as a representative of Class '99. Many and varied emotions press upon one who has reached the objective point of four years' striving, and who holds within his grasp the reward of earnest effort. Of these, not the most prominent is the feeling of elation—perchance more intense is the feeling of regret when one remembers that this occasion marks the

sundering of the spirit of good fellowship. The disrupting of that class cosmos—which has been ours during the past four years. Though the stress and the storm there has gradually grown up the feeling of a class integrity, very helpful and pleasant, and, it is not without a feeling of regret that one comes to the final scene.

The past four years have been years of growth. There has been a destructive as well as a constructive process. Ideals, like men, have come and gone. To some of us the whole contents of life have changed and the contour of the whole world has altered as a result of the educational process.

If I may be permitted to single out one particular result as the all-important end of the educational process and in respect to which end all courses of so-called liberal education must be adjudged, I should say it is the power of self-origination of thought. In other words, to so cultivate the thought activities that each thought object shall not only lay hold of the thinking subject, but shall in turn be emphatically and insistently laid hold upon, by that subject, and subordinated to a thought end. There is a good old Anglo-Saxon word which one often hears used as descriptive of a man, "He is a thinker." I take it that the notion in such expression is that he has that independent attitude towards thought that I have characterized as above, or, as I should now say, he is both active and retro-active in respect to thought. To convey my thought perchance more distinctly let me say the condition of mind to be regarded as the *suprema res* in education is the octupal; the living tentacles of the mind being extended to lay hold upon, embrace, subordinate, dissect and assimilate all thought objects. If I am not wrong in my conclusions this is the all-important desideratum. Valuable as is the formal discipline of mind; necessary as is culture; important as is the symmetrical co-ordination of our mental powers, the great thing is—independence, self-initiation, spontaneity and originality of thought. To this end all other considerations, valuable as they may be, are but means to an end. I base my argument upon the fact that only in this native and original activity of thought is the man-idea perfectly realized. That culture, discipline, information, etc., are simple and realizable

phases of the animal mind, but, that the man as such, differentiated from all other animated creation, can be realized only in respect to the freedom, self-origination and originality of his thought.

There are, it seems to me, but two outcomes of the educational and thought process of a school of liberal learning, one is but a dull, phlegmatic, mental stagnation covered with the film of undigested thought, the other that tense, nervous, critical mind which takes all data and reduces it to solvent, to be held in solution, until, at the psychological moment, it crystallizes into a personally possessed truth. It is this latter outcome which is to my mind the *summum bonum* of the schools. So in this latter condition there are certain outcomes possible. It is true that the thinker may even come to the *ἀγνοω* standpoint. But that is not altogether undesirable in view of the fact that, in some respects, a provisional and tentative agnosticism is the most rational and intelligent attitude of the mind. That agnosticism may degenerate into sceptcism or blank despair as to the solution of the nature of things is also possible, but not so probable in the case of the latter condition of mind as in the former which I indicated. A tense nervous attitude of mind is not the thing to be ultimately feared. What should be feared is the apathetic, uncritical mind. It is true that the former may be iconoclastic and may wreck many of our choicest thought possessions, but, it is well to recognize that truly critical thinking can only serve to embellish truth. Heterodoxy and orthodoxy are in the main provisional and tentative terms, and, in all too many instances are merely synonymous with a consent to or a dissent from our own little, particular *credo*. There is no heterodoxy to an honest mind possessed by impartial criticism, for, to such an one, the end—the objective point—is a view of the essential character of reality. Yet with such a mind the view, at a given point in the cognizing process, may not be in true perspective. Heterodoxy should apply rather to that uncritical method of thinking which makes no attempt to possess in itself and for itself the true view of the nature of reality. What is to be feared is not critical thought, but uncritical dogmatic assumption about things. These are the menace to our highest realities,

mental and spiritual. The critical attitude is the outcome of the same, rigorous spirit of natural science, and, perchance, no more valuable contribution has come to us from that school of thought than the assurance, that each effort, of the microscope of the biologist; of the scapple of the histologist; of the test tube of the chemist, or the spectroscope of the physicist does but reveal that truth gains in wonder, beauty, and utility the more searching the investigation.

> "It comforteth my soul to know,
> That though I perish truth is so,
> That, how-soe'er I stray and range
> Whate'er I do, thou dost not change:" etc.

It is my good fortune, Mr. Chancellor; and Gentlemen of the Faculty—our teachers and educators of the past four years—it is my good fortune, and I trust I shall be freed from the charge of egotism, to congratulate you upon the degree of success which has attended your effort. The highest possible tribute to the *Alma Mater* is the character and type of her graduates, and I believe, that when I say that the efforts of McMaster have been directed towards, not only the intellectual and ethical, but also the Christian self-realization of her graduates, I am paying the highest tribute to an institution whose highest ambitions are all incorporate in her noble and well-known motto.

D. Bovington.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Every empire has its distinctive personality. Greece has been the Petronius amid the nations. Rome was the Gladiator triumphant in the arena. Britain is the Monopolist standing in the world market, as well as the honored Mistress of the seas.

As in an empire, so in a province. Each has a peculiar personality. British Columbia is the young man of Canada. He has sapped much vigorous blood from the older provinces, as well as much money from the mother country. On every side his eye is greeted by lofty snow-clad peaks and dashing mountain cataracts. Life's young vision is before him. The horizon of opportunities is broad and crimsoned with the morning sun.

He may drag from the ocean its wealth. He may compel the valleys to enrich his treasury. He may wrestle to victory with the forest giants, or he may gather the coveted gold from the mountain seams.

This possible choice induces vacillation. The restlessness of young life trembling to the verge of manhood possesses him. Going, ever going, he is never satisfied. He must have gipsy blood in his veins. Not content with the present, he is ever anxious for the morrow. Reasonable prosperity is too slow for his racing blood. He looks kindly upon venture and speculation. A possible ten thousand dollars hid beyond untold hardships is more alluring than a positive one thousand amidst ease and comfort. A trip around Alaska to Cape Nome, or over the glaciers to Klondike, ending in bankruptcy, is repeated again and again, when industry without danger or possible loss would have largely increased the value of his cheque signature.

His morals? Well, usually they are somewhat down at the heel. For a Canadian, he is exceedingly loose. He does not trouble himself very much about questions in casuistry. Nice moral distinctions are not in his line. He frequently makes an open boast that he is sowing his wild oats. Certainly, his mother would scarcely recognize her darling boy.

The atmosphere has done it? The Rocky Mountains were too steep and too cold for religious principles to pass over? No. I think the cause lies beyond the balmy atmosphere, beyond the rugged splendor of the majestic peaks. The secret lies at the threshold of the young man's home. The last words upon his lips when he kissed his mother and sisters good-bye, at the door of the old home which he so often yearns to enter again, were, "I'm going West to make my fortune."

Better had it been had he, like the prairie farmer, said, "I go to build a nest for love"; or, like the Pilgrim Father, sought "freedom to worship God." Then would his energies have been consolidated in better channels and his career would have been different. Instead of being the fast young man of the empire, carelessly tossing his dollars on gaming table and saloon bar, he, breathing the salt from the calm Pacific, surrounded by majestic beauty, wresting the treasures from the

mountain store-houses, might be an example of practical godliness and the sinew of religious enterprise.

Thus far the fever for gold is eating like a canker. Religious sentiment is sorely lacking. Yet the embers of religious thought are not wholly dead. The teachings by the mother's knee have been deeply engraved in the life. To-day they lie concealed amidst the worldly ideals and enterprise. Some day these buried seeds will blossom. Some day religious sentiment will flame from mountain to sea. Some day the activity and courage of youth will bow before Calvary's cross. Then will virtue and prosperity reign within our borders and the treasures of our hills will wing the Gospel to the dark abodes of heathen lands.

I. G. M.

THE LAST LEAF IN THE SPRING.

A leaf upon a twig,
  The only one am I;
Upon a very little twig
  Alone, no other nigh.

And thus the winter through,
  I stood the biting blast;
I saw the downy snowflakes fall
  And felt them as they passed.

When storms the fiercest swept
  Along their angry path,
With quivering joy I shook the while,
  A-laughing at their wrath.

Nor storms nor chilling ice
  Could move me from my place;
A vestige of the summer past,
  The last one of my race.

But springtime is at hand
  And voices call me low;
The gentle call I can't withstand,
  To them I soon shall go.

And yet I long to see
  The earth in verdure dressed,
To feel again the welcome touch
  Of leaves around me pressed.

But vain is wish of mine,
  (And well the Maker knew
The fond desires of men and leaves—
  The satisfied how few!)

I will not murmur more
  For I have had my day,
And e'en the last leaf on the tree
  Must shortly pass away.

HENRY PROCTER.

THE HARVARD-YALE FOOT-BALL GAME.

In spite of what the President and faculty member of the Athletic Committee say on behalf of rowing, foot-ball is to-day the sport of sports at Harvard. The foot-ball season begins with the opening of College in September and terminates with the Yale game late in November. The season may be said to not only terminate but to culminate on this day, for Harvard men prefer Yale to any other rival. Although other important games are played, the foot-ball man regards them in the light of a preparation for *the* game.

Interest in the Yale game is not confined to the enthusiastic undergraduate alone. The whole University is interested, as is also fashionable Boston.

The most vital question during the week preceeding the game is how to procure two—always two—good seats on the Harvard side within the fifteen yard lines. This being accomplished, time is available for a discussion of the chances of the team, which is meanwhile holding secret practice. On the Wednesday before the game is the last open practice. This event is witnessed by practically the whole College. Led by the band the students line up by classes, march through the yard,

cheering every one from "Prexy" to "John the orange-man" and "Billy the postman," and proceed to Soldiers' Field, where the foot-ball ground is situated.

Friday afternoon and evening sees an influx of old grads and Yale men. The old grads appear just as enthusiastic as the undergrads. The Harvard Club of New York alone had six hundred seats reserved for it. The air is pervaded with a feeling of suppressed excitement. The majority of the men go over the river into Boston, where in all the hotels the one topic is the coming game. In the Music Hall a banquet is being given to last year's winning crew. Here also every one from the President down is enthusiastic.

Early on Saturday morning Cambridge is astir. Harvard Square—or in college parlance "the square," is filled with men and boys, selling badges, red chrysanthemums, flags and the "only official score card." "Pick your winning colors, sir," and "Choice seats for the game," are sounds which herald one the moment he appears on the square. It must be said that these fakirs are very impartial for they carry a complete stock of both blue and crimson. They often make very amusing mistakes, such as offering a crimson flag to a Yale man, a proceeding not satisfactory to either party.

As the morning advances the crowd thickens. The day is as nearly a holiday as it can be made without permission of the faculty. Very popular indeed is the instructor who gives a cut this morning. Saturday, it should be stated, is not an off day at Harvard. At half after eleven a rush is made for lunch. All the waiters at Memorial Hall have been given tickets for the game, so the dining-room is closed early. By this time the crowd on the square has become still more dense. Hansoms, four-wheelers and automobiles are discharging their fares. Breaks with jolly parties aboard arrive every minute. The electric cars are running in a perfect procession, every one loaded to its utmost capacity. The Cambridge police force has borrowed liberally from Boston and neighboring cities, in order that the crowds may be handled without difficulty. All carriages are shut out of those streets leading to Soldiers' Field. Every one alike has to walk the half-mile from Harvard Square.

The field itself is an interesting sight. The four sides of the gridiron are completely surrounded by grand stand The effect is that of a huge amphitheatre. The seating capacity is nearly thirty-five thousand. On each end is a huge score-board to which every detail of the play is signalled from the field. On the south stand are the press representatives and the telegraph operators. During the pauses of the game the clicking of the instruments may be plainly heard.

It is interesting to be on the stand early to watch the arrivals. At first they come two by two, straggling in slowly, but as the hour approaches it is a steady flood of humanity one sees. The effect of the different costumes is interesting to watch. On the Harvard side the ladies wear red. On the Yale side blue predominates. The men appear in every possible costume, varying from frock coat and silk hat to knickerbockers and sweater. When every one has arrived the Harvard stand and part of the Yale stand is a mass of crimson, while Yale presents a solid mass of blue in the centre of its stand. Shortly before two o'clock the College band takes its position in one of the corners. The trainer's trunk and official water pails are in position. John, the orange-man, who is the Harvard mascot, his cart "the annex" and his donkey "Radcliffe," make the round of the field. Presently the substitutes put in an appearance followed closely by the teams themselves. Their advent is the occasion for cheer upon cheer. The Harvard stand gives "three long Harvards and three times three" for Yale. This is answered by the sharp staccato Yale cheer for Harvard. The teams in the meantime have had a little preliminary warming up but now the referee's whistle blows. Yale has the ball and Harvard the choice of ends.

It is unnecessary for me here to describe the details of the game. This has already been done with scientific accuracy in the daily papers. Every play is watched most intently. A gain is the signal not for renewed but for more vigorous applause. One very interesting period was when Harvard was "bucking Yale's centre." This play was successful all the way down the field, but when Harvard had the ball on Yale's one yard line, the blue arose to the occasion and not an inch further could the

crimson go. Harvard lost that touch-down in a struggle around the goal posts. Another anxious moment was when Harvard tried a goal from the field. This failed too.

At the end of the first half there is no score. Down on the side lines are two men following the game intently. One is Theodore Roosevelt of the class of '80, the other is Roger Wolcott of the class of '70. Said the Governor of New York to the Governor of Massachusetts, "Let's give them a cheer," and Harvard cheers its team, led by these two graduates.

Meanwhile the teams are having a rest. It is interesting to note, by the way, that not a man of either team was injured during the game—this for the opponents of college athletics. Again the referee's whistle blows and again the teams line up. This half consists of hard play, but not until the end is either goal in danger. Harvard realizes that something must be done. The play is in Yale's territory and Harvard is rushing. Only a moment is left. The crowd is cheering, the band is playing "Fair Harvard," and Harvard has the ball. It is in play, brought through the centre to the back. He catches it, makes a drop kick and misses. The referee's whistle blows, the score is 0-0, and the Harvard-Yale game of '99 is a matter of history.

W. P. C.

Cambridge, Mass.

LE LIEVRE MOUSSE.

Wha's dat le "lièvre moussé," you say? Wal, I tell you right
off,
Ma fren', but first mus' light ma pipe....an' hope you 'scuse
ma cough.
De "'lièvre" is....lemme see, I tink you call dat....yes....de
hare;
Das little bête have long, long ear; in woods jomp everywhere.

"Moussé"? I'm tell wha's dat it is bambye, ma fren'....you
see!
Da's be de point for end ma tale. Yas; Yas! lak bumble bee.
De bumble bee she's mak' you sware an' jomp all roun' de
place,
But point ma story mak' you smile, I tink, all roun' you face.

When I'm small boy, chez nous, we live on farm by Yamachiche ;
Ma fader bin good habitant ; not what we say riche, riche,
But have plentee for live ; ma foi, I guess dat's principal,
We've doan be want too moche, lak—wal, you know dat animal.

De neighbor's boy is bin ma chum : his nam's Toussaint Zéphir ;
An you can't find it noder boys dat's have so moche plaisir.
In summer tam' we've catch 'minnies' in brook, wid our straw hat ;
We've mak' us little charette for to harness on de cat ;

For run all roun' de fields we've catch de poor cows by de tail ;
Den pass on fence lak circus-man ; (our tight-rope, dat's de rail)—
But, ah, ma fren'! de bes' our fun we have in sugar-tam ;
Les sucres ! les sucres ! for Canayen, dere's nothing quite de sam'.

Ah, sugar-tam ! dat's when de sun is get him warm again,
An' mak' us lak' for run it on de crusty white snow plain.
Dere's "no place lak' de home," dat's sure ; but when it comes de spring,
We're glad get free, in airy woods for work, an' shout, an' sing.

It's den we get de big chaudron, de augur and de spouts,
An' pass on trees for tap them an' for beat the "gathering" routes ;
It's den we allumer de fire inside de snug cabane,
An' smoke, an' talk, an' boil de sap ; have more plaisir we can.

We lak' it tak' de gun wid us, for maybe we've see dere,
Wal... crows....somtam, †Bateau, *"guibous," an' purty sure, de hare.
Da's one thing Toussaint doan forget. One morning on our way
To sugar house, he hold his gun up, pat de lock an' say :—

"Ah, dis de papa of all guns ! wid him I'm never see
De hare or fox dat's smart enough to get away from me."
I'm smile an' doan say moche, me, but I'm tink it on ma mind,
For knock some brag out of Toussaint what good trick I can find.

So bye-an-bye we separate, go each to our cabane,
Wid promise dat we meet again, so soon, so soon we can.
Dat night I'm fix collet (wid some sweet birch-buds all aroun')
For catch de hare: an' paure Toussaint, wid dat I'm "tak' him down."

When hare was catch I fetch him back to fader in cabane
An' ax him for to stuff him quick wid moss so nice he can.
(Ma fader's very smart for stuff.) Wal, bambye when he's done,
I say: I guess I go now have Toussaint for try his gun.

It's doan' tak' me ver' long I tink for come on cabane door,
An' listen quiet for noise inside; sure 'nough Toussaint he's snore.
So jus' on little butte not far I'm place ma little hare
Right where de moon shine on him well; for sure he'll see him dere.

Den I'm go back, knock soft on door: "Toussaint! laisse-moi rentrer!
I'm come for slepe wid you!" Ha! den he's jomp up right away
An' let me in. So firs' we've talk long tam 'bout many ting.
When purty quick I say: "Ecoute! I tink an owl he's sing!"

We listen, but hear nothing. Den Toussaint, he's spik it low:
"Las' night de rabbits came and suck our strainer-cloth."
"Dat's so?
Maybe he's dere again." I'm say: "B'en oui, where is your gun?"
"Arrête un peu, mon cher Joseph." "'Ta'nt all for you de fun!"

"You better grease your door, Toussaint, she's squeak too moche for hare."
"Dat's so, dat's so, Bateau; don't want at all for make him scare."
Wal, den, when he's finish his grease, I open slow de door....
"Look! look!....wha's dat? ... Give me your gun....un lièvre....sure, sure!"

"Where?" "There!....give me your gun!" "B'en non! git 'way, I'm never miss!"
So den Toussaint he's aim an' shoot. An' me, wal, it's lak' dis,
I bus' myself right out an' laugh—I can't hold in no more.
An' when Toussaint he's turn him roun', I'm rolling on de floor.

He ax me wha's de matter, if I'm start for have a fit,
But Batiscan, I'm laugh so moche can't spik at all one bit.
Anyway he's go for get his game, an' soon he's come pressé,
An' hol' it up, an' look .... an' say: "Wha's dat, un lièvre *moussé?*"

L. A. Therrien, in *Montreal Witness.*

† Used as by-word. * Hibous—Owl.

THE BOER-BRITISH WAR.

Seldom, if ever, in the history of the British people, has the war interest risen to the acute pitch which is to-day manifested both in the Home-land and in the Colonies. In the light of this fact, a brief historical sketch of the circumstances which led up to this present conflict in South Africa, will, I trust, be of interest to the readers of The Monthly. Many are questioning what is the cause of this war, and again, is Great Britain justifiable in prosecuting the war at such a tremendous outlay of money and men? In the course of this article I hope to answer these questions.

The men who stand at the head of Great Britain's foreign relations are acquainted with the history of this perplexing problem, now seeking solution, in a way it is impossible for us to know it. Their voice upon this question, so difficult, so far-reaching in its consequences, is one that we do well to heed. We may rest assured that those who have made such questions a life study, and who have all the facts before them, have something to tell us, and their message is, that if Great Britain desires to maintain her position of paramountcy in South Africa, her traditions as a friend of justice, her national honor in response

to the defiant ultimatum of the Boers, that this present war which she is now waging was the only course of action open to her. Great Britain was not thirsting for war, but rather did all in her power to prevent war. She exhausted herself in the best diplomacy that could be brought to bear upon President Kruger, but all in vain.

Despite the harsh criticism that has been urged against Mr. Chamberlain, as the author of the war, the fact remains, that Great Britain, as a nation, is a unit on this question, and is enthusiastically in favor of her present attitude. Not only does this spirit of loyal support to her foreign policy in this regard pertain to the Home-land, but also in the Colonies there has been demonstrated their entire sympathy with the action of the Imperial Parliament in entering upon the war that has already proved so sanguine.

While the franchise question was the immediate cause of the war, there were other mediate causes which operated largely to bring about the present issue. From the British point of view, the present conflict is an effort to check a long-determined effort on the part of the Boers to oust the British from South Africa.

The British have a right to South Africa, and have well earned the right to paramountcy in the South. In 1806 the Cape was taken by the British, and soon after was ceded to England by Holland, the former paying for it six million pounds sterling. After this English settlers began to come in, the English having full control of the country. Their government displeased the Dutch farmers, and an exodus of ten thousand of them followed. Out into the vast wilderness to the north of the Cape they went. The English, while sorry to see them go, did not follow them, but they still regarded them as British subjects and justly, inasmuch as they had taken no oath of allegiance to any other power. With part of the posterity of this famous exodus the British are now engaged in their fourth conflict. Two Boer republics came out of these conflicts, namely, the Free State and the Transvaal. In 1854 the Boers of the Free State were granted complete independence by the British, and have since retained it, inasmuch as they have demonstrated their ability to govern themselves with success and credit. Not so,

however, was it in the case of the Transvaal Boers. In 1877, the British as paramount power in South Africa, deemed it desirable in the interests of their Transvaal settlers, and of South Africa as a whole, to annex the Transvaal Republic to the British Empire. The Dutch Republic being unable to cope with their mightier foes on every side, was threatened with annihilation. The Republic was in a state of bankrupcy, and the government in a state of chaos. The English settlers who had gone into the Transvaal, and who were still British subjects, had their peace prosperity, and even their lives threatened with disaster, on account of the internal weakness of the Republic, and the external powers that threatened at any moment to pounce down upon it. These were some of the circumstances which led up to the annexation of the Transvaal Republic to the British Empire.

In 1880 the Boers rose in revolt, and under the London Convention of 1881, obtained self-government, subject to the suzerainty of Queen Victoria. In 1884 the articles of this Convention were remodeled. In these no specific continuance of the Queen's suzerainty is mentioned, but by article four, England maintains the right to regulate the foreign relations of the Republic. It is, moreover, contended by certain jurists, that the suzerainty expressly declared in the 1881 Convention was not abrogated by the 1884 treaty, by reason of the fact that the reference to the suzerainty occurs in the preamble of the 1881 instrument, and that by the 1884 treaty only the articles and not the preamble of the former treaty are affected. Be this as it may, the Boers of the Transvaal have maintained that the suzerainty no longer exists, while the British Government and its law officers have, with equal emphasis, declared that it still holds good.

Joseph S. Dunn, in the " Independent " for October, writes : " Distinct, however, from this point is the fact that by the 1884 Convention, numerous specific conditions are laid down for regulating the conduct of the Transvaal Government towards the British subjects and other aliens, in regard to internal affairs. While as regards the external aspect of England's relations towards the Republic, it never has been seriously denied by any responsible authority, that as paramount power in South

Africa, apart from the definitely defined suzerainty, England has the right under certain circumstances to supervise the general conduct of the Transvaal Government."

Great Britain's subjects in the Transvaal Republic were suffering, and suffering severely, from violations of the London Convention of 1884 by which they were solemnly promised "equal rights of property, trade and usages, unity and reconcilation," as the motto of the Emancipated State.

England's right to dictate regarding the internal and external workings of the Transvaal Republic makes plain the fact that the Transvaal is not an independent state. Its freedom of action is circumscribed both within and without. The exact word to describe the relation in which the two countries stand towards each other is hard to find; call it suzerainty, control, the right to veto, call it what you will, the fact remains that the Transvaal in some most important branches of its affairs is finally subject to Great Britain.

Sir Alfred Milner when in final conference with President Kruger at Bloemfontein, met to discuss the question on which they differed, on the basis of the London Convention. President Kruger proposed that certain points in dispute should be submitted to arbitration. Sir Alfred Milner was obliged to answer, that on any matter of real importance there could be no arbitration between a suzerain state and a dependency.

For the last twenty years the Boers have been secretly preparing for the war in which they are now engaged, their golden dream being to gain complete independence of the British. To this end they have been strengthening their forts, arming themselves with the best weapons, and filling their arsenals with all the requirements of a prolonged war. Thus, while the Boer talked peace he was secretly preparing for war. Quite different was England's attitude. Up to the last the hope was entertained that terms of a peaceful settlement could be arrived at, but in this she was disappointed, and when war was finally declared, she found herself in a poor position for the dreaded conflict, having not enough troops on the field for the ordinary requirements of the country.

The apologists of the Transvaal Government, endeavour to persuade the outside world, that the grievances of the Uitlander are only a manufactured excuse for England to retake the country. Such a statement of the case I believe to be perniciously false.

It cannot be too much emphasized that given good, honest government, not one word would have been heard on the part of the Uitlander in favor of Imperial intervention, neither would there have been any cry for the franchise, had the country been properly managed. It is only because the Boer government is wholly unfit to remain exclusively the ruling class, that in sheer desperation the Uitlanders are seeking the franchise, in order that thereby they may rid the administration of some of its glaring defects.

According to the franchise law, existing up to a week or so before the declaration of war, no Uitlander could hope to secure the franchise in the Transvaal except by the permission of two-thirds of the burgers in his ward, and the express sanction of the Executive Committee. Since the Imperial Government have given their attention to the franchise question, one purporting to confer the franchise on any one who has been seven years a resident in the State was passed. But to all intents and purposes it is the old law—the old wolf in sheep's clothing, so that actually only two per cent. of the British population could receive the right to vote.

Hence on the ground that her subjects were suffering wrongs which the Boers refused to right, because a solemn treaty was violated, the violation of which was persisted in, Great Britain entered upon the war. Again in the interests of the country in which she retained the position of paramountcy it became her in the name of justice to check the retrograde policy of the Boers. Their dogged determination "to stop the clock" (as some one has well put it), was affecting the whole of South Africa, and in its final analysis the progress of the whole world. "Were it not for the Boers," says one writer, "the rate of progress and development in South Africa would be unparalleled in the history of any other country." The reactionary policy of the Transvaal Government must therefore be removed, and in the name of justice, humanity and civilization, Great Britain has pledged herself to do it.

L. Brown.

Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY has been very much gratified by the intensified interest and appreciation recently shown in its work. This has been especially marked of late among the students who seem to be realizing more fully than ever before that this paper is the organ of the student body, and is dependent upon them for sympathy and support. This was abundantly manifest at a recent meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society, when it was enthusiastically decided to set the subscription to students at the regular subscription rate, instead of at reduced rates as formerly. The opinions expressed by several members of the Society in regard to the quality and efficiency of the paper were heartily endorsed by Dr. Newman, who said that in his opinion it was almost equal in educational value to an additional CHAIR in the University. The numerous favorable comments found in recent issues of a number of our leading exchanges were referred to as testimony to the high and satisfactory character of the articles published. Every issue will, we feel sure, bear careful perusal, and we would enlist the efforts of all our friends among students and Alumni and elsewhere in bringing our paper to the attention of all thoughtful readers.

WE are confident that in making the above appeal we may depend upon the great majority of our graduates and undergraduates. There are, to be sure, always found in every college a small number of men who seem incapable of catching anything, even so infectious as a college spirit. For such we are sincerely sorry, inasmuch as theirs must be the greater loss. Since, however, such a spirit has never been lacking in McMaster University, except in sad and isolated cases, we feel that it may be safely drawn upon in aid of the College paper. Nevertheless, it is not expected that the *name* of our MONTHLY shall in any way atone for lack of merit. In our present issue are to be found articles equal to the best offered by any magazine in the country, and worthy of a place on any table. We are especially anxious that the magazine should be given a fair field in our Alumni constituency, and are assured that it will find there a sphere peculiarly its own, and create a demand which cannot be elsewhere supplied.

READERS of the MONTHLY will be interested to learn that Dr. Malcolm MacVicar, the first Chancellor of our University, after nearly ten

years of efficient service as Superintendent of the Educational Work of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, has accepted the Presidency of the Virginia Union University, of Richmond, Virginia. This is a new enterprise, and is projected, we suppose, in the interest of the higher education of the colored people. It is to form, we presume, the capstone of the numerous Home Mission colleges that have been planted throughout the South. A Theological Seminary for Baptist colored men has been established in Richmond for some time. This will probably constitute a part of the University over which Dr. MacVicar is to preside. Full information regarding this new enterprise is not at hand.

The death of Dr. William Henry Green, of Princeton, the most eminent of the conservative Old Testament scholars of the present generation, will be deeply lamented by the large number of devout people in all evangelical denominations who have regarded him as a bulwark of strength against the inroads of the higher criticism. Dr. Howard Osgoode, his Baptist compeer, is retiring from his professorship in the Rochester Theological Seminary, and is thus removed from the ranks of conservative Old Testament teachers. Many years of efficient service, it is to be hoped, yet remain to him, and these years devoted to literary work on Biblical subjects may well be of more service to the cause of truth than they would be in the professor's chair. That he may long be spared will be the prayer of many friends and admirers.

If one thing more than another warrants the existence of a distinctively Christian University, it is that its graduates show themselves ready and fitted for self-forgetting and efficient missionary work. To those of us who feel most keenly the responsibilities of the University, it is a cause of profound thankfulness that from the beginning of her career McMaster has had this seal of God in her work. The first graduating class in arts is already represented by H. C. Priest and H. E. Stillwell in India, and Leonard Therrien in Quebec, and now C. N. Mitchell becomes by appointment of our Foreign Mission Board, its representative in Bolivia. The class of 1894 thus stands as an assurance to the churches of the missionary spirit of the University, as a promise of the great part which successive graduating classes are to play in the evangelization of the world. Bro. Mitchell will join in

Bolivia A. B. Reekie and R. Routledge, both McMaster men, whose pioneer work is being so signally blessed.

At the same meeting of the Board, Andrew Imrie, another graduate of McMaster, was appointed a missionary to India. Both these brethren are well qualified for the great responsibilities which they undertake. Mr. Mitchell has added to his B.A. course the M.A. course in history, and Bro. Imrie, better still, has added the full B. Th. course, and will probably complete an M.A. course before he leaves for India. Both won a good name in college, as men of sense and zeal, and both have done such valuable service in the home field that the home boards are sorry to lose them. But surely it is all important that our very earnest and best equipped men should go to lay foundations and become leaders. We rejoice in these men, assure them of our confidence in them, and follow them to their fields with believing prayer.

ENCOURAGED by the prosperity of the country and urged by the loss of revenue because of decreasing income from interest and by the expansion of the educational work to be accomplished, several of our leading Baptist institutions in the United States are making strenuous efforts for an increase of endowment. Rochester Theological Seminary is aiming to celebrate its Jubilee next May by announcing an addition of $300,000 to its resources. Mr. Rockefeller has agreed to give dollar for dollar up to this point. It is confidently expected that the $150,000 necessary to secure a like amount from him will be forthcoming from the friends of the Seminary. Of this amount $100,000 will be added to the permanent funds and the remaining $200,000 will be used for the purchase of additional land and the erection of a new building. Newton, under its energetic and popular new President, Dr. Wood, is working successfully for a smaller sum, which is necessary for the efficient carrying on of the work. The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, under its excellent new President, Dr. E. Y. Mullins, is attempting, first of all to raise a guarantee fund of $5,000 a year for five years, to meet the annual deficit until an endowment can be secured to yield at least this amount in addition to the present income. The University of Chicago has almost completed the raising of the $2,000,000 necessary to secure a like amount from Mr. Rockefeller, promised conditionally some time ago. $4,000,000 added to the resources of the great University seems like an enormous sum, but it will all be needed at once to meet the rapidly increasing demands of

the work already in hand and to add such new departments as are clamoring for attention. McMaster's request for $35,000 or $40,000 seems very small in comparison with what other institutions are seeking, and yet our able and popular Chancellor feels obliged to devote many months to securing it. Every Baptist in Ontario and Quebec should esteem it a privilege to have a part in this work. Those that have little should give of their little. Those that have abundance should give abundantly. The amount needed should be all in sight before commencement, and the new building should be erected during the coming summer. It can easily be done if all who can help and ought to help *will help* according to their means.

Book Reviews.

THE SCARLET WOMAN.*

Joseph Hocking's hand is a strong one, and his work has the touch of mastery upon it. This book is practically an account of a duel, and a thrilling account it is. It is not often that two such men as Father Ritzoom and Norman Lancaster are pitted against each other. Of equal powers, and equally determined to win; skilled, tactful and confident, they fight their combat through to the end. The duel is not with sword or pistol, upon some lonely moor at daybreak; it is a contest of well-matched minds, prolonged through several years, and the contestants are representatives of two different religious systems—Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, are face to face; the spirit, purpose and methods of both are unmasked; and although Catholicism is made to suffer defeat, it is neither caricatured nor maligned.

It is not an uncommon fault of books of this kind to represent the priests and nuns as immoral, even grossly immoral. But this author, while he lifts the veil from before the lives of those who inhabit the religious houses of the church does not even hint that immorality lurks there. To most Protestant readers this will be pleasing, for they do not believe that many of the classes named are purient and corrupt.

The book shows you "the most perfect organization of power the world has ever seen" in actual operation. One sees the church to be

*A Romance. By Joseph Hocking. With full page Illustrations by Sidney Cowell. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. Published by The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

an organism with countless and far-reaching ramifications, controlled by those who embody the wisdom gained through many centuries of dealing with men. Individual life is merged into the life of the church, until independence in thought, purpose and action is no more, and every domain of life is in absolute submission to the will of the church. Rome's first and supreme demand is obedience always and in all things, and one can understand easily how that obedience is secured if her theory of the place and functions of the church is accepted. It is not Mediævalism, it is modern Jesuitism, *i.e.*, present day Catholicism, which teaches that there is one chance for salvation and one means, namely the church; that the church is above the reason of man and expresses the reason of the Almighty; and concludes, naturally enough, by saying that for all human purposes the church is God Almighty.

The men who accept such dogmas become dead men. And it is dead men—men out of whose nature all life has been stifled and stamped—that the church wants. Catholicism of to-day takes up the words of St. Francis of Assisi, "I want dead men and not living ones to be my disciples."

Apart from the religious interest "The Scarlet, Woman" is a very readable book. A young man engages to bring together two young friends over whose love there has come an eclipse. In the bitterness of their sorrow they have turned to the church and are preparing to take holy orders as priest and nun. In a most heroic way their mutual friend seeks to effect a reconciliation. Balked and beaten repeatedly, he battles against the church's secret lying methods until at last he finds himself the happy possessor of a young heart which, for years, has pined for such a love as convent bars and bolts make impossible. But what of the two friends? Its all in the book, and will be found a good lesson on the way in which human life may be perverted by misinterpretations of God's truth.

R. R. M.

THE OLD FAITH AND THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.*

We may agree with Principal Grant that this book is written in a spirit of fairness and reverence, and with the desire to render a real service in conceiving the doctrines of the Christian faith in the light of the results of the sciences.

*Lectures delivered before the Canadian Summer School for the Clergy, in Port Hope, Ont., July, 1899, by G. J. Low, D. D., Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, and Rector of Trinity Church, Billing's Bridge. With an introduction by Principal Grant of Queen's University. Toronto: William Briggs, 1900 pp 160.

The introductory chapter discusses the question, "Is the Old Faith compatible with the New Philosophy?" "The Old Faith is summed up in the words of the 'Nicene Creed,' neither less nor more. The New Philosophy is summed up in the word 'Evolution' and is expounded by Mr. Herbert Spencer and a host of scientific writers," (p. 23.) From this point of view are treated in the remaining chapters the following subjects: "The Doctrine of the Trinity," "The Holy Ghost," "The Person and Work of Christ," "The World's Great Sacrifice," "The Holy Catholic Church."

A detailed review of the arguments cannot be presented here. It is sufficient to say that we heartily commend the purpose of the book.

T.

Exegetical Notes.

It is a safe rule in interpretation to allow a word to have its normal use and meaning unless the context positively demands another. An interesting case in point, is furnished by the word περιβάλλομαι in the New Testament. Forms of the 2nd aor. mid. occur in Matt. vi. 29, 31; Luke 12: 27; Acts 12: 8; Rev. 3: 18 and Rev. 19: 8, and the fut. mid. in Rev. 3: 5.

In four of these, Thayer says that the form is used in the passive sense, viz., Matt. 6: 29, and its parallel Luke 12: 29, Rev. 3: 5, and 19: 8, Rev 3: 18, he puts under each head so that his view of that passage is uncertain. The authorized version gives the passive meaning in all these cases and adds also Matt. 6: 31; the revised parts company with the authorized only in Rev. 3: 18 and 19: 8. My own feeling is that there is no good reason for departing from the proper middle sense in a single passage; on the contrary, if the middle is retained, their beauty is distinctly enhanced. Take them in order. Matt. 6: 29, should be translated, "Not even Solomon in all his glory arrayed himself as one of these." Of course, accustomed as we are in Scripture and anthem to the other phraseology, this may shock us at first, but let it say what it wishes to say, and the passage gains greatly in force and expressiveness. The whole paragraph is an appeal to us to trust God to care for us as we do His will, rather than to worry about providing for ourselves. Among others, this illustration is adduced for our encouragement. And what does it amount to. Just this. The Master wishes to assure us that God can care for us better than we can for ourselves, and He points to the lily in its beauty as a sample of God's care and to Solomon as the outstanding illustration of the best a man can do for himself. If Solomon in all his glory, with his fabulous wealth, kingly authority, and unsurpassed wisdom and culture, could not clothe himself as beautifully as God clothes the lily, none of the rest of us need hope to do so. That states

a contrast that is only suggested, and to many may be entirely lost, in the common version.

In Matt. 6 : 31, both our versions retain the passive, but Thayer rightly favors the middle.

Though there is more precedent in classic Greek for treating the fut. mid. form as passive in meaning, yet I have no hesitation in abiding by the general principle even in Rev. 3 : 5. Then the verse will read "He that overcometh shall thus (*i.e.* in the very process of overcoming) array himself in white garments." What possible objection can be urged to this translation? Is it not truer to the real thought of the passage? The cause of the mis-translation here and in the other passages in this book, doubtless is that translators have been attributing to John, Paul's doctrine of imputed righteousness. Is it not after all a matter of works, of conduct, that is under consideration?

In Rev. 3 : 18, and 19 : 8, the Revised Version gives the middle. The former calls for no particular comment; the latter has the same thought substantially as 3 : 5; only it is made still more clear by the context. "It was given to her that she should array herself in fine linen bright and pure; for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints." The new version is an improvement on the old in both parts of the sentence. The word translated "righteousness" in the old version is not the common *δικαιοσύνη*, but *δικαίωματα*, the singular of which is found in Rom. 5 : 18 in the same sense as that here given by the Revised. Thus the correct translation of the latter part of the verse supports the natural meaning of the middle *περιβάληται*, in the former.

J. H. F.

College News.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: A. B. COHOE, B.A.

IN the necessity for the opening of this department of our College magazine, devoted to the doings of our graduates, we have an evidence of the fact that McMaster is growing old. Moreover, the final test of an institution such as McMaster, and by which she must stand or fall, is a test of time. It is not found in the magnificence of her equipment, nor in the manifest ability of her instructors, nor yet in the number of her students, but finally, in the character of the lives of her graduates. Though it is not our intention to make this department primarily an evidence of the success of McMaster University, yet we believe that, to a certain extent, it will be an answer to that query. Items of interest regarding graduates will be gladly received by the editor of this department.

Rev. Geo. A. Simmons, '96, of Athens, was married on the 20th ult., to Miss Ida E. Weatherbe, of the city.

Rev. Joshua Roberts, of Woodstock, has returned from his tour through the old land.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. H. C. Speller, who has been seriously ill recently, is recovering.

S. R. Tarr, '95, has resigned his position as Mathematical Master at Woodstock College, to accept a position on the Canada Life Insurance Company's staff.

W. W. Charters, '98, has been appointed to the Principalship of the Central School, Hamilton.

Miss Newman, '99, is meeting with success in her work at the Hollin's Female College, Hollins, Virginia.

Rev. Thos. Doolittle, '94 Theo., has resigned the pastorate of the Thurso Church.

Rev. S. R. Stephens, '98, has resigned the pastorate of the Mt. Pleasant Church, Vancouver, B.C., and has gone to California.

Rev. Chas. A. Mitchell, '94, and his wife left on the 15th inst. for Bolivia. On the evening of the 14th inst. we met in the College St. Church, to say good-bye and bid them God-speed. McMaster expects much of her men, and those who heard Charlie Mitchell on that farewell night, felt that in him she would not be disappointed.

The Class of '94 leads yet. It is their characteristic to lead. In the old days they led in the class-room, and at the examination table, and their pace has never been outdone. They led in the forming of college tradition, for there was no college tradition, and it must needs be made. They led in graduating, for no class had graduated before them. Moreover, they are leading yet. For with "Harry" Priest and "Harry" Stillwell in India, and "Charlie" Mitchell in Bolivia, they will have more men at work in the foreign field than any other class that has ever graduated, either in Arts or Theology. All honor to '94.

AROUND THE HALL.

Editors { Miss McLay, '00, A. C. Watson, '01.
C. C. Sinclair, '02.

Among the many ties binding Woodstock College and McMaster University not least is that of friendly competition in sports. In the fall we have the annual football match, but until this year hockey had not been essayed. In response to an invitation from Woodstock, McMaster

sent up her first team and in a hard-fought game was victor by a good margin. The Woodstock boys were excellent stick-handlers, but owing to lack of practice could not withstand the repeated onslaughts of the heavier McMaster forwards. This match will probably become an annual event, and we hope next year to welcome, on our own ice, a hockey team representing Woodstock College.

HOCKEY.—Although McMaster this season has not a rink of her own the hockey team has made splendid arrangements with Varsity and secured good hours for practice, with the result that both the first and second teams are unusually strong. The first team has not yet suffered defeat, having played two games with Victoria and two with the Crystals. All four games were well contested and the victory was well-earned. The second team, always more unfortunate, has lost one game, but to counter balance, won a brilliant victory over the Boyd team on the 20th. Anothor game is expected with the same team and is looked forward to with great enthusiasm.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The first regular meeting of the Lit. this term was held on the evening of Friday, January 26th. The programme consisted of a review of and selections from the "Sky Pilot," Ralph Connor's new book. Miss Dryden's review was appreciative of and sympathetic with the life and scenes of the book, and was much enjoyed by all. Mr. J. A. McDonald, Miss M. R. Wallace and Mr. D. Alexander read selections from the book, a few of which were, "The Baseball Match," "Bill's Financing," "The Opening of the Church" and "The Pilot's Death." A piano duet by Misses Gile and Bailey; a song by Miss Cohoon, and a flute solo by Mr. W. S. Fox were the musical features of the evening. The programme was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

THE second successful meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on the evening of January 26th. After the business of the Society had been dealt with the programme was begun with a vocal solo by Mr. A. C. Newcombe. This number was very much enjoyed. The debate of the evening was then entered upon. The subject, "Resolved that State ownership and control of monopolies would be more beneficial to mankind than private ownership," was supported by A. C. Watson and A. E. Haydon, while F. J. Snelgrove and H. S. Arkell upheld the negative. The "Scientists" were there in force to encourage their representatives, and the affirmative speakers were well supported by their classical friends. All four addresses showed thought and careful preparation of the subject, and the decision of the judge, Dr. Newman, was awaited with eagerness. While the respective merits of logic and oratory were being weighed Miss Webster gave a vocal solo which was heartily encored. Dr. Newman then gave a brief address, awarding the palm of victory to the affirmative.

THE January meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was one of

peculiar interest. At the morning session Rev. C. N. Mitchell, B.A., who with his wife is shortly to join the workers in Bolivia, gave a very able address on the work in that country. The speaker gave a brief sketch of the history of Bolivia, presented the hopeful aspects of the present outlook, and spoke of the joy experienced by his wife and himself as they went to their new field of labor. Following this address was one by Rev. E. Bosworth on the Grande Ligne Mission, of which he is Field Secretary. The needs of the Romanists in Quebec, the obligation resting upon Baptists, and the importance of the Mission were all set forth in a most eloquent and forceful address. This being the day set apart for prayer for colleges, the afternoon session was specially given up to waiting upon God. Chancellor Wallace addressed the student body, taking for his theme "Sin," and dealing with it in a way that searched every heart. At the conclusion of this meeting, the different years assembled in separate rooms for class prayer meetings. All of these meetings were full of inspiration and rich in blessing, the Divine influence being felt in some of them to a marvellous degree. The day as a whole was one of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

The first meeting of the Ladies' Literary League for the winter term was held January 12th, at 4 p.m., in the chapel. There was a full attendance of the members of the League, and after the business of the Society was disposed of, Miss Cohoon opened the programme with a very pretty instrumental solo. Then followed a debate on a subject of great interest :—" Resolved that co-education is better than non-co-education." The speakers on the affirmative were Miss Emelyn Delmage, '01, and Miss Wallace, '03, and their arguments but strengthened the firm conviction that the members of the League already had. Miss Dryden, '00, and Miss Elliott, '03, upheld the advantages of non-co-education, and spoke bravely and well in spite of the fact that their hearts were not in the cause. The debate was decided by a vote of all the members of the Society, who endeavored to carry out Miss Dryden's injunction to be entirely impartial, even though they might be already prejudiced in favor of the affirmative. The decision was given in favor of the co-educationalists. Then followed an instrumental duet by Misses Gile and McLay, and a chorus, " Maria's Lambkin," by Misses Parlin, Gile, McLaurin, Cornell and McLay. The chorus was enthusiastically encored, and the gratified quartette proceeded to sing again for the delectation of the Society. Miss Clemens, '01, acted as critic and spoke very favorably of the programme, though she might well have criticized the rendition of the quartette's encore. The meeting was closed with a verse of " The Land of the Maple."

The Tennisonian Society held a very profitable and pleasant meeting on the evening of February 2nd, the most important feature of which was an address on Greek poetry, by Professor Dale. The

testimony of two thousand years is that Greek poetry is the best poetry ever produced. A striking fact about it is that it was already perfect when it first appeared. This perfection is the more admirable when we remember the conditions of contemporaneous civilizations. Freedom was peculiar to the Greeks; in Egypt we find a Sacerdotal tyranny; in the East, a kingly despotism; in Phoenicia, an all-prevading commercialism. The Greek spirit was eminently "natural," intellectually and morally fearless, yet reverent, "nothing in excess" was the secret of their excellence in every department of life. The Greek spirit was thus decidedly *sui generis*. The main qualities which make Greek poetry what it is, are briefly, simplicity of thought, plainness of language, nobility of manner, rapidity of action. Again Greek poetry has a very intimate bearing on modern times. The sources of Greek inspiration, religious and political freedom, disappeared with Rome, and not until Christianity came to set men free again could poetry revive. This regaining of freedom expressed itself in the Renaissance and the Reformation, in the former of which is again felt the influence of Greek poetry. Thus in the formation of the modern spirit, which is the result of these two great factors, plus the principle of political freedom, the gift of the Teutonic race, Greek poetry has played no small part.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS EDITH OLIVER.
MISS EDITH MACGREGOR.

WHAT gives more pleasure than a genuine taffy-pull? Those who were summoned to the "lower regions" the other evening, to enjoy a festival of this kind, would surely answer, "Nothing." The faculty gave us all a more pleasing and practical proof than usual of their sweetness, by setting before us a generous plate of "molten" taffy. The teachers must have been fully repaid for their trouble by the sight of fifty merry girls, eagerly pulling, and ravenously eating that which had been set before them. The bell broke like the funeral knell of our pleasure, and as punctuality is the motto of all Moultonites, we immediately went to our rooms.

"WHAT'S the matter with Moulton?" "She's all right," and various other songs and cries might have been heard ringing through the clear and frosty air one night this month. Moulton girls never let a good thing slip, and when they noticed roads and their own purses propitious to a sleighing party they besieged the honourable members of the Faculty until permission was granted them. Oh! what a sight it was when those forty fabulously fair females piled gracefully in three long sleighs and sped away, laughing and singing until their voices died away in the distance. If Mr. Tapscott had been there he would have ordered a photograph of them on the spot, cost what it might. Before

they returned, however, Moulton paid her compliments not only to those private houses most intimately connected with the College, but also to many other schools and universities including McMaster, where they were given quite a reception. McMaster students seem quite familiar with the Chatauqua salute, but some Moultonites have remarked on the enormity of the handkerchiefs in use on that particular night. But what is a sleigh-drive without an oyster supper? Moulton girls always think of these trifles, and do nothing by halves; an oyster supper they had, and did full justice to it. They retired in the best of spirits, vowing that a sleighing party should be held every few nights during the remaining winter months—but so far that is all it has amounted to.

The fifth lecture of our course was given by Dr. Ten Broeke, of McMaster University, on February 9th, Mr. Robertson introducing the lecturer. His subject was "The play of animals." and the hour spent in listening to it passed altogether too quickly. We were glad to hear Dr. Ten Broeke express the opinion that youth was given as a time for recreation, and we have all quite made up our minds not, in any case, to neglect that part of our education.

We are glad to report a very different condition of our rink from that given in the last number of The Monthly; what was then a barren waste of frozen ground has now become a beautiful sheet of ice. The corridor windows furnish a fine view of the scene, and to those of a moralizing turn of mind the picture before them cannot fail to suggest the old and well-known illustration of life. Here may be seen those who, for the first time, are endeavoring to walk the slippery paths of pleasure and trying to support their uncertain steps leaning upon the top of a chair. But the beginners are not the only ones who help to bear out the illustration; for even those whom experience should have enlightened, are often entrapped in treacherous and uncertain holes which, though having on the surface the appearance of safety, have caused the downfall of many. But such is the perseverance of Moulton girls that they will not be baffled even by repeated falls; and we entertain great hopes of the Moulton rink becoming famous for the skill of its patronesses.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editors { S. R. Tarr, M.A.
Frank Beddow.

L'envoi.—It is with feelings of regret that the Senior Editor of this page severs a pleasurable connection of over eight year's standing with the staff of The McMaster University Monthly. With most sincere interest he hopes still to watch its progress in the years to come.

PRINCIPAL MCCRIMMON preached morning and evening on Sunday, February 11th, in Chalmer's Presbyterian Church, and was heard with marked pleasure by good audiences.

ON Friday night the 16th inst., the Toronto pastor, Rev. W. W. Weeks, lectured here. His visits to the College are very popular, and we heartily enjoyed his lecture on the subject, "A Fool or a Prophet."

THE war spirit has of course entered into us as into other Canadians, and it has borne the practical fruit of a substantial contribution to the "Red Cross Fund," given by the Student-body and Faculty.

THE College is fortunate in having secured Mr. A. M. Overholt, M. A., to act as Master in Mathematics and History, after the departure of Mr. Tarr to accept a position in the actuarial department of the Canada Life in Toronto. Mr. Overholt is assured of a hearty welcome to our school.

HOCKEY.—The College team looked forward with lively anticipation to the trial of skill with McMaster on Saturday, February 18th, on the Woodstock ice. Our boys were keen for victory and had been practicing accordingly ever since the match was announced. Whether winners or losers they were resolved to make the game a good one.

WOODSTOCK was less quiet than usual last week for it was the scene of the annual Y. M. C. A. Convention of Ontario and Quebec. The meetings were held morning, afternoon and evening, and drew to the town a host of visitors—ministers, delegates and others. Last Sunday was a notable day in the churches for some one of the Y. M. C. A. speakers occupied the pulpit in almost every church. A mass meeting was held in the afternoon in the Woodstock Opera House. Many of the College boys attended the meetings.

WE have lately had a visit from Rev. Mr. Bone, the genial and hearty Sailor's Missionary. How well he carrys his weight of years, what a bright countenance he has, and always a cheery word of helpfulness! One of the boys asked him how old he was. "Oh, well," he said, in his droll style, "I am going along toward 100." Mr. Bone gave us a talk that was brimming full of Gospel truth, most simply told. At the close of the service a collection was taken to go towards his mission work among the sailors.

ON Thursday, January, 25th the annual day of prayer for colleges was observed by us and along with this was held the monthly Judson missionary meeting. School books were laid aside at 2.15 p.m., and all assembled in the chapel. The Principal held the chair. After some time spent in prayer especially for educational institutions and those identified with them, as instructors or students, an excellent address was read by Rev. David Hutchinson, of Brantford, upon the

"Founding of the Congo Mission." This paper included in its scope the labours of Livingstone and Stanley in their great work of African exploration. Mr Hutchinson enlivened the reading by occasionally breaking into personal reminiscences of some of the heroes of the mission. The Rev. Geo. Cross, M.A., of Aylmer, was to have delivered an address also, but at the last moment found himself unable to attend. Musical features were a duet by Messrs. Jones and H. Bingham and a chorus of students.

During the month a special evangelistic effort has been made at the First Baptist Church. Pastor McKay was helped in these meetings by Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, and while he stayed in Woodstock we were favored by him each morning at "chapel" with a five-minute address.

The religious life of the school has not been neglected it will be seen. The general prayer-meeting, held in the chapel every Thursday night, has been well attended and has invariably been marked by a healthy spiritual tone. These meetings are led by one of the student body, and opportunity is given for testimony or short remarks. Besides these gatherings "Flat" prayer-meetings take place every Tuesday and Saturday evenings immediately after supper, breaking up at the sound of the study-hour bell. We have had several reports of conversions taking place recently, and hope for an ingathering in special meetings now being planned. On Saturday morning, directly after breakfast, Principal McCrimmon, we feel sure at considerable personal sacrifice, conducts a class in Bible study and theology. These classes are greatly appreciated by the boys, especially those looking ahead with thoughts of the ministry as their life-work. Discussion is allowed and indulged in. The lectures are in such form that each student is able to preserve full and valuable notes for future use.

Although the winter term is looked upon as usually a hard one for the "Philomat," we note with much satisfaction, its present prosperity under the able presidency of Mr. Bert Matthews. We are not confining ourselves to the "old-hands" but are trying to bring out new talent; at last meeting we had five-minute speeches upon noted characters, such as Savonarola, Burke, the Queen etc. The "Excelsior" has not fallen behind, and will join with the elder Society in the grand annual public entertainment to be given at the beginning of next month. A committee has arranged a fine programme,a wisely adjusted mixture of "meat" and mirth. All are hard at work in preparation for a great display. There will be a combined "edition extraordinary" of our Society journals—the *Maple Leaf* and *Oracle*. The chief item however is to be a "farce," which will give some of our number a chance to display themselves as actors. We hope for a large attendance of the public.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Mr. Gawne, of Montreal, an earnest worker among boys, made us a visit at the same time, and was able to remain with us over the Sunday. His pleasant manner with the boys and his genuine love for them, gained him an attentive audience when he spoke in the Saturday evening meeting and again on Sunday.

The monthly temperance meeting was held on February 9th. The report showed that almost all the pupils had signed the total abstinence pledge, many of them for life. May it prove a help to them in time of temptation. The business was transacted and a very good programme followed. As it was the date of our principal's birthday anniversary a few appropriate remarks were made by the president, Mr. Arthur Lyster, and the hearty applause testified to the loving esteem felt by all for Principal Massé.

During the week beginning February 5th, very interesting special revival meetings were held in the Baptist church here. Rev. A. L. Therrien took charge of the services. Though the weather was not always the most propitious, the attendance was such as to comfortably fill the church almost every evening. The services were not noisy or exciting in any way, but the penetrating influence of the Holy Spirit was abundantly manifest. Quite a number of dormant Christians were awakened and a large number of others professed conversion. Most of these, of course, were students, but several members of the congregation also professed to have found Christ, while many others were evidently brought under conviction of sin. May the influence of these meetings not soon be lost.

The monotony of school life was broken on February 2nd, by an entertainment in the church. Mr. Calhoun, of the Montreal Y. M. C. A., brought out a large number of magic lantern views. Many of them were views of Venice and other places that he had visited. Mr. Calhoun, in conversational style, told about his journey, and gave short descriptions of some of the more notable and interesting places, as the scenes appeared. The ladies of the church had prepared a bountiful supper, which was appreciated by all.

> Could there be a greater joy
> To the average Grande Ligne boy,
> Than a table, covered o'er with cakes and pies?
> When all dainties are supplied him,
> With a "demoiselle" beside him,
> As he eats and talks and eats;
> O! how time flies!

The proceeds of the entertainment amounted to about $40.00.

The Montreal boys certainly intended to make a clean sweep

when they arrived at Feller Institute, on Jan. 27th, after a two days' storm, to play a hockey match with our boys. The rink was in a forlorn state, more than two-thirds of it being covered with thick snow banks. It took our boys two hours and a half to clear it, and they were therefore extremely fatigued before the match, which fact was clearly noticeable during the match. There were no bright plays made, the ice being too rough for the players to rush the puck. The whole match was a series of slugs and tumbles, save in a few instances. No scores were made during the first half, and the "Fellers" were determined that there would be none during the second half; but alas for them! After twelve minutes' play, Ayer scored a game for Montreal. It was quite evident that Montreal had the stronger team, and the longed-for victory that Montreal has tried to win for seven years, would certainly have been theirs had not one of their men lost his temper and tackled one of our men while the referee was following the puck. Their goal-keeper, seeing them scuffle, left his goal to succor his man. During that time Piron scored a game for G. L. just before the whistle blew. Thus Feller Institute was saved from defeat, and is still able to say that she never was defeated on her own rink. They were lined up thus :—

Feller.		Montreal.
Stott	Goal	McKergow
Lyster	Point	Cole
Cuthbertson	Cover Point	Ayer
Péron (Capt.)	Forwards	Higgs
Robert	Forwards	Buchanan
McKay	Forwards	Markgraff
Hislop	Rover	Foreman

Score, 1 to 1. *Referee*, F. Therrien; *Umpires*, E. S. Roy and S. Graffty; *Time-keeper*, A. Baker.

Here and There.

J. R. Coults, Editor.

It is a pleasure to commend the little poem translated from the French by Mr. Fox, which appears in this issue. In it is a suggestion to others in regard to a field which is far from being exploited.

A new feature of this month's issue and one which should appeal to a large class of Monthly readers, is the page entitled "Exegetical Notes," which is kindly furnished by Dr. Farmer. His name is all the recommendation the department requires.

We congratulate Mr. G. L. Sprague on finding his article, "The Land of Burns," republished by the *Canada Educational Monthly*.

I built a beautiful castle,
In a strange and wonderful land,
And the glitter of gold and silver
Was about on every hand;
I built it with bars of iron,
But I built it upon the sand.

I built me a little cottage,
In it never a bar nor lock;
I opened it up to the sunshine,
To the mother-bird and her flock;
I built it with trust and longing,
And I built it upon a rock.

The gold and silver and jewels,
And the castle that towered above,
All fell with a crash together,
And great was the fall thereof.
But the cottage remained forever,
For the name of the rock was Love.

—*Anon.*

Of late, various exchanges have been reporting phenomenal dreams, alleged to have been the somnolent experiences of their business managers. Upon enquiry, we find that the slumbers of our own business manager, Mr. Robertson, have been haunted by visitations of a like kind, which compressed into verse would read somewhat as follows:

"I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still,
I dreamed that each subscriber came
Right up and paid his bill."

It is quite gratifying to know that in the case of our own Monthly, at least, this night vision, has of late had many a counterpart in actual experience. Possibly the moral suasion being exercised by our business staff accounts in part for this healthy state of affairs.

RALLYING SONG.

Canada, Canada, offer your loveliest
Spirits outflaming with patriot fire;
Brains that were winning fame,
Hopes no reverse could lame;
Dream-fed and love-fed, and
Strong to aspire.

Canada, Canada, cheer them to victory,
Let your love follow them, patient and strong.
Though your heart break for them,
Eyes weep and wake for them,
Trust them to God's care, and
Speed them with song.

—*Elizabeth Roberts McDonald.*

Rev. David. Marsh.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MARCH, 1900.

THE LATE REV. DAVID MARSH.

On the west side of the steep declivity then known as Hope Hill, reaching from the great Basilica and the market square of the city, down to the edge of the St. Charles, stood a plain two-story house, old as the French occupation. There was nothing of an ecclesiastical look about the building. An upper room, about forty feet in length, and twenty in breadth, plainly furnished with pine table and desk on which the Bible lay, unpainted seats and uncarpeted floor, was the meeting place of the few Christians who professed Baptist principles in the early forties and the birth place of the Baptist Church of Quebec. There was nothing to appeal to an æsthetic taste about the place. Outside, nature was lavish in her display. The great St. Lawrence to the right, bounded by that verdant gem, the Island of Orleans, and the Point Levis shore, in front the St. Charles river softly flowing into the St. Lawrence, while beyond the St. Charles the rich valley of the same name gently sloped up to the pine-clad Laurentian mountains, which curved in gentle sweep towards the west, thus engirdling the city, as of old did the mountains round about Jerusalem. Everything that met the eye outside of that plain building was grand and uplifting. All within was as plain and unpretentious as was the upper room of old in which the first disciples met. If the preaching room reminded one of apostolic simplicity, the men who ministered there were men of apostolic type, and the gospel they preached was a truly apostolic gospel. Dr. Davis, then principal of the Montreal Baptist

College, subsequently, a member of the Bible revision staff and principal of Regent's Park College; Dr. Cramp, so long associated with our educational work in the Maritime Provinces; Bosworth, pastor and professor; Girdwood, the honored pastor at St. Helen St., Montreal; and Landon, fresh from years of labor among the Six Nation Indians of the Tuscarora Reserve. These were men of more than ordinary ability, scholarly, and earnest in soul winning. David Marsh had no mean task laid upon him when called to follow these men, who gave the little Baptist flock not only solid food but rich variety. Intellectually he probably was not behind any of them; in educational equipment he would compare favorably with most. In other qualifications he was the superior of most of them.

In the summer of 1845 Mr. Marsh landed in Quebec with his young bride, having left his son James, the only child of a former marriage, behind to complete his education in England. He arrived just after the two great fires of May and June, 1845, which left nearly one-half of the city a smouldering ruin. His intention was to spend a few days or weeks in Quebec, and then move on to the West; God designed otherwise. The few days of his plan were lengthened out into over forty years, during thirty-eight of which he filled the pastoral office, and was intimately associated with the religious life and activities of the city. Towards the close of the year 1845, the Baptist Church was organized, fifteen members entering into covenant with the Lord and with one another; nine years later certain rules and regulations were adopted for the government of the society. The lot on which the present chapel on McMahon street stands was purchased from a French Roman Catholic on the 2nd of March, 1853, and the building rapidly pushed to completion and occupied. On ground and building £1,450, Halifax currency (the currency of the day, equal to $5,800) was expended, leaving a debt of $1,856, a large sum for a mere handful of people, most of them possessing but little wealth. In 1877 the Sunday school hall was added which must have cost at least a couple of thousand dollars more. After moving into the church edifice considerable accessions were made to the congregation, embracing not a few Godly officers, privates and non-

commissioned officers of the garrison then occupying the different barracks in Quebec. The first few years of his pastorate must have been a severe tax both on his physical and mental energies, and years that must have called for strong faith and much prayer. His salary was small, quite insufficient to support his increasing family, and had to be supplemented by teaching for some time, and subsequently by other means less exhausting. But never for a moment did he think of being on the outlook for something that might improve his position. God had called him to this work in Quebec, and he dare not turn aside, assured at the same time that He who called him to the work would provide for him and his. He was not disappointed. The promise failed not. What a lesson the long, useful and often discouraging pastorate reads to us in the present day, to pastors and churches, the one so often on the look out for something better, and the other restless for some change, what they know not, that may cure existing evils and bring the prosperity that comes not by a change of ministers but by a change of heart, in the people.

Mr. Marsh was born in Acsrington, Lancashire, England, Dec. 19, 1805, and educated at Horton College, Bradford, a county and an institution that have given Britain and Canada some of our best ministers. He held successively three pastorates in the old country before coming to this side of the Atlantic. In appearance he was about middle height, thick-set, of pleasing countenance, with a kindly look in his eyes. He seemed to me extremely careful of his personal appearance, but with no tendency to foppishness. While avoiding high church clericalism in dress, his garb indicated his sacred calling. He was a typical English gentleman, with such a genial play of features as at once challenged the confidence of old and young, of rich and poor. One of the occasions on which he first attracted my attention was at the monthly review of his friend Jeffry Hale's Sunday school, the spiritual birthplace of a great many useful Christian men and women, and I think I may say, for years a great, if not the greatest, centre of spiritual influence in Quebec. He sat with other guests, present on such occasions, in the gallery. His kindly eye met mine in such a way as to

give me confidence in answering certain Bible questions put by our superintendent Mr. Hale. Thirty-five years afterwards I learned from a mutual friend that my answers had so impressed him, that for years he had followed me with prayerful interest. God only knows how much I owe to that good man's prayers.

As a scholar, a thinker, and a teacher Mr. Marsh held a place in the front ranks. He had a well furnished and a well trained mind, and possessed the rare faculty of being able to communicate to others what he himself knew. These old English colleges like Horton, Bristol and others, may not have had either the staff or general equipment of our modern schools, but beyond question they turned out many noble thinkers and workers. To supplement his meagre salary, Mr. Marsh for some time taught an English and classical school, and not a few of his old pupils have filled and some still fill honourable and successful positions both in the professional and business ranks of the community. Of his private pupils the daughter of the late Lord Elgin and sister of the present Earl, was under his care and tuition till his lordship removed from Canada.

As a lecturer, such was his popularity, that he could always command a well-filled house. His warm friend and mine, Jeffry Hale, a liberal Episcopalian and consecrated Christian worker, in whose Sunday school hall he often lectured, purchased and placed at his disposal a splendid outfit of chemical apparatus, for his use in practical experiments; these are still to be seen in the anteroom of the now, I regret to say, unused school house. But whether the snbjects of his instruction were English literature, classics, chemistry or what else, all instruction was made contributory to furnishing the mind with solid truth, and directing the prepared life into the channel of Christian service.

But it is mainly as a preacher and a pastor, that he has left behind his noblest record. He was a sound and instructive preacher, ever from a well stored mind and a well studied Bible, bringing forth things new and old for the up-building of the saints and the conviction and conversion of sinners. His preaching was eminently expository, and thoroughly evangelical. It was the old-fashioned gospel of a free salvation, through the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb of God. His manner on the plat-

form was quiet, his voice soft and flexible, his delivery deliberate and earnest. He never preached David Marsh, but only Christ and Him crucified. In listening you lost sight of the messenger in the message. He was a diligent student, but sought rather to have his mind well stored and ready for the demands of the occasion, than to exhaust himself in a carefully prepared essay, lovely as Ezekiel's song, easy to listen to and just as easy to forget before the amen came.

In the month of August, 1860, on my way from New Brunswick to my home in Brantford, where I was then pastor of Zion Presbyterian church, I was detained over a Sunday in Quebec. In the evening I went to hear Mr. Marsh. It was a very thoughtful and instructive expository discourse, so logically and carefully arranged that I concluded he must have spent most of the week in its preparation. In an hour's conversation with him the next day, I made some reference to the sermon of Sunday evening. I was surprised to learn that he had only decided on his text for that evening at the close of the morning service. "But you must not suppose" he added, "that all my preparation was confined to a few hours of Sunday labour. You know how I am situated with the business cares of the Bible Depository on my hands, and other demands upon my thought and time, I have little time for the elaboration I would like to bestow upon my sermons; but I am all the time trying to store my mind with sermon material, and then to the best of of my ability, with divine help, before preaching I give what attention I can to the arrangement of my thoughts. I use no manuscript unless a few pencil outlines." This was possibly the best plan for a very busy man to adopt, and indeed the only plan our dear brother could adopt. The young preacher, who has his study hours at his disposal, should not from this example find an excuse for not writing out, certainly in the earlier years of his ministry, and writing out carefully at least one sermon a week. Writing is a good discipline of both thought and expression. Mr. Marsh's plan gave him a freedom of eye and gesture, which he could not have had if confined by a manuscript, whether read or memorized. What he said was original in the only sense in which we can properly use that word in its

application to preaching. The thoughts of others with which his discourses were enriched were all passed through the mill of his own mental processes, and had become a part of his own mental resources before given to his hearers. Mr. Marsh spoke as he felt and his hearers could not but feel that the message was not his, but a message from God, of which he was only the bearer. Among his audiences in the early years of McMahon street, were some of the most cultured people of Quebec, and not a few devoted Christian men from the military, among whom he found warm-hearted and grateful sympathizers.

There was no man in my early days that I looked up to with more respect and affection and who to me appeared more nearly to realize the ideal of a perfect Christian man, than the late Jeffry Hale. No man possibly ever exerted in Quebec a more deeply penetrating and widespread personal and social influence for good along spiritual lines than he. From their first meeting Mr. Marsh found in him a devoted friend, and was subsequently honoured, as trustee or one of the trustees of the Jeffry Hale Sunday School property, of the Jeffry Hale Hospital, which is still doing such a good work, and of which he was for a time chairman of the board of trustees. In many of the Protestant charities and benevolent movements of the city, these men stood shoulder to shoulder for years. No man felt the loss occasioned by Mr. Hale's death more keenly than Mr. Marsh In the management of the Ladies' Protestant Home, he took an active part, and to its inmates he was ever a welcome visitor. For years he held the responsible position of Depositary of the Quebec Bible Society, in the management of which he was ably assisted by his wife, who was a woman of more than ordinary business ability.

But it was as a pastor, and in his pastoral visitations, that most of all he endeared himself to the people, not to Baptists only but to those of other denominations as well. I could fill this paper with testimonies that I have heard, some dating back over half a century, and some only confided to me during my recent sojourn in Quebec, as to the delight and profit which these visits afforded. A man with brilliant pulpit gifts may attract and dazzle, but it is in the closer contact of heart with heart, in the

minister's fatherly pastoral visits that the most permanent results are realized.

Mr. Marsh was a pronounced open communionist, and would never conceal (though he never offensively obtruded) his views, nor sacrifice his principles to the demands of expediency. No doubt this fact stood in the way of his personal advancement. "Had he remained in England," remarked a well-known literary lady, "he would doubtless have filled some of the most important pastorates in his native land." But he came to Canada at a time when regularism was extreme and intolerant. He earnestly wished to co-operate with his Baptist brethren—he saw no bar to his being permitted to do so; but his advances were repelled, concessions were demanded which his conscience would not permit; so he remained out in the cold. It was not only the exclusiveness manifested and which he could not understand, but the bitterness of spirit with which he was repelled, that left a wound not easily healed. But these were days of narrowness and intolerance, as a rule, on ecclesiastical and dogmatic questions. The intolerance that ruined the Baptist College in Montreal, that somewhat later threatened the Grande Ligne Mission, was laid with heavy hand upon our brother. Had a more conciliatory, and, we think, Christian policy of forbearance been pursued, as ultimately in the case of the Grande Ligne Mission, the results would have been different, and the end attained without the sacrifice of principle.

No doubt that Mr. Marsh's loose views on the communion question gave him access in many a quarter from which, as a strict communion Baptist, he would have been by prejudices excluded. The sphere of his deeply spiritual influence and of his clear evangelical teachings was thus possibly widened. But in denominational upbuilding and extension he never could have met with much success in such a stronghold of religious conservatism as Quebec. One thing is assured to all who knew him, that he always acted conscientiously and according to the light he had, no matter what the loss likely to follow. Was he a loser in the long run? By no means. He commanded the profound respect even of those who differed from him. He never was able to save from, or even to live on, his salary; yet he and

his family lived and dressed well, and never at the tradesman's expense. All his surviving children are comfortably settled in life, and all are professing Christians, loyal to Christ and to the Baptist cause, and one of them a useful Baptist minister in Michigan, U. S. Deeply do some of us regret the years of his isolation from the organized interests of the Baptist cause. We were the losers more than he. He received the hundred-fold in this world, and the life everlasting beyond.

Towards the close of his long pastorate he was assisted by our much respected brother, E. J. Stobo, who succeeded him in the pastorate of the church, and still lives to do good service for the Master. His younger son, W. A. Marsh, is one of the leading business men of Quebec, a director of the old Quebec Bank, an active worker and generous giver in the Y. M. C. A., and in almost all the religious enterprises of the city, and actively interested in all our denominational enterprises, and a deacon in the local Baptist church. So runs the promise, not only he, but his seed also shall be blessed.

JOHN ALEXANDER.

THE STORM-SPRITES.

The year wanes old; and once again
  The storm uprises through the shrieking night,
And spirits of the winds—fierce demon-forms—take flight
  With wild and fierce halloo; the falling rain
Sweeps o'er drenched eaves and mists the window pane;
  I feel a nameless horror, yet delight;
The far off woods are roaring in their might;
  The cottage rocks; the roof tree bends and strains.

And as I muse, on my rapt spirit swims
  A passion, deep and holy as the tombs,
Wild spirit voices meet my listening ear;
  Out of the hollow void methinks I hear
Vast diapasons, chants and holy hymns,
  That swell forevermore in vast cathedral glooms.

—Glenn H. Campbell.

A PASTOR'S READING.

Although this title looks a little exclusive, it is hoped that under it something may be said that will be of interest to many others besides pastors. Indeed, it sometimes happens that a worker in one department gains just the advantage he needs by looking at the work and the methods of those whose toil takes them to spheres different from his own. It is therefore hoped that the general reader may not be frightened away by the title of the present discussion. It is also hoped that something helpful may be said for pastors who, of course, are especially held in mind in what is here said.

It should be taken for granted that pastors ought to be readers. There are few men who have greater need of reading. To speak as often and as variously as the modern pastor has to speak, makes it needful that he should be informed as to a wide area of facts. And it will generally be discovered that those preachers who have permanently held the attention of any community, have been diligent and wide readers. The currents of thought that are influencing men are varied and are strong, and this makes it clear that the duty of one who aspires to lead religious thought, is to know what things are touching the minds of his hearers. Nor can a preacher keep his own thinking keen unless he keeps constantly whetting it. The mind is one of the most delicate of the organisms that go to make up that wonderful creature called man, and if it does not have the proper exercise—gentle or violent as the case may require—it cannot do justice to itself. It is a common experience with pastors that the weeks in which their minds have had the most generous and stimulating exercise—often on subjects remote from the sermons for the following Sunday—are the weeks that are followed by the Sundays whose achievements are the most triumphant. There are also strong reasons why a pastor should be a reader for his own peace of mind. There is a rest in books that will take him away from jarring and anxiety. When he is distressed by the perversity of men he may often find great relief in the pages of a Hebrew grammar. When he is overburdened with his work his mind may fly away on the wings

of a story to some peaceful place and be at rest. When he is haunted by the morbid fear that his work is not succeeding, he may find repose in the story of some one whose life has been beset with the same fear. And when he is chilled with the dread that no one is believing his report, he may find for himself a peaceful habitation in his books and rest in the assurance that he at least is believing the report of someone else.

Beside rest and relaxation, we seek in reading some more serious ends. There are three definite objects that a pastor should have before him in his more strenuous reading—to gain new facts or ideas; to see in a new light the grouping or co-ordinating of what he knows; and to acquire greater strength, clearness and beauty in his style. The attentive reader will find himself enriched in all these ways if he reads widely enough and persistently enough. That we need these three things in the pulpit is clear. We need facts and ideas, for these are the material out of which our sermons are made. We need the co ordination of ideas and facts in order not to be involved in the entanglements of confused thinking, nor to be entrapped into the humiliation of contradicting in one sermon what we have asserted in another. And we need style, for however rich and varied may be the facts and ideas that we command, however clear may be the classification of our ideas, our material will neither influence the lives of men nor command their attention if it is not stated so that it will lay hold of the audience.

But we are often met with the question, "When are we to find time for reading?" The sufficient answer to this question is that we *must* find time for reading. When once this categorical imperative takes hold of a man, time becomes elastic. The use of time is one of our most serious responsibilities. All that we do in this world we do in time, and one great reason why some men accomplish more than others is that they lay out their time to better advantage. The chief battle has been won when a man has learned to be systematic without allowing his system to become his tyrant. No one can lay down a plan for another, but each man must nevertheless have his own plan. His time will otherwise go to shameful and criminal waste. But one point I should like to suggest because it seems to me to

be fundamental for us all. We should keep our heavy work for the time when our minds are freshest, for heavy work cannot be carried with jaded energies. And let the young pastor rest assured that he can accomplish something, and let him not be tempted to give up reading because there are so many practical details in a pastor's life. He can gain time for reading by refusing to spend it on little things that may be pleasing but have no profit in them; he may gain time by learning to do his pastoral work and his sermon-making quickly without doing it poorly; and he may gain time by increasing his facility in reading, for with steady practice this facility will come. There are pastors whose capacity for reading has doubled itself in two years. And when once the swing of a reading pastor's work begins to make itself felt, he will find that each department will help the other—his reading will help his pastoral work, and his pastoral work his reading; and his preaching will give zest to his reading, while the reading, done it may be years ago, will give richness and volume to his sermons. But, after all, for the question, "How shall I find time to read?" there is no other answer so important as, "You *must* find time to read."

In trying to tell what a pastor should read we find ourselves committed to a wide, an almost boundless field. It will be better at the very beginning to admit that we cannot read all that is printed, nor indeed all that we ourselves want to read. In so broad a field as this there is almost endless room for choice; and each man's choice will be, and doubtless should be, different from that of everyone else. In discussing this part of the subject, therefore, one is driven to set forth what his own tastes and inclinations lead him to choose, and since one's own reading is that with which he is most familiar, perhaps it is better that this should be so.

I would always advise a young reader to be sure that he is reading to a large extent the books that "find" him, for otherwise his mind will not be kindled to that warm glow of creative suggestiveness that is so important a factor in reading. At the same time even this rule should not be followed exclusively, for a certain amount of time should be given to books

which are by others recognized as good, but which do not appeal very powerfully to us. These books should be worked with until we have wrested from them the secret of their power.

In coming to specify the classes of books, I would put, as all of us would put, the Bible in the first place. After all that has been said, the Bible is still the one great incomparable Book. And the Bible should be not only the pastor's constant subject, but also his constant companion. It must be for him not merely a quarry for texts, but the Word of the living God for his soul. When he comes home on Sunday evenings it is most uplifting for him to read a long section from some prophet, or a large number of Psalms, or a generous portion of the Proverbs—and this not because he is an under-shepherd, but because he is a member of the Master's flock and needs for his own soul the green pasture and the still waters.

It should be the ambition of every pastor, as it seems to me, or of most pastors at least, to be able to read both the Old and the New Testaments in the original languages. There is a freshness and vigour here that it is serious for the Bible student to lose, and every pastor should give all diligence to arrive at that place where he can make his way through the Hebrew or the Greek chapters without finding the strange words and idioms irritating stumbling blocks to check him in his pursuit of the thought.

But if a pastor needs to study the Word of God as the food upon which he feeds, the position which he occupies makes another kind of study necessary. It is his duty to feed the flock of God, and this makes it necessary that he should understand how to prepare spiritual food. We take it for granted that we all see the need of the Holy Spirit's aid in this matter, for without that no pastor can begin rightly to divide the Word of Truth. This is fundamental, and an absolute necessity if there is to be any hope of success. But the preparation of spiritual food makes necessary also the scientific and critical study of the Scriptures. And for this kind of work many good books have been written. To mention all would be impossible, but I have found many volumes of the Expositor's Bible very helpful for the suggestion and discussion of topics, the Cam-

bridge Bible for schools and colleges, for more detailed exegesis, and the International Critical Commentary for the discussion of critical and linguistic subjects. I would also advise the use of Old and New Testament introductions of various schools of thought, and the use at the same time of works that seek the more devotional truth set forth in the Scriptures. But the field of scientific Bible study is so wide that if one goes far in it he finds that he will have to specialize and choose some one department. Yet the working pastor should have a general knowledge of what is being done in the various spheres of Biblical research, and he should welcome all kinds of books that throw light from various quarters upon the Word of God—some from history, and some from geography and some from the study of manners and customs, or whatever relates to the life set forth in the Scriptures.

The pastor will also find help from books that arrange and state in order the whole range of Christian doctrine—books on Systematic Theology as it is usually called. Some of these are very dry and will yield but little return for labour, but others are wonderfully helpful in assisting us to classify our knowledge. It looks as if a new day is dawning for Systematic Theology. Dr. Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology" is evidently one of the first notes in the new chorus, and we will look for other books that will approach the subject in the same spirit and by the same method.

Books of sermons are also very useful reading. But these should, most of them, be from preachers of our own age, for the very fact that a man is a preacher, usually makes his message for a subsequent age very limited. What we need in reading sermons is to see how the spirit of our own times is made to pulsate through the old and yet ever fresh truths of Revelation. Different pastors will be helped by different preachers. For my own part I receive most good from Maclaren and Spurgeon and Dean Church, with the possible addition of John Henry Newman. In Maclaren I find a keen, spiritual, and scholarly insight into the Scriptures, combined with a style that is marvelous for its grace and its simplicity. In Spurgeon I find the warm glow of a heart on fire with love for his Father, and lips touched

with the eloquence that is born of a rich poetic imagination. In Church there is the wealth of a scholar and the reverence of a chastened spirit, enlisted in the service of a keenly intense religious personality. In Newman we seem to hear the far-off tones of other worlds, as the preacher himself listens to them, and makes us stop to listen too.

This may be an appropriate place to point out that there are three spheres of knowledge with which the preacher should be more or less familiar. He should know about the nature and character and purposes and work of God, for his duty is to preach a true God; he should know about the dispositions and doings and possibilities of men, for it is his duty to preach to men; and he should know about the world, in its structure and its capacity, for this world is the house both of himself and those to whom he preaches, and hence the objects with which he and they are surrounded must be made channels for the communication of that spiritual truth that it is his duty to set forth. To bear in mind these three classes of knowledge will be a great help in guiding a pastor in his reading.

In regard to this world which is the house in which we live and think, it is quite obvious that there are vast areas of knowledge about which the working pastor must be content to remain in ignorance. And yet he will make a serious mistake if he allows the great book of nature to remain for him a sealed book. This did not our Master, for He knew about the flowers and the grass and the sunsets, and He used them to teach spiritual lessons. To be sure He did not speak in the language of modern science, because His hearers would not have understood Him; but He spoke to the men of His own age in such a way as to make us believe that if He had lived to-day he would have entered into the spirit of those who have made nature their study. While few of us can be intimately acquainted with the natural sciences, there are none of us who can afford to be without the freshness and vigour that a little knowledge of these things will give to our own thinking, and to the sermons that we preach. Not that we should attempt to teach science or that we should use its technical phrases; but familiarity with these things will often furnish an apt illustration or a

telling anecdote that cannot but be helpful to some one. A knowledge of the actual world as the abode of men is also very helpful, and the reading of an occasional book of travel will often serve to give a breadth and reality to our thought that can come in no other way. And from these sources one can often glean facts and stories that will be helpful, especially for the young.

But after all, the chief study of the preacher, next to the Bible and its truth, is man. This subject is so varied as to be practically endless, and we can never say that we are quite done with it. Our study of men must ever be based upon the knowledge that we gain by personal contact with them, and yet there are many useful things that we can most easily reach through books. The pages of history are full of important matter, for there we see the working out of principles whose real tendencies cannot be ascertained in the observations of even the longest life-time. And these things the preacher should know, lest in the movements he inaugurates, he make mistakes that are none the less serious because unconsciously committed. The study of Church History is especially important, and pastors may deem themselves fortunate in being able now to have the Manual of Church History, written by Professor Newman, a book that puts into a brief and orderly form the best results of present study in this department. A pastor will also gain greatly by the proper use of biographies of great men. But let him take care that he does not waste his time over poorly written biographies. There are so many good books of this class that there need be no fear of an inadequate supply. What we want here is a sketch that sets forth the man as he really was, a book whose outlines are as sharp and as clear, and whose figures are as life-like, as a statue or a painting of Michael Angelo. When a pastor is growing discouraged or slack or barren in his thought, the best remedy is often the reading of the biography of some godly man of marked character.

To history and biography, we perhaps ought to add sociology and economics, although these subjects are so vast that few of us can hope to advance very far in them. These

aspects of life are, however, becoming increasingly important for public men, and few of us can afford to be in entire ignorance with regard to these great problems. The teachings of the Gospel that shew the duty of man to his fellowmen are now being very vigorously pressed, and in this matter as in all others, that man is safest who understands something about the scientific principles that underlie the subject.

We said in the earlier part of this discussion that one of the purposes of reading is to secure the co-ordination of ideas. This is probably best done by works on philosophy. I understand that something of the same end is secured by the higher mathematics, but about that I am not able to speak. It seems certain, however, that a pastor should frequently read some book by a first-rate philosopher. Those who labour in this sphere are able to command such clearness of thought, and are able to survey such a wide area of fact and of experience that what they write is always helpful to the careful reader. Reading of this sort is both exhilarating and corrective and clarifying, and the philosopher has an important contribution to make to the pastor in helping him to avoid the entanglements of confusion.

In the reading of a pastor, I would give a recognized place to poetry and to works of fiction. Poets are heirs to an unusual strength of imagination, and are masters of happy phrases. If they did not have these characteristics, they would not be poets. In both these spheres they have much to teach us, and the preacher will often find a new power come to him as he wanders over the fields of poetry. None of the great poets should be neglected, but perhaps each one ought to have a special favourite, who will be to him a refuge in time of storm or a house of preparation for the day of battle. Some find most of what they need in Browning, and some in Tennyson, and some in Wordsworth, and some in Spenser. For my own part I gain the greatest help from Shakespeare, and I always esteem myself happy when on Saturday evening it is possible to read one of his plays. As for works of fiction, there is a variety of practice and a difference of opinion, but there are some classes of minds that cannot do their best work unless they read a fair

amount of this kind of literature. There is, of course, a vast amount of what is called fiction that is not worth the paper that it is printed on for the preacher or any other serious-minded man. But there is a saving remnant that is worth a great deal. All the great novelists of this century have been serious students and keen observers of human life, and while their works are styled fiction, there is a larger sense in which they are real servants of truth, for if they did not shadow forth the great principles that underlie human life, they could find no hearing at all. It is true that a preacher cannot read even all the good fiction that is written, but for most of us it is desirable to keep up our acquaintance with the older writers, such as Scott and Thackeray and George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, and at the same time to read each year a few of those books whose sales are large and whose tone is good. For there must be some reason why a book reaches a wide audience, and it will help a public speaker greatly to discover what is the secret of that success. There is also a lightness of touch that we gain by reading such books that will tend to counteract the effects of the severer labours of the minister's study.

We have also much to gain from the judicious use of newspapers and magazines, although the greatest care should be taken here lest we fall into a sinful waste of time. It is said that a certain distinguished statesman of to-day never reads the newspapers. But he can afford to pursue this course, because he lives in the atmosphere where newspapers thrive, and so he absorbs directly what they have to say. But the minister of the Gospel can hardly afford to neglect the newspapers, because he needs to know something about the public questions of the day, and the easiest way for him to hear about them is through the press. It is assumed that we all take our own denominational paper, and so we need say nothing about that. In addition to this, it is helpful to take some paper that is published in another country. There are denominational papers published in various parts of the United States that usually yield something to those of our pastors who take them. Many of our pastors are diligent readers of *The British Weekly*, and there are few papers that have so much for ministers. For my own

part, I do not know of any that has nearly as much, and the reading of this journal is for me one of the most pleasant and profitable duties of the week. There are many also who are helped by *The Outlook.* It serves as a general medium of religious information with regard to the United States, and it helps to keep one's mind fresh. There are also periodicals that deal more especially with Biblical exposition, and with the new books that are interesting for the theologian. Among these may be mentioned *The Expositor, The Expository Times, The Critical Review, The Biblical World,* and *The American Journal of Theology.* If at all possible, every pastor should take at least one of these. A pastor who would feed his flock aright must also be informed about the general state of Christian and missionary work throughout the world, and for this part of his preparation, such periodicals as *The Missionary Review of the World* and *The Record of Christian Work* are very helpful. And with regard to magazines in general, it is usually a good thing to take some, either one or more, with whose standpoint we entirely disagree. And if the pastor reads German or French, it is a good thing to take some periodical written in those languages. It is also helpful to keep an eye upon the great Reviews like *The Contemporary* and *The Nineteenth Century.*

Nor should the pastor neglect works on preaching and pastoral work. He will find it helpful to read this kind of literature all through his ministry. I think he should read at least one new book a year in this department, for each writer on this subject, if he has gained any recognition at all, has something worth saying, and something worth reading.

There are many kinds of reading that we have no time to mention, such as the Greek and Roman classics, the great English essayists, works on Apologetics, and the writings of the Fathers of the Greek and Latin Churches. As we have already reached the limit of our space, we cannot discuss these at all.

There is one other class of writing, however, that I will trespass upon our space to mention especially, because it seems to me very important. After all, the effect of our work depends greatly upon the spirituality of our pastors, and our pastors must be very careful to keep the springs of their spiritual life

well fed. For this purpose it is needful that we give due attention to books of devotion. Some find great help in *Imitation of Christ*, but it has been called a book of inaccessible heights, and I do not press that; and some are uplifted by the writings of the German mystics before the Reformation, but I do not especially urge these. There are, however, in our own time, books that are less tyrannical and better adapted to our own age. Of these we may mention the works of Andrew Murray, and the devotional writings of Henry Drummond, as well as *The Little Books on Religion*, edited by W. Robertson Nicholl, and *The Devotional Library*, published by Hodder & Stoughton. These are not, by any means, the only works on these subjects, and perhaps some pastors will be more greatly helped by works not here mentioned. But either these or some other devotional works should form part of a pastor's recognized reading, for no pastor can have power in the pulpit unless he is often led to the Mount of God; and there are some men who have special gifts in leading us across those uplands where no road can ever be surveyed by mere logic or scholarship, but where the soul finds that God who speaks with a still small voice.

It is hoped that nothing that has been said will lead any one to think that the task of the minister in his preaching is anything but the preaching of the Word of God. The only task that our Master has set us is to preach the Word, and everything else is to be sought only in so far as it helps us in this work. There are many books above referred to, that can never be distinctly brought into a sermon, while from others we may be able to glean only a stray anecdote or a stray quotation. But all will help to give that body to the preacher's thinking that tends to make a speaker masterful without the audience being able to tell why, and all will help to shed light upon the Book of Truth that it is our incomparable privilege to expound. If a book does not do this, the preacher should have nothing to do with it.

A few words as to how a minister should read, will have to bring our discussion to a conclusion. Most ministers will find it helpful to read by some system—either a course laid out for some degree, or a course that he marks out for himself. The advan-

tages of this are too great to need discussion. In reading we ought also to be careful to have variety of method. We ought to be always doing some reading that requires laborious and careful study. This will help us to avoid those inaccuracies of statement and reasoning that some hearers find so irritating in preachers. At the same time we should be always doing some reading that requires swiftness and speed. This will help to give that contact with life and movement that a public speaker needs.

One other statement should be made as to the manner of reading. A reader should always lose himself in what he reads and still find himself again. A large number of the mistakes that readers make are due to the neglect of either one or other of these. Some readers never lose themselves in what they read, and so they never see in a book anything that they did not know before, and some readers never keep their own feet when they read and so their mind becomes a mere basket of undigested thought. Good reading grasps the idea of the author, but at the same time is sleepless in its own judgment and accepts nothing that is not assimilated.

So much space has already been taken that we have no time for a peroration. If, however, anything has been said that will help our pastors in any way that will be a sufficient reward for the writing and the reading of these suggestions that are given by a pastor to his companions in the ministry.

J. L. Gilmour.

A CASUAL FRIEND.

We meet and part, and go our way ;
A memory, nothing more ;
Nor dream that what we said to-day,
Floats to that further shore.

O. G. L.

"THE LAND OF SCOTT."

"On Ettrick forest's mountains dun,
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood,
Far through the noon-day solitude."

The royal forest, where the kings of Scotland have so often chased the wild deer over hill and stream, has almost entirely disappeared. Only a few sparsely wooded hill tops remain as relics of the sylvan host which once encamped everywhere around them. Nature has been shorn of her glorious garb; the glens and ravines where the pibroch sounded and the fairies hovered over secret springs have lost something of the old charm. The land where "Belted Will Howard," "William of Deloraine" and "Wat Timlin," once led their moss troopers through the forest glades, is now lined with railways, and dotted with thriving cities. But, changed as it is from the old days of Scottish Minstrelsy, clan feuds and border warfare, the land of Scott still boasts some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland.

The summit of Bucholm Hill, near Galashiels, commands an extended panoramic view of this district. To the south-west the "silvery Tweed" flows through the beautiful vale of Melrose, past Selkirk, Abbotsford, Melrose, Dryburgh and Kelso, to the sea; while south, just on the horizon, rise the Cheviots; in front of them Minto Craig, and nearer still, "Eildon's triple heights," flanking Bowden Moor. The traditions and legends of these scenes have been preserved in "The Tales of a Grandfather," and in the verse and romance of Scott. Even now, many an old resident delights to repeat stories of these scenes which have been handed down from father to son for generations. One of the myths which they never tire of repeating is that of the Eildon Hills, and the "wondrous Michael Scott," who flourished in the 13th century. He was a man of much learning, addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy and chiromancy, and passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. The story of

"The Words that Cleft Eildon Hills in Three," is best told in the words of the novelist. "Michael Scott was once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld or dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso ; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea sand."

At the base of the Eildon Hills is the old town of Melrose, now a retreat of wealthy strangers, and a centre for tourists. This town, which has shared the fortunes of the famous abbey through times of peace and war, consists of a few well built streets, some elegant, scattered outskirts and many landmarks of the past. Melrose Abbey, one of the most interesting ruins of Scotland, stands on a level tract of meadow adjacent to the north side of the town. It was founded in 1136 by David I, noted for his zeal in founding religious institutions throughout his kingdom. It has passed through most of the vicissitudes, which many of the abbeys of Scotland and England experienced during the long period of border warfare ; was burned and refounded several times ; was finally transmuted into a Scottish Established Church in 1618, and continued to be used as such until 1810. At present it is a well-preserved ruin, and though most of it is roofless, it still retains enough walls and decorations to be an interesting study for every artist and connoisseur. Within its walls are the tombs of some of Scotland's noblest heroes. A small oblong stone in the chancel marks the resting place of the heart of Bruce, and near it is the tomb of the Douglases.

The ruins of England and Scotland possess an indescribable charm. Looking at their moss-grown and ivy-covered walls, the evidence of age is so clear, that the mind is immediately taken back to the times when the clear voices of our ancestors

rose to the sculptured roof, and following the shafts and tracery, lost themselves in the naves and architraves beyond. The climate of Greece and Italy has preserved the works of those nations for centuries untouched by moss or fungus growth, but in Great Britain the moss and the ivy have crept over the abbeys and castles, and, as if wishing to guard them against destruction, have gradually enveloped them in a mantle of green. Nature in this instance is claiming her own; is absorbing again the materials which man took from her generations ago. Such has been the case with Melrose Abbey. The sunlight now falls upon its enmantled ruins, reflecting the scintillating colors of the moss and ivy, and throws its rays upon the crown of thorns of the South transept.

Melrose Abbey possessed a peculiar fascination for Sir Walter Scott. Often on moonlight nights he would wander amid its ruins communing with the spirits of the great departed who linger there; or perchance, receiving mighty secrets from his ancestor the "wondrous Michael." The well known lines of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" describe something of the spell which Melrose Abbey had for the poet.

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
> When the broken arches are black in night,
> And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
> When the cold light's uncertain shower
> Streams on the ruined central tower;
> When buttress and buttress, alternately,
> Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
> When silver edges the imagery;
> And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
> When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
> And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
> Then go—but go alone the while—
> Then view St. David's ruined pile;
> And, home returning, soothly swear,
> Was never scene so sad and fair!

A few miles west of Melrose, on the right side of the Tweed, stands Abbotsford, the renowned mansion of Sir Walter Scott. From a neighboring ford, which had been used by the Abbots of Melrose for driving across their cattle, he took the name

Abbotsford for his new home in 1811. The bleak, moorish grounds of his estate became transformed into a beautiful landscape, comprising meadow, lake, glen, and a broad, low hill richly adorned with parks, woods and walks. The mansion stands on a low bank beside the river Tweed. Terraces rise gradually to this structure, which is inwardly and outwardly an architectural romance. The interior has been finished in the spirit of an antiquary, containing all kinds of relics of famous men, valuable works of painting and sculpture, and many costly presents which Sir Walter received from his admirers, among others an ebony table from George III. and a silver urn from Lord Byron. The study contains 20,000 volumes in carved oak cases. The building itself belongs to no one style of architecture, but is a composite structure, exhibiting a fantastic mixture of the picturesque, antique and modern, and possesses many parts and designs from famous old buildings throughout Scotland. It has now passed out of the hands of his descendants and is for sale. Efforts however are being made to purchase it, and preserve it for the nation, in honour of one of Scotland's noblest sons.

It is impossible in this short sketch to describe Jedburgh, with its old castle and abbey ; Selkirk, where there is a fine monument of Sir Walter Scott, and Galashiels, a centre of the tweed industry of Scotland, and the largest town in this district. But no description of the land of Scott would be complete that did not mention Dryburgh Abbey, situated some four miles from Melrose, on the banks of the Tweed. It too is a picturesque old ruin, beautiful in its decay. Only the walls of the principal structure, and the cloisters of the monks remain. Within these the grass has grown, and in the corners and along the sides rose bushes bloom. Dryburgh Abbey is chiefly interesting now, as containing the tombs of Sir Walter Scott and lady, his oldest son, and J. G. Lockhart, his biographer. It was here that the great novelist was laid to rest after he had worn himself out in his noble effort to pay the large debt of his publishers. The struggle was too great even for his gigantic brain—the gentle breezes of the Mediterranean failed to revive the wearied frame and at the early age of 61 he laid himself down to sleep among

the great company of his ancestors, surrounded by the scenes he loved so well, and whose history he has embalmed in the finest works of art in the English language.

> "A trouble not of clouds, or weeping rain,
> Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,
> Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;
> Spirits of Power, assembled there complain,
> For kindred Power departed from their sight,
> While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
> Saddens his voice, and yet again."

G. L. S.

THE "HABITANT" COBBLER AND HIS WIFE.

Bonjour, monsieur, I'm glad for see you! O, no, nevair too busy when good fren' come.

Sit you'self, if you please.

I t'ink maybe kin put patch on shoes an' talk jes' de sam', hey? He! He! He! I'm bin 'customed of dat many years.

Wal, you bin purty well dese col' weader? Yass, eh? Ma wife? O, she's ver' well, ver' well. Purty spry yet for ol' woman but not so spry lak twenty year ago . . . . she bin purty spry dose tam . . . . too moche somtam . . . . p'raps you hear about dat? No? Wal, must tell you dat, shure.

I suppose it be 'bout twenty year ago one day young man pass on ma house for sell nittle book . . . . 'es call Testament. Wal, I'm doan' know wha's dat, me, but 'e say she's tell all de troot' for shure. I'm nevair lak' lies so I'm t'ink I buy one cheap.

Dat book bin cos' me lot what a'nt money before I'm git t'roo. Purty soon after I am read in him, I ha'n't Cat'lique no more. Dat nittle book tol' me I was git on wrong ca'ge* before, an' I onnerstan' for shure she's right. Ver' well, I t'ink I'm better débarqué; for go Hottawa doan' want be on ca'ge she sta't for Québec!

So I ha'n't Cat'lique no more.

De pries' she's tol' ma wife I'm devil shure; but after dat, look lak' we haf two devil in d' house den. Ma wife always

---

* Ca'ge=cars.

bin good woman before, but 'mèdiatement she's come I'm be caint tell what. Everyt'ing, everyt'ing she do she can for try mak' me git oncontent, mak' me hexcite, mak' me mad. Wal, inside maself I'm t'ink don't do no good, tip oil on fire for mak' it die, so I t'ink I better let dat fire die *tout seul.*

Long tam lak dat, you say? Ecoutez, monsieu', you ha'n't oblige believe me but she bin lak' dat six year an' half. Dat's so, for shure! Bin look lak sickesty year for me; but I'm arrange maself for keep it ma . . . . m-m-m . . . . wa't you call dat . . . . colère . . . . eh? . . . . tempeur? T'ank you, tempeur, c'est ç'a. Yass, I'm arrange maself kip ma tempeur.

Annyway, one day she's t'ink maybe she's tire for try mak' de mad w'at ha'n't dere come out on me; but she t'ink also she mak' her one good try again.

Das one day in mont' July. I'm bin work all morning in ma garden dat day. Ma wife she t'ink she have good plan an' begin put wood in d' big box stove. All day before noon she kip dat stove full so bimeby he's red-hot. When I'm come in for dinner, so soon I step ma foot in d' house, I'm onnerstan' wha' for ma poor woman she's t'ink to need fire lak' dat. But I'm ha'n't say naut'ing tout de suite. I'm hang ma hat on peg near de door, den I'm walk over by de stove an' hopen it wide de doors of de hoven—for get more heat. Den I'm hol' ma han's in de hoven an' rub dem lak if dey was bin near froze. Den purty soon I t'ink I'm warm enough in front, I'm turn aroun' for warm ma back, an' wid ma han's behin' me so dey git little more dat nice heat, I'm look at de missis an' say so glad I can: "Ah, ma femme, dey can say what dey lak', but we've always find it nice de warm of de stove, hey?"

Wal, monsieu' dat seem lak' too moche for her. She's start cry an' come put herself in ma harms . . . . an' I ha'n't shame for say it . . . . I'm cry too maself, because I see ver' well I'm gain de heart of ma wife for second time.

It ha'n't be long after dat she doan' be Cat'lique no more, too.

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

CYGNUS EXPIRANS.

(Translated from a Latin poem in the same metre as the original. The poem is supposed to be the wail of a dying voluptuary.)

I must obey and yield straightway;
Life's curtain soon will fall;
My lot is cast; this hour's my last,
And death doth hoarsely call.
Fond hopes, farewell! death rings your knell.
Thus ends life's tuneless drawl.

O! mighty light! earth's leader bright!
The fates brook no delay!
Haste, glowing sphere! haste thy career!
Thou'st shined enough, I say.
Night settling down life's flame doth drown.
My bark drifts towards death's bay.

Thou Cynthian maid of silvery shade!
You too, ye planets golden!
And you, ye stars! white angels' cars,
In heaven's high sphere beholden!—
Will pale each dawn when I am gone,
As have you in years olden.

A farewell twice! A farewell thrice!
I bid you, worldly world!
And all thy mirth, O, sphere-shaped earth
In lucid space fast twirled!
'Mongst thy deceits and giddy cheats
I've long enough been whirled.

A last adieu I cry to you,
Begemméd heavenly halls!
Bedecked with gilt, of ivory built
And marble are your walls.
To endless gloom in sombre tomb
Dread death now harshly calls.

Ah, glittering pelf ! I tricked myself
  Pursuing thy vain glare !
My mind's entombed deep in thy womb,
  O pleasure ! what a snare !
Woe's me ! I cringe ! death's shadow-fringe
  Mine eyes makes coldly stare.

Cease your display, ye thoughtless gay !
  Ye fools whom pleasure lure !
To judgment dire, the last court-crier,
 Wan death, O sinecure !
Doth summon thee, and loud cries he
  This lesson, "I am sure !"

Brute appetites and vile delights
  That throng the festal board !
Clear sparkling wines from divers climes,
  In vaults and cellars stored !
I cast you off and gladly quaff
 The draught death doth afford.

Ye base alloys of life, false joys !
  That brutish passions lend,
Away, away ! bright vesture gay,
  Thou foam and froth of men !
As all things must, thou'lt go to dust.
  There you began ; there end.

Ah ! dizzy height of fame ! my flight
  From thee for aye I take—
For aye alone in that night-home
  Where morning ne'er will break.
Thy titles, earth, abound dearth
  Of good—no good they make.

Comrades, adieu ! Companions who
  Have drained with me life's lees—
Lees bitter-sweet :—for me 'tis meet
  Through endless centuries
To drain, alas ! death's bitt'rer glass
  So end my gayeties.

Thou dust-made frame! body, thy name,
  Partaker of my days,
Both of distress and happiness,
  Hope not for any grace;
For equal fate doth all await,
  The good as well as base.

W. Sherwood Fox.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.*

A movement among students which holds in its perspective all the colleges of the world should be of interest to every university, but when its distinctive purpose is spiritual and missionary it will be of double interest to members and friends of McMaster. The World's Christian Student Federation, which has just closed its second conference, is Christ-like in its aim and as broad as the world in its scope. "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation" is its watchword, and the consecration of trained intellects and dependence upon the God of the gospel is the source of its hope.

The organization is four years old, the first International Conference having convened in Liverpool, in January, 1896, when the watchword was adopted. The purpose of the London conference was to call together delegations from the various collegiate centres, to solemnly consider how the end proposed by the watchword could best be attained. Nearly two thousand students and missionaries met from every nation and denomination, united in one supreme desire to "make Jesus king." This is true Christian unity—oneness of spirit and purpose, and it was grateful to all in contrast with that loud-mouthed article whose shibboleth is "Union," and whose chief characteristic is a lack of intelligent conviction on anything. In the addresses there was no slighting of denominational tenets—no mention

* London, Exeter Hall, Jan. 2-6.

of them, but earnest deliberation on a common duty and a common purpose.

Mr. Egerton Young was there from the far North-west of Canada, telling of sleeping on winter nights under an open sky, or with fires built about to keep the wolves at bay, as he sought out a people for the Lord among the Indians. Mr. Grubb rehearsed the progress of Christianity far up the La Plata, and Mrs. Burleigh told of God's hand among the Terra del Fuegians. Mr. Johnstone, a native of West Africa, said that the fulness of time had come for that land, and Ethiopia is stretching out her hands for help. She desires and intends to worship God, but she knows not how. South Africa and Australia were represented. China, India and Persia paid their tribute, and all the countries of Europe. It was a chorus of all nations and sects saying, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father."

This is a new movement addressing itself to an old purpose, viz, *the evangelization of the world,* or in other words, the proclamation of the gospel so widely and in such a manner as to make it a reality to every man whether he accept it or reject it. Some will see in this only the broad optimism of youth, but others, consecrated energy and great reliance on God. There have been consecrated men before our day on whose work the watchword is no reflection. It is rather the result of the efforts of these former missionary heroes. Nor is there any intention of superseding established methods. It is rather the advent of larger energy into the already prepared channels. It is simply this, that the burden of a great commission has been brought home by the examples of the past and by the spirit of God to a host of trained men and women, who in faith in God go forth themselves and stir up others to go and preach the gospel to every creature.

To attempt any detailed report of the addresses is out of the question here. But certain general facts which sum up the subjects of all the addresses may be briefly enumerated.

1. *Evangelization is the primary duty of the Church.* She was formed to give the Christ-life and character to the world. It is the reason of her existence. If she fail to perform

this function she forfeits her charter and her right to be, and can make no demand of men, nor claim on the help of God. This does not overlook her obligation to edify her converts, but recognizes that edification can be perfected only in the work of evangelization.

2. *The world's need.* We hear of the light of truth among the heathen and the lofty characters found there, but those who are on the spot see little of it. "I have seen," said Mr. Owen, of Pekin, "a crowd of people worshipping at a foxhole, and all the religion of China, either of Buddha or Confucius, gives nothing to lighten a sinner's burden, no Saviour—only law, which has indeed served to keep alive a sense of guilt, but brings no relief." The "Light of Asia" is the lurid glow of the fires of conscience, not the sunlight with healing in its wings. . . . "Africa, is Darkest Africa," said on of her sons, "but not because the sun does not shine, but by reason of superstition, slavery, infanticide, murder, internecine, wars and immorality. . . . In Mohammedan lands woman has no religious duties, for Allah has no interest in her. For him she has no soul to save. Only where the gospel has come is that blot removed from our race—the degradation of woman."

So, though some partial truths have been perceived by heathen philosophers, it has been of little avail to light up their gloom. Their actual state as found by the missionary, fully justifies St. Paul's description of them in the first chapter of Romans. Everywhere they are "sold under sin." Their partial truths do not save them. Some, guided by an inherent craving for an infinite object of worship, became monotheists, but their God was above all relation to human affairs and gave them no help. Others perceived that the highest perfection can be exercised only where there are relations to others, and became polytheists, as India with her thirty-three million gods. In both conceptions of God there was a truth, which only Christianity comprehends perfectly, in a Triune God. Here only does truth shine in saving fulness and satisfy the whole need of the soul.

3. *The need of trained men for the mission field*—men who have disciplined body, mind and spirit, both in exercise and restraint. No one is so exposed to the temptations of fleshly

desires as the missionary, and with no one is the mastery of them more urgent. The lassitude produced by many climates into which he is called is overpowering to the undisciplined in body. And as for a trained mind he will find that the social problems which confront him and the subtle philosophy of the heathen will require him to be well prepared for patient and painstaking and penetrating study. Habits should be formed in college days which will enable the missionary to glorify God in his body and with his intellect—to endure *hardness* as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. For the discipline of the mind let the Word of God not be overlooked. In this as in everything, let Christ be all in all.

The spirit too, must have its training, especially in prayer; for the power to do good lies ultimately not in bodily or mental strength, but in the hidden power of God working through these; and Divine help is vouchsafed only to those who learn the secrets of the Eternal in the closet of prayer. Prevailing prayer is no easy luxury. It is not merely pronouncing words, nor revealing thoughts. The call to prayer is a call to battle, and engages the soul's highest energies against the forces of sin and the "inertia of our mortality."

4. *The facilities for mission work to-day.* At the opening of this century most of the countries of the world were closed against gospel preaching, few men cared to go abroad, and those who were willing could reach their fields only by difficult, dangerous, and tedious routes, often through unknown parts to destinations equally unknown; very few of the churches favored the project, and many distinctly opposed it, while the government also hindered the work; and the Scriptures were not in the heathen tongues. As the century closes there are well-educated volunteers, numbered by the thousand, the Bible is in all the great languages, well-known and expeditious trade-routes bring us into intimate relations with every country, the government will guarantee the rights of the missionary in any part of the globe, while fully seventy-five mission societies are organized to take advantage of these facilities. Already 12,000 missionaries are abroad, and the annual income of the various societies exceeds 15,000,000 dollars.

These figures represent great spiritual forces which have become active during the century, and are going out everywhere, conquering now and preparing the way for greater conquests in the future.

5. *The forces arrayed against us.* These are chiefly:— Classical Brahminism, with its caste system and its pantheism, which must be conquered as was classical paganism in the early centuries; the atheistic systems of Buddha and Confucius, that do not look beyond the grave at all; Parseeism, the fire-worship of Central Asia; Mohammedanism, as yet vigorous and growing; and the great apostasy of Rome. These Christianity must break in pieces and sweep away as usurpers, for they have failed to purge the carnal mind or regenerate the heart and life of their followers, and must give place to a better—the perfect. Against them the Captain of our salvation makes war. "Shall His work of a day take a thousand years through our sluggishness, or by our hearty consecration to it, shall the work of a thousand years be accomplished in a day?"

To conclude, our mission is not to carry into other nations the fruits of the gospel among us, but to carry the gospel itself, the original power, which working in them conformably to their national characteristics will produce in every nation a differing contribution to the glory of the Redeemer, and so *all saints* shall make known the height and the depth and the breadth of the love of God. What has already been done by the religion of the Bible is a sufficient answer to that criticism that would eliminate the Holy Spirit from it, and is an earnest of things yet to be done so wonderful as to enlist even the inquiries of angels.

May we not hope that before the Conference meets again, four years hence, so much will be accomplished that men will exclaim in wonder, what the son of Islam says so lightly, "What things God does!" "We have no might . . . but our eyes are upon Thee."

W. P. Reekie, '98.

Min-y-llyn,
Bethesda, N. Wales.

Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY has been favored by the publishers with an advance notice of "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," of which some intimations have reached us before. From the notice we quote:—

"The 'Treasury of Canadian Verse' is an anthology of national importance. It will prove an open door through which the voices of our best Canadian singers may vibrate yet more widely on sympathetic ears, both at home and abroad. All English-speaking people will welcome it. In a compact volume of some 400 pages are presented worthy specimens of English-Canadian verse, largely lyrical, chosen from the entire field of our history. A number of the best of these are here published for the first time.

"The editor, Theodore Harding Rand, D.C.L., has performed his laborious task, not only with a critical and chastened taste, but in a simple and catholic spirit. Room has been found for the richer inspirations of our poets—the virgin freshness and promise of our country; the life and deeds of men everywhere; the yearnings of the individual spirit; and the aspirations of a people after the noblest and the divinest. Motives like these, with domestic loves, have kindled Canadian poets to beautiful expression that demands a wider appreciation, as supplying sustenance to fulness of national and imperial life."

The name of Dr. Rand, with his breadth of literary culture and faultless poetic instinct, will be sufficient to recommend the "Treasury" to all readers of this magazine. We are glad to observe that biographical notes of authors are to be incorporated in the volume. It will appear in May from London, Toronto and New York houses. William Briggs is the Canadian publisher.

ONE of the most notable features of the closing century has been the growth of the commercial spirit. The simple barter of our ancestors has developed into the gigantic and intricate methods of modern commerce. Primitive mediums of exchange have become transformed into our elaborate, complicated and delicately-adjusted banking systems. By the aid of steam and electricity methods of transport have been accelerated, and productive power has been increased. The telegraph and cable have facilitated business transactions and brought the most distant nations into communication with each other. The telegraph is at the heart of commerce, and its every tick registers the pulse-beats of nations. The East and the West now clasp hands and greet the North and the South, while commerce smiles upon all four. By her

command, as beneath the magician's wand, cities have sprung up, and fleets of merchantmen have covered the face of the waters. Into this vast whirlpool of commerce thousands of human beings have been drawn, the speculator, the stock-broker, capitalist, manufacturer and all classes of retailers struggle therein together. Many manage to keep their heads above the roaring tide by their own efforts, but it is a hard struggle; some are fortunate enough to keep above the surface by selfishly trampling upon the shoulders of others, while the great majority are swallowed up in the black gulf. As one stands in the centre of some busy thoroughfare in a great city, and gazes upon the stream of humanity pressing along in ceaseless ebb and flow; as one looks upon the multitude of faces, some radiating youth and joy, some care and sadness, and others marked by the sharp lines of business, the question arises, "Why all this continual rushing and trampling of each other down? Whence comes this host and whither?" From the old German philosopher in his "Wachtturm," in Weissuichtwo comes the answer to the latter "Aus der Ewigkeit, au zu Ewigkeit." From Eternity onwards to Eternity. But on the faces of that multitude, each created in the image of the Maker and possessed of a soul more precious than all the wealth of commerce, are the indelible marks of struggle. With the increase of population and commerce the large centres have been overcrowded, and daily the process of "hungry generations" treading each other under foot takes place before our eyes. Daily the struggle becomes fiercer, the finer emotions are gradually smothered by the dust of money-making, there is a tightening of the heart strings, and the product in the end is a human being admirably adapted for the business of making dollars and cents, but woefully deficient in the capacity to exercise the God-given attributes of mankind. Such are those who to-day are animated by the commercial spirit. A few, however, hover on the outskirts devoted to the higher forms of life, and it is a relief in these days of money-seeking to contemplate the lives of these men past and present, in which the welfare of their fellow-men has been the ruling passion. Thus it has been in the past, and thus it is to-day, humanity "plys at the roaring loom of time," some weaving their funeral robes and others garments of life. But the majority of people to-day, ruled by the commercial spirit, are in danger of selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

It has been suggested that the life and labors of the late Dr. Dadson be commemorated by the publication of a volume of his sermons, and the securing of oil portraits for McMaster University,

Woodstock College and Feller Institute. No fresher, sounder, or more delightful preacher of the gospel has appeared among us, and a volume of his best sermons placed in each Baptist home of our constituency would be of incalculable benefit. McMaster students and Faculty will no doubt give their hearty support to any effort to honor our departed friend and brother and to perpetuate his influence.

THE Congregation of the Index of Prohibited Books, a department of the Roman Curia, has of late shown much concern regarding the liberal utterances of Catholic writers. Professor Schell, of the University of Würzburg, has recently published a volume in which he bewails the inferiority of German Catholics in all intellectual pursuits and insists that Catholics can attain to their rightful position only by being allowed the utmost freedom in research and in the publication of their results. He insists further that ecclesiastical authority should in no case come between the believer and his God. The believer is inwardly taught by God alone. Personal experience of divine truth, and not priestly authority, is the condition of individual religious progress. Catholics can lead the world in its progress toward the goal of civilization only by enjoying and encouraging the utmost freedom of thought. News has recently come to hand that Schell's book has been placed on *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* and that he has humbly submitted to the authority of the pope. Zahm, an American-German Roman Catholic teacher, has lately been censured by the Congregation of the Index, or by the pope on the recommendation of this body, for the publication of a work in which the evolution theory is accepted and advocated. Zahm also has made the *amende honorable* and has agreed to the suppression of the book. It is coming to be very common for free-thinking Catholics to publish their opinions boldly, and then when censured to submit to ecclesiastical authority. No doubt, they console themselves with the thought that they accomplish something for the cause of freedom in the process.

A RECENT German Catholic writer (Dr. Adolf Müller), has presented some interesting statistics to prove that Roman Catholics are rapidly losing ground in Germany, and that the only salvation for Catholicism is in the direction of reformation. The reforms that he insists upon are chiefly those advocated by Schell, to whom he refers in eulogistic terms. In Baden, within a few years, Protestants have gained 40,000 adherents from Catholicism, in excess of Catholic gains

from Protestantism. In Alsace, Protestants have gained twice as many converts from Catholics as Catholics have from Protestants. In 1896, 18,000 Prussian Catholics became Protestants, while only 2,000 Protestants became Catholics. Protestant influence is everywhere dominant, and Protestant modes of thought are permeating Catholic communities. The chief reason for the admitted "Catholic inferiority" is the neglect of thorough education and the repression of freedom of thought and of research. Müller is careful to say some very strong things on behalf the infallibility of the pope as occupying the chair of Peter, and the necessity of the "infallible teaching office," and his work may escape the Index.

The philosophy of history teaches us that every nation has a leading part to play in the great drama of life. The history of Babylon, Persia, Greece, Egypt and Rome prove this statement. Each in their turn contributed something to the ages that have followed; each led the world in wealth, culture, conquest and power until the curtain of time shut out their declining glory, and the scene shifted. To-day the Anglo-Saxon race is predominant, and we fain would fancy that it should ever remain so, but the destinies of nations are not in our hands and all those fancies are useless. There may eventually come a time when the British Empire will dissolve into its component parts. Some even at the present time contend that there are evidences which point to the decline of Great Britain. The slow progress of the war in South Africa, and the failure to receive word of brilliant successes for the British arms, has had such a depressing effect upon some habitually pessimistically constituted minds that they have immediately thrown up their hands and prophesied a speedy dissolution of the Empire. To those who think soberly this is premature and wholly unwarranted. The British Empire has not yet played its part, and that part will not be accomplished until the principles of equality, justice and religion have been sown among the peoples under her control. The evidences which have been advanced as grounds for these prophesies are not those which history teaches have been the causes for the fall of empires. The Roman Empire declined because her subjects became enervated, morally, mentally and spiritually, by corruption. In fact, this is the primary cause for the decline of that power which had ruled the world for centuries. The British Empire does not show these signs. Who that has read of the charges made by British soldiers up the steep slopes of kopjes in the face of a withering shower of

bullets, can accuse the Anglo-Saxon race of lacking in courage and moral stamina? Who, casting their eyes over the religious, mental and commercial world, can say that the race is deficient in spiritual force, brain power or enterprise? To day the British Empire stands united, as it never has before; as able to maintain its position as a world-power, and as eager to disseminate the seeds of civilization. As long as the British Empire retains its present high ideals—and as long as its people preserve their moral, mental and spiritual vigour, so long will it continue to play the leading part among the nations of the world. This is the essence of the whole matter, whenever a nation has become weak in any or all of these three essentials, its decline has speedily followed. Such has been the case with Rome and other European nations. They may make a few spasmodic efforts in their dying days, as France did under Napoleon, and then the spark of life goes out and they sink into insignificance.

The British Empire has not yet reached the zenith of its power. The present is only one stage in the evolution which will ultimately cement one of the greatest empires of any age.

Book Reviews.

THE PATH OF A STAR.*

The Path of a Star is a book of contrasts. The principal characters in the story are drawn from widely separated classes in society, but in oriental surroundings this does not seem unreal to us. The Kipling vogue has made every one familiar, to some extent, with India, but Mrs. Cotes has chosen characters rather unfamiliar to the readers of that author The star is the leading lady of a theatrical company playing in Calcutta. Various people cross her path. Among these is a Salvation Army captain, who is a very devoted young lady; another is a young Calcutta broker—a happy-go-lucky chap. A sister of a surgeon major—a tartinan—and a very conscientious Clark Brother complete the list of principal characters. These weave the story. The life and scenes are described with great vividness, a vividness which becomes almost appalling at times, as we follow the Salvation Army

* The Path of a Star, by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). Toronto: W. J. Gage & Company.

captain through the scenes of vice and misery abounding in that ancient Indian city. A glimpse is also given us of the life of the official English class in India. The stage, with its difficulties and triumphs, is there much the same as everywhere. We see also the life of a Protestant brotherhood, and the devotion of its members to duty. Amid these scenes two pairs of lovers live at cross purposes. Both attachments are impossible. The author very cleverly appreciates this, and the termination of each story is the necessary one. In this respect, too, the book maintains its character for contrasts. One ending is tragic, the other is decidedly comic.

W. P. C.

College News.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: A. B. COHOE, B.A.

REV. P. C. MACGREGOR, '99, has entered upon the pastorate of the Bergen Point Baptist Church, Bayonne, N. J.

WE are pleased to learn of the success of A. M. Overholt, '97, in his new position as Mathematical Master at Woodstock College.

C. L. BROWN, '99, has received an appointment on the public school staff of Victoria, B. C.

REV. S. SHELDON, '87, Theo., of Barrie, has accepted the call of Grace Church, Montreal. Mr. Sheldon is an aggressive man and an energetic worker, and cannot fail to succeed in his new field.

DURING the absence of Prof. Iddings, of Chicago University, R. D George, '97, has been appointed to take his lectures. We understand, also, that he is to give two courses of lectures in mineralogy during the summer quarter.

A. M. MCDONALD, '99, has been pastor of the Medicine Hat Church for nearly a year. He began work under most unfavorable and discouraging circumstances, but after "a long pull and a strong pull," a large measure of success seems to be at hand. We understand that the interest in the work of the church is greatly increased, and that, as an evidence of the fact, the congregation contemplate the building of a new chapel.

ROBT. ROUTLEDGE, '95, missionary to Bolivia, seems about to become a college president. With his accustomed energy and strength he has gathered a band of young students about him, and, with his wife, is busy night and day in teaching them. If a college with the spirit of McMaster does good to her students, and through her students to the country at large, why should not a college under a McMaster man, with the spirit of the Master, bring a blessing to Bolivia? Keep on "Bob," and when you need more men, send us word.

A PRIVATE letter from our Lecturer in English informs THE MONTHLY that Mr. W. P. Cohoe, M A., of the Class of '96, who is acting as Assistant in Chemistry at Harvard, has received a similar appointment for the Summer Session of that University. Mr. Cohoe represented the Harvard Graduate Club at the meeting of the Federation of Graduate Clubs of America, held in New York during the Christmas vacation, and was elected Secretary of the Federation. He has also been elected a member of the German Chemical Society of Berlin.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITORS { MISS MCLAY, '00, A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

STUDENT at table, Monday. — Well, where were you yesterday, old man?

Second student, languidly.—Out for Sunday.

First student.—A lass! a lass!

MUSICAL SOPH., who has been asked to translate in Latin class.—I can't just remember how this part begins.

Another Soph., less musical, but more practical.—Try another key.

STUDENT at table.—I see by the bulletins we get pie for dinner.

Second student.—Did that come from the War Office?

First student.—No, direct from Kitchener.

AN interesting letter has just arrived from one of the former members of Century, Miss Dubensky. She is now teaching in Essex County, England, very near her own home in a private school, which takes up work from the lowest forms as far as preparation for matriculation into Oxford University. Miss Dubensky is very much interested in her new work, and enjoys teaching, though often, she says, she thinks of the old times at McMaster, and wishes she were again a student within its halls.

TENNYSONIAN.—The meeting of this society on the 16th was well attended, both by the members and visitors from the 3rd and 4th years. The first half hour was occupied with the discussion of a motion for disbandment, After many arguments had been advanced on both sides, the motion was laid aside, to be voted on after the next meeting of the "Lit." The following programme was then presented: Reading, Miss McNeill; violin solo, Mr. C. C. Lumley; reading, Miss Parlin; oration, Mr. V. E. Reid; oration, Mr. E. Mihell. Mr. Cornish acted as critic and gave many valuable hints to the society.

THE women students of the University have lately organized a Y. W. C. A., and great interest has been shown on the part of all the members of the Society. The need of a weekly prayer-meeting has long been felt, and we are all very glad to attend these meetings. During the last month a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing the Society, and the following officers were elected:—President, Miss Gile, '00; Vice-President, Miss McNeill, '03; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Sanders, '01; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Grace Wallace, '02. Mrs. Armstrong was unanimously chosen Honorary President. We have already had three interesting and helpful meetings, and feel very glad that a Y. W. C. A. has been instituted at McMaster.

THE last meeting of the Ladies' Literary League for the year '99-'00 was held in the University chapel, Friday afternoon, March 9th. The meeting was a very enjoyable one, and yet it was a sad one too for those of us who may never attend another McMaster L. L. L. meeting, and who certainly will not do so as active members. We may always, however, have with us the pleasant thought that we are honorary members of the Society, and shall always be interested in the success of McMaster L. L. L. The programme, Friday afternoon, was opened with an instrumental duet by Miss Wallace and Miss Madge Wallace. Then followed an enjoyable reading by Miss Cornell, '03, and a very pretty vocal solo by Miss McLaurin, 01. After this our worthy President announced a "Short-speaking Contest" as the main feature of the programme. The subject of the contest was:—"Resolved that McMaster should enter into affiliation with Toronto University." No preparation had been made, and each member of the Society was supposed to take part in the contest, debating according to her conviction or otherwise, just as she pleased. No speaker was to speak more than three times or any longer than two minutes at a time. Great interest was taken in the debate, the arguments on both sides being both logical and amusing. One speaker on the negative propounded the question, "Which would you rather be—a big toad in a little puddle or a little toad in a big puddle?" meaning by the former—the big toad in the little puddle—McMaster University independent of the State University; and by the latter—the little toad in the big puddle—McMaster in affiliation with Toronto University. A speaker on the affirmative decided in answer to this that we would

not necessarily have to be in either puddle, but might be in both. But quick as a flask an "anti-affiliationist" jumped up and affirmed emphatically that one toad could not possibly be in two puddles at one and the same time. The debate was decided by a standing vote of the members, and our President announced that it had been determined by the women students that McMaster was not to enter into affiliation with Toronto University. Miss Gile then sang very nicely for us, and the meeting was closed, after a few farewell remarks by our able President, Miss Dryden, with a verse of "The Land of the Maple."

On Friday evening, Feb. 23rd, a departure was made from the usual programme in the Lit., and a Mock Parliament was held. The great questions that have long agitated our commonwealth were discussed, many grievances were aired, bills providing for the better management of affairs were introduced, large sums of money were voted to remedy great outstanding evils. The amount of work accomplished by the house in the one brief session was phenomenal. The government supporters were: J M. Cornwall, Leader; G. R. Welch, A. T. McNeil, M. D. Coltman, G. H. Grant, E. E. Wood, and H. W. Green. On the opposition benches were C. H. Emerson, Leader; J. A. McLean, G. H. Campbell, G. L. Sprague, J. N. McLean, W. C. Gordon. These gentlemen were the flower of the country, and they represented constituencies around which hung many tender memories and blessed associations. Immediately upon the assembling of the house, Mr. G. H. Elliot was elected Speaker without opposition, and new members were introduced. After these formalities, the Gov.-Gen., Mr. S. T. Foster, was announced. The procession was headed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. C. Lumley, who carried the mace. The Gov.-Gen. proceeded to the dais and read the "Speech from the Throne." This outlined the policy of the government, and gave an account of some measures to be presented to the house. All this was accomplished with becoming dignity. The Governor's speech was moved by Mr. Welch, and seconded by Mr. McNeil. The leader of opposition then attacked it, but it received an able defence. Mr. L. H. Thomas brought down the budget. Large sums of money were voted for public works, etc., and from all appearances the government will be well prepared for any growth in the country. The Department of the Post-Master-General was represented by Mr. Coltman, whose lines were criticised by Mr. Sprague. The Minister of Militia, Mr. Grant, was answered by Mr. Mann. A person that attracted much attention was the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. E. E. Wood. On account of his close resemblance to Gen. Cronje, a protest was nearly raised against his presence in the house by the loyal opposition. This fortunately was quelled at the outset. In a speech, wonderful for its outburst of oratory, he outlined his policy for the betterment of present conditions, and he was well received. He was answered by Mr. J. N. McLean. At this juncture, a telegram from South Africa, read by the Clerk of the House, Mr. T. H. Cornish, brought the members to their feet, and

with fervor they sang "God Save the Queen." Mr. Burmah Allan earned the gratitude of all by furnishing refreshment to the Gov.-Gen. and others during the session. Amongst those in the galleries were the ladies from Moulton College, whom we always welcome heartily. Altogether an enjoyable evening was spent. Wit and humor were the order of the day. Several old scores were laid on the table. Many saw themselves as others saw them, and went out to lead a better life. We hope that in the future more of such meetings will be held.

THE monthly meeting of our Fyfe Missionary Society was held on Thursday, 15th March. The meeting was one of unusual interest and helpfulness. Rev. J. D. Brown, Foreign Mission Secretary, gave an inspiring address on "The present outlook in our Foreign work." Mr. Brown spoke of the way in which God is opening up the work in Bolivia. Until now, Catholicism has ruled in that country and has barred the door against missionary work; but religious liberty, though not yet realized, is steadily forcing its way into the minds and hearts of the people; and soon our missionaries will have perfect freedom to preach and teach in all that country. Then, after reviewing the work of the last quarter of a century among the Telugus, the speaker gave a very encouraging report of the progress of the gospel in India. There has been a great change in the attitude of the natives towards Christianity. Conservatism is losing its hold upon the people, and they are becoming enthused with the Christian's idea of God. Rev. John Neil, B.A., then spoke on "The relation that the Church should bear toward Missions." His address was very helpful and interesting.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—On Friday, March 9th, was held the public meeting of the "Lit." for the spring term. The meeting had been eagerly looked forward to, and the programme provided by the executive was of a high standard and greatly appreciated. Although the weather was unfavorable, a large audience composed of the friends of the University was present. Added interest was taken in the meeting by the students themselves, on account of the oratorical contests, and a large number at the back of the room entertained the audience with patriotic and college songs until the programme commenced. The musical part of the programme was very enjoyable. Miss J. Frances Byford gave two piano solos with artistic skill and expression, and Miss Lillian B. Stickle rendered two vocal selections which were heartily encored. The orations aroused much interest by their merit, and the opinions as to what the result of the contest would be were many and varied. Mr. J. T. Jones represented Theology and spoke on "Gladstone." Naughty-three was well supported by Mr. D. C. McIntosh, whose subject was "The Higher Patriotism." Mr. H. S. Arkell, for '02, gave a good review of the "South African Question." The honor of '01 was upheld by Mr. A. C. Watson, in his oration on "Purpose"; while old "Century" put her hopes on Mr. G. R. Welch, who spoke on "The White Man's Burden." The Rev. Morgan Wood, D.D., who is himself a prince of orators, acted as judge. In speaking of the

orations of the evening. he considered them all good and about equal as to material, and wished he did not have to say more; but with regard to both material and ease of delivery, he awarded the victory to Mr. G. R. Welch, '00. Among the other speakers he especially complimented Mr. Watson on his clear incisive method of speaking. Mr. Arkell's address was also especially worthy of mention and won much applause from the audience. After a vote of thanks had been given to the judge, the meeting came to a close by singing "Thy praises, McMaster."

Fyfe Missionary Society.—It was with expectant hearts and attentive minds that a large number of the McMaster students crowded the chapel to listen to Rev. A. L. Geggie, of Parkdale Presbyterian church, at the morning session of the February meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

Mr. Geggie handled his subject, "The Young Man in Relation to the Present Age," in a manner calculated to call forth a quick and fervent response of true and noble aspiration. In introducing his subject he gave a very interesting account of the events which led up to and culminated in the Students' Volunteer Movement. Mr. Geggie was himself closely connected with these events which took place in Edinburgh University while he was a student there. Continuing, he said the need of the day is, 1st, men of conviction; 2nd, men of courage to follow up conviction; 3rd, men of self-control. This last we can learn only by putting ourselves under the control of a greater.

In the afternoon session, Rev. J. B. Warnicker, of Beverley Street Baptist church, gave a very helpful address upon Paul's success. The key-note of his address was "Christ in me" as the secret of every Christian success.

Several important events combined to make this meeting one of the best held during the year. The very marked deepening spiritual life which has been at work among our students during the past few months; the class prayer-meetings held in the different years at the January meetings; the services conducted by John R. Mott, in our city, during the first week of February, all contributed to this end.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editors { Miss Edith Oliver. / Miss Edith MacGregor.

Moulton is haunted! By whom, we cannot say. It may be the spirits of those ancients who have trod the stairs (hence their creaks), slammed the doors, and faithfully paid their respects to the dining room; or it may be the ghosts of former members of the omnipotent faculty, who come to disturb our repose; or it may be—but why continue? The fact remains unaltered, Moulton is haunted. On

Friday last, the halls of the college witnessed a strange sight. Ghostly figures, robed in white trailing garments, thronged the corridors. The sitting room seemed to attract these spirit visitors, and thither they glided, extinguished by their chilly presence every light, while one of their members, more gifted than the others, rendered with excellent feeling, the Dead March in Saul. And now these ghosts, these obnoxious disturbers of the peace, settled themselves in a circle and prepared to make every member of the school as miserable as possible. With unspeakable groans and heart-rending shrieks they related tales of the land whence they hailed—that country "from out whose bourne no traveller e'er returns." But even spectres are mortal, and as ice-cream and angel-cake are more ærial spirit-foods, these they partook silently, gratefully—then vanished away in the darkness.

THE interesting and instructive course of lectures, which has furnished so much pleasure and enjoyment through the winter months, was brought to a close on Friday, March 9th, when Dr. Tracey, of Toronto University, gave us an insight into the mysteries of hypnotism. The lecturer dealt with his subject in a bright and pleasing manner, describing the various possibilities of this chapter of science. Among these was the power of quickening the memory of a subject; but in closing, he advised the Moulton students not to depend upon this for success in the coming examinations.

ON the last two Fridays of February, the faculty and students of Moulton were "At Home" to their friends. The drawing rooms were decorated and arranged most tastefully. The tea table was loaded with good things, blinds lowered, candles lighted, and by half past four everything was in readiness for the arrival of the guests. And they did arrive in large numbers. Beaming friends and relatives who smiled indulgently on each of the "youthful hopefuls" in whom he or she was particularly interested. We hope these fair young creatures, so bewitchingly attired, as ably evinced their ability to serve, as their entertaining propensities. We hope, most sincerely, that no one went away with that distressing, unsatisfied feeling, caused, either by having been overlooked by some especial damsel on the entertaining list, or—equally lamentable condition—by the waiters. Yea, we pray that no such deplorable condition existed, and that those who visited us on the sixteenth and twenty-third of February, will, when occasion offers, once more make glad, with their presence their hostesses—once more drink with them "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

FELLER INSTITUTE.

EDITOR: MISS M. R. MOSELEY.

DURING the recent stormy weather, there were a few days when Grande Ligne seemed cut off from the rest of the world. Huge banks

of snow lay in every direction; there were belated mails or no mails at all; not a mark of foot or hoof could be seen where the road should have been; the furnaces were fairly roaring, in an effort to keep us warm, while the wind was shrieking in an attempt to penetrate every crack and crevice in the building. Of course, the boys went out, and a few of the more courageous girls enjoyed the use of their snow-shoes. On Sunday, service was held, morning and evening, in the chapel. The "new woman" has not come to Grande Ligne yet, and so when drifts are mountain high and ocean deep, figuratively speaking, it is not considered suitable for the gentler inmates of the Institute to venture out.

THE pupils of Feller Institute, in thinking of the approaching examinations, feel that among their teachers, they have, at least, one special sympathizer, Mr. E. S. Roy, who is at present in Toronto, awaiting an ordeal of a similar nature to theirs, but of far greater severity. Perhaps his intellectual work is less of a trial to him than the enforced absence from his home in the Institute. In his lonely hours, may the thought that "Absence but makes the heart grow fond," cheer him as he anticipates the welcome, whose warmth one may not describe. Mr. Roy's success is dear to all his Grande Ligne friends, and he has their good wishes united to really high expectations. We feel that we are fortunate in having the Rev. L. A. Therrien, of Maskinongé, with us, filling Mr. Roy's place temporarily. His coming was greeted with pleasure. He brings with him, enthusiasm for his work, energy, good spirits, and a very fair supply of fresh stories, jokes and songs. His varied powers of entertaining have been already proved.

GREAT expectation—rushing realization—happy reminiscence—such are the stages of "Students' Day" at Feller Institute, and taken altogether, they extend over almost the whole term from January to Spring, although the shortest, the middle period, is perhaps the most important. It fell this year on February 22. The weather had been threatening, but had cleared, and no one was deterred by it from coming. Quite a number of our guests came the day before, to attend a meeting of the missionaries, but the crowd came during the day, on Thursday. The forenoon was given up to the greeting of guests, most of them former students of the school; and to sundry tours over the building, to note changes and improvements. The chapel and class-rooms were prettily decorated for the occasion, and everything was looking its brightest and best. In the afternoon, the business meeting of the "Students' Society" was held in the chapel. Reports were read, officers elected, and plans for the future fully discussed. The routine of business was enlivened by two comic solos, which quite delighted the audience, "Do'an ye cry, ma honey," by Mrs. Arthur Massé, and "The Dixie Kid," by Mr. F. W. Therrien. The officers elected were as follows:—President, Rev. W. S. Bullock; 1st Vice-

President, Mr. Ephrem Viens; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Léa St. James, B.A.; Secretary, Rev. L. A. Therrien; Treasurer, Mr. A. E. Massé; Assistant Treasurer, Mr. E. Norman.

The resources of the Institute, in regard to accommodation, were taxed to their utmost limit. The chapel was greatly overcrowded in the evening, and to provide sleeping quarters for about fifty guests, a system of doubling up was a necessity, cheerfully acceded to by our pupils. Other guests, who could not reach their homes that evening, were kindly entertained by the neighbors. The most cordial revivals of friendship and the most entertaining of programmes cannot long take the place of breakfast, dinner or tea. Our efficient and popular matron, Miss Piché, foresaw that, and so well had she made her plans, that visitors and pupils were comfortably served with little delay and less confusion.

The evening entertainment given by the teachers and students of the Institute for the Alumni Society, was pronounced by all to be excellent. There was the usual diversity of tongues that has come to be characteristic of all programmes given at this place, so that every man may hear something in his own language. A brilliant piano solo was followed by several well-chosen and well-rendered recitations, interspersed with choice vocal solos. The Institute Female Quartette gave a bright selection entitled, "The Rustic Dance," which was warmly applauded, and, amid much laughter, Mrs. Roy and Miss Schayltz sang a French operette called "Les Deux Voyageuses." An English dialogue, "The Yankee's Stratagem," given by thirteen boys and girls, was much enjoyed, as was also a French dialogue entitled, "La Chasse Aux Vetolaus," in which the audience watched with great amusement the adventures of two hunters. The Institute Glee Club did credit to its name by singing effectively Anderton's beautiful cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," with Mr. F. W. Therrien, Miss Piché and Mrs. Arthur Massé as soloists, and Miss Rustedt, accompanist. Worthy of mention, also, was the added interest given to the occasion by the participation in the programme of three of the visitors, Rev. L. A. Therrien, who recited in a most admirable manner, "Le Coup de Tampau," while his sister, Miss Florence, gave gracefully the laughable account of "Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding," and Miss Duclos played a fine violin solo. All joined in singing the French doxology to close the programme, and after a little time spent in conversation, the company broke up, hoping to meet again for a similar purpose next year.

Here and There.

J. R. Coutts, Editor.

In these days when the names of "Saxon" and "Slav" are so frequently repeated with ever-increasing significance, when the press despatches almost daily report some fresh step in Russia's aggressive policy, we hail, as especially timely, the article that appears in the March number of the *Manitoba College Journal*, entitled, "The Empire of the Tsars," contributed by W. Manahan.

Our limited space permits but a passing word upon the contents that are of decidedly superior merit. In a brief running sketch we are given the main facts of Russia's unique history from her tribal days, one thousand years ago, down to the might of modern empire that she wields. Attention is then called to the vast extent of her domains, the many different peoples, and withal the striking solidarity that characterize the nation. This leads to a depicting of the Slav character, which the writer evidently regards with unstinted admiration. His military, civil and religious instincts are dealt with in turn.

The remainder of the paper bears upon the boundless natural resources of the country and the phenomenal development that has of late years marked her industrial and commercial life.

It might be said, in conclusion, that though the conspicuous optimism of the writer will not likely be shared by many readers, yet for a concise and interesting array of facts, "The Empire of the Tsars" deserves a careful perusal.

In what four respects does a caller resemble a lover? First, he comes to adore. Next, he gives the bell a ring. Next, he gives the maid his name. Then if he does not find her out, he is taken in.—*Standard.*

Under an ancient elm she stood,
A fairy form in gray;
Her eyes were bright as the stars of night,
As she merrily trilled a lay.

I stood in the window and watched her face—
It was wise and passing fair—
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
On the waves of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul;
Ne'er heard I a voice like that.
And I threw all I owned at her very feet,
For she was my neighbor's cat.

—*Ex.*

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1900.

MR. AND MRS. BATES.

It is usual in writing a biographical sketch to trace the lineage of the subject as far back as possible, especially, in the case of Anglo-Saxons, if the line touches any of the so-called aristocratic families of Britain. The value of heredity in distinguished blood no one will deny; but there is another aristocracy which has affected the destinies of the world more profoundly, which has done more to make Britain what she is to-day than any other. I mean the aristocracy of godliness, the lineage of the sons of God. To be able to trace an ancestry through generations of honest, upright, God-fearing fathers, and intelligent, gentle, pious mothers, is better than to number lords and ladies in the family tree. It has been up out of such a subsoil of godliness that Britain's noblest men and women have ever come. Baptists especially will recall such men as Bunyan and Carey, Fuller and Knibb. John Bates came of just such stock as this. He was born in a very small village in Northamptonshire, went to London and entered into business at twenty-two, was converted two years later, began to preach almost immediately, and at twenty-eight years of age was appointed a missionary to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. There he spent seventeen years, married a wife, reared a young family, and displayed that patience, tact and kindliness, which won him an abiding place in the hearts of gentle and simple, of Romanist and Protestant alike. His great activity on behalf of the famishing in Ireland during the

potato famine of 1848-9 brought him into contact with leading American Baptist ministers, and finally led to his removal to America.

In 1850 he and family emigrated thither and settled in Cascade, Iowa. Here he spent fourteen years of incessant labor. At the end of that time he removed to Dundas, and in 1867 to Woodstock, Ontario, Canada.

My purpose is not to write a biography, that has been done already, but simply a character sketch, from which young men of our day may learn some useful lessons. No one can choose to be born of such an ancestry; few can be brought up in such scenes of rural calm and slumberous peace, and fewer still in this day can be born into as few educational advantages as he; but each one who has had such a lineage, who has had such a holy home training, and who is within reach of greater advantages, may stir himself up to make as good use of his exceptionally favorable privileges, as he did of his unusually unfavorable ones. Father Bates, as we loved to call him, had never been to college, or even a good village school, and yet he was a well educated man. It has been my privilege to roam over the large library which he left with his sons at his death, and I never saw one which gave such evidence of persistent, discriminating, thorough and extensive research. His clear, neat, almost microscopic notes are in almost every book; little scraps of paper, old envelopes, the margins of the pages, and the fly leaves are covered with the most apt notes, or the most searching criticisms. The notes scattered in these volumes are a second library, as well as a biography, of themselves. His head, heart and mouth were full of wisdom.

Father Bates was an eloquent man. A kind of eloquence not often heard. It was not the fiery torrent of the Irishman, nor the impassioned flow of the Scotchman, nor yet the rapid vehemence of the American. It was essentially English. It was the easy, flowing, and melodious bubbling up and falling upon the ear, of all kinds of figures of speech, quaint illustrations and happy quotations. He was a well read and a widely read man. He could never be taken off his guard. He was an all-round man. Home missions, French missions, edu-

cation, and foreign missions claimed his sympathies and his purse. Heart and purse were never divided, The farther from his threshold the cause, the dearer it seemed to him. Foreign missions consumed him with a holy flame. He laid himself, his family and his money upon its altar. Wherever the degradation was deepest, wherever the ignorance was densest, and wherever the thraldom of sin was the most galling, thither went his heart and his help. It is impossible to compute his influence upon the Baptist ministry of Canada during his six years pastorate in Woodstock. The purity and simplicity of his style, the breadth and spirituality of his teaching, and the simplicity and cheerful piety of his personal life, were moulding their lives. How the students loved and admired him! Such love and such admiration of such a man were no small education themselves.

Impurity, falsehood, deceit and double dealing shrank before him, as evil beasts shrink away before the morning light.

Mrs. Bates was in all respects the fitting complement to such a character. She belonged to that wonderful Scoto-Irish race to which the world owes so much. The Scotch with the stolidity rubbed off by contact with the vivacious Irish; the dogged tenacity of the one modified by the genial disposition of the other; the undemonstrative hospitality of the Scot tempered by the warmer glow of the Emerald Isle; a people without a home and without a country, and yet filling the world with model homes. Her family was one of good social position in the west of Ireland, and godly withal. Though a woman of exceptional intelligence, ready speech, and clearness of thought, she had that dread of publicity which characterized godly women of the past generation. Home was her rostrum, her castle and her throne. She reigned in the hearts of her husband and children. She survived her husband more than twenty years, and during all that time kept up that intelligent interest in all phases of Christian work, and that large-hearted benevolence which was a peculiar feature of her husband's, as well as of her own, character. No one who had the privilege of an entry into that home could help being struck by the kindly discipline, the reverent regard and the mutual love which characterized it. These two are now united in the land of eternal day.

Their family was their joy while here, and their memorial now that they are gone. Canadian Baptists will not soon forget Principal Bates, nor the two women, who, with their husbands, first led the way into the darkness beyond; nor the cool head, the firm will, the gentle manner and the warm heart of the Chairman of the Foreign Board, and Pastor of the College St. Baptist church, Toronto.

It was a good day for Canada when the Lord sent Father Bates to her shores. It was a good day for all Baptist interests, for home missions, and for education. Who can measure the influence of such a life, such a style of preaching and teaching upon the young ministry of Woodstock College? Who can tell what his consecrated judgment, his fervid eloquence, his munificent gifts and his fervent prayer meant to our foreign missions? The influences of such lives go on widening, multiplying and intensifying through the ages. May all those who read these words become "imitators of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

JOHN MCLAURIN.

EXPOSITORY PREACHING.

Preaching is proclaiming. It is the work of the herald making public proclamation of the edict of our world's Absolute Sovereign—the First and the Last of our universe and our race—of Whom and through Whom and to Whom are all things—God over all, blessed forever.

Accepting this as the genuine character of gospel preaching. it is very plain that the herald who delivers such a proclamation in the name of the Supreme Sovereign of the universe must be conscious that he has received the royal commission to perform such duty. He must be a man specially called, sent forth and sanctioned by God. For any youth to select the gospel ministry, because he and his parents think he possesses the natural qualities adapted to the clerical profession, or because he constitutionally likes the quiet seriousness and dignity of that profession, is an *awful* mistake—is a deplorable

error. While natural adaptability and educational preparation for the Christian ministry are most valuable and desirable, underlying all these there must be the fundamental qualifications that the man has been called of God to be God's messenger. Never let us forget these inspired words, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called."

Just look at these words:—"And He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry." The genuine preacher is an herald authorized by the Divine Monarch, and conscious of his official credentials, he must feel "necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

Without this deeply rooted consciousness of possessing the Divine commission, that man who intrudes himself into the ministry because, forsooth, his personal tastes and talents draw him into it, will prove himself a mere pious caterer to popular religious tastes—a theological character seeking popularity and pay.

The true God-commissioned preacher must make his royal Master's proclamation in his royal Master's WORDS. It needs no subtle argument to demonstrate that it is the herald's first duty to repeat and to enforce the *exact phraseology* of the message he bears from the government he represents. In so far as he carelessly or deliberately mistakes or misinterprets that message, he belies his official duty—he acts the traitor. On no subject is holy Scripture more emphatic than on this one point. Who that has read the Bible but has observed how often such language as the following occurs:—"Hear the word of the Lord." "Thus saith the Lord." "To whom the word of the Lord came." "The word that came to Jeremiah from the Lord." "Whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." "Go speak." "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you." "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath My word, let him speak My word faithfully."

Coming to the New Testament, nothing is more solemnly impressive than such statements as these uttered by Jesus Christ:—"The WORD that I have spoken, the same shall judge

you in the last day." "The WORDS that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." "If a man love Me, he will keep My WORDS, and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make our abode with him." "The WORD which ye hear is not Mine, but the Father's which sent Me." "I have given unto them the WORDS which Thou gavest Me." "They have kept THY WORD."

The beloved apostle John opens his gospel with this marvelous statement:—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." Jesus Christ is God's WORD embodied in humanity. Could any possible statement more solemnly emphasize the doctrine that the Divine words constitute the Divine gospel; and that the gospel preacher must be the proclaimer of God's word?

Having thus rapidly discussed these three radical points, viz., the preaching office—call and qualification—and work, let us now consider *how* the work is to be done.

THE GENUINE GOSPEL PREACHER IS A TEACHER. The herald must patiently and skilfully explain the meaning of the words of God's proclamation. One indispensable qualification of the preacher-pastor is his being "*apt to teach.*"

In this particular the popular and fashionable preaching of to-day is lamentably deficient.

More than once or twice have I heard the platform orator choose a motto text, *i.e.*, a few syllables from a verse, and skilfully (impiously?) use that as a peg to hang the tapestry and garlands of his own brilliant fancy upon, while the religious audience felt wonderfully entertained! Politics, sociology pantheism, pious and poetic dreams of a luxurious paradise are all hung upon such a peg. Let us not waste time and paper with the elaborate exposure of such clerical pantomimes. Allow me to say frankly that I regard motto sermonising as abominable abuse of sacred words. Every school boy can see that the same orator could find a twelve-month's supply of such matter from the columns of a Saturday city newspaper, or the pages of Charles Dickens. Let the creature go there for his suggestive verbal combinations, and let the Book of God alone. I know experimentally of what I speak. Forty-eight years

ago, when I delivered one of my early pulpit orations, I constructed my text with two disjointed pieces of Scripture—one a fragment of Gibeonite history, the other a fragment of Jeremiah's experience—and thus it ran, "Old cast clouts and rotten rags; old shoes and clouted." Doubtless my audience was astonished and entertained, and I do hope some of them *may* have profited; but of such skilful folly I myself have felt utterly ashamed.

This species of pulpit-trick is not yet extinct. Only a short time ago I listened to a good address which the preacher introduced (and, I suppose, pretended to authorize) by a disconnected fragment of five words selected from a statement made by afflicted Job. These few words certainly corresponded with a few of the sentiments expressed by the ingenious orator, but every intelligent auditor must have felt offended and saddened at the unwarranted elaboration of the text. On retiring from the meeting-house, the thought that dominated my mind was this: Had honest old Job been one of our congregation, he must have been an astonished man!

Much more common—I am happy to say—is the custom of selecting a text—perhaps one verse or one clause—and preaching a sermon suggested by such a fragment of Holy Scripture. For a promiscuous audience, convened for evangelistic purposes, many of whom may never before have sat in the seats and may perhaps never revisit the meeting-house, this textual method is doubtless very well calculated to do good. By this method a few individual seeds of truth may be dropped into the barren soil of the sinner's soul. Only one condition would I impose upon textual preachers, viz, that they attach to the text they choose *its own true original meaning* as that is manifest from the immediate context. This alone can be called honest preaching. If any of your audience, my brother, happens to be so impressed as to go home and read your text in his own Bible, be sure that when he reads it, he shall see that your sermon is in strict harmony with God's own idea expressed in that verse. For pity's sake, do not let that awakened soul discover that your sermon was only your own invention grafted on to inspired truth, but inspired truth itself elaborated and emphasized.

Expository preaching—consecutive and contextual, Sabbath after Sabbath, is *the truer method* of proclaiming God's message, giving the words their proper signification. Divine revelation consists not merely of certain words and sentences, but also of the relation of the sentences one to another. The arrangement —the order of God's word—is the work of divine wisdom, and ought to be regarded with the profoundest respect. The order of thought and the relation of truth which we find in the statements of the Lord Jesus and His inspired apostles are entitled to our reverence and most scrupulous attention. "Preach the word," *as the word stands*, without presuming to alter or reverse or disintegrate the Holy Ghost's arrangement. Honor God, and He will honor you by using you as His mouthpiece.

By adopting this method of preaching and teaching, your regular auditors will become intensely interested. You may not attract a thoughtless crowd, in search of entertainment and amusement, such as cram the pews of many popular conventicles to-day, but you will gather around you serious and honest men and women, who will learn to trust and love their Bible more and more, who carry out into the family circle, the social circle, and their daily business, the power of eternal truth—the principles of the gospel. You will attract, hold and control the masculine understanding—slowly, it may be, but surely and steadily. This, we all see, is what our churches urgently want to-day—MEN—strong, serious, earnest men. Such men never will be attracted and held by modern motto-texts and by the professional legerdemain that can make sentimental ladies and thoughtless girls smile and then weep.

Now comes the important question: What really constitutes Expository Preaching? It is proclaiming God's truth by *exposing* the true meaning of God's own words in *their inspired relation one to another;* it is bringing to the light, and so bringing to the understanding, that inner and radical meaning of the words which is often hidden from the ordinary cursory reader; it is the expounding of one passage by other corresponding passages, and so strengthening the word by its own obvious harmony.

One supreme advantage of consecutive and contextual

expository preaching is this, our thoughtful auditors come prepared by their own prayerful consideration of the text during the week, for the thorough critical consideration of it.

To my mind this is one of the priceless advantages of expository preaching—the pew comes *prepared* to listen to the pulpit—the scholars *prepared* to be taught.

In reviewing my own ministry, extending over forty-nine years, nothing affords me more solid satisfaction than to remember that for years I honestly endeavored to preach expository sermons, verse after verse, sentence after sentence, according to the Holy Spirit's own arrangement of ideas. Thus I have spent five years of Lord's day forenoons in the consecutive expounding of five chapters—chapters of very moderate length, too. During several other long and short periods, I have led my flock through the green pastures of other chapters.

This method of preaching has one immense advantage over every other. It compels the minister to study doctrines he would otherwise shun—shun because they are not in perfect harmony with his preconceived notions, or *may be* repulsive to his congregation, the result of erroneous past teaching. Let any honest man preach through the seventeenth chapter of John or the ninth of Romans, and I cannot easily imagine how he or his hearers will indulge henceforth in the platitudes of Arminianism. Let any man honestly expound the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah for twenty successive Sabbath forenoons, and I shall be speechlessly amazed if ever after he will dare question the doctrine of salvation by substitution. Let any man expound, word by word, the first and second chapters of Genesis (accepting them as God's inspired word, endorsed by Jesus Christ), and I do not believe we will ever hear such a man crowing like a rooster on the dung hill of scientific evolution.

The common effect and result of motto and isolated text preaching is that the people carry away the preacher's eloquence, fanciful inventions and anecdotes, and forget the text altogether. Whereas, the result of sound exegetical exposition is that on the people's minds and hearts the text—the word of God—is deeply impressed and remains a power. See Psalm 19: 7-14, and Psalm 119. "All flesh is grass, the grass withereth, the flower

fadeth, but the *word* of our God shall stand forever, and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." (Isaiah 40: 6-8, and 1 Pet. 1: 25.)

My youthful brethren in the gospel ministry, resolve, I pray you, as honest men to preach and teach God's eternal truth only in the very form that God has given it to you!

Allow me earnestly to urge upon the present ministerial students of McMaster University the deliberate adoption of the solemn resolution that during the entire duration of their future pastorates, they will consecrate the ministry of every Lord's day forenoon to the systematic, consecutive, critical exposition of the New Testament. This will be honestly *preaching the gospel* of Jesus Christ.

If this were done, I am convinced that the coming generation of baptized churches in Canada would become in the almighty hand of the Holy Ghost, evangelizing instruments of tremendous power in the production of an intelligent, stalwart, consecrated and heroic Christianity.

J. Denovan.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Without, the winter wind-dogs howl,
Bay at the moon half-capped in cowl
Woven of black cloud-stuff, and prowl
Around my snow-beleagured doors;

Then madly race across the snow
Without paw-mark, so light they go,
And leave me to my fireside glow,
To yelp around my neighbors' doors.

Volpe.

WHITBY ABBEY.

The little town of Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast, is a place of great interest. Tourists in large numbers from many lands seek it for its picturesque appearance and historic associations. Much of the picturesqueness is due to the River Esk, which divides the town into two parts—the old and the new. At its mouth on either side rise two massive cliffs. On the west cliff, which constitutes the newer portion of the town, are many handsome houses and hotels overlooking the ever-changing and ever-interesting North Sea. The east cliff is crowned by the Abbey of Whitby, and the quaint parish church of St. Mary. The abbey is the glory of Whitby, and the centre of interest to the student of English history and literature; for here a great council convened, and here lived Caedmon, first of the Christian poets of Britain.

The stately ruins of the Abbey of Whitby are seen for miles around, whether the approach is made by land or sea. From the summit of the parish cliff, which is reached by climbing some hundred and ninety-nine steps, and which the author of "Monks of the West" describes as the finest position occupied by any ecclesiastical edifice in Europe, one may gaze upon the fitful waters of the German Ocean, or follow for miles the dark irregular line of the rock-bound coast; and then turning around may view the wide expanse of moorland, over which at times the wind sweeps with terrific force. It was upon this spot that, in the days of the Northumbrian kings, famous for their patronage of missionaries and their interest in monasteries, the abbey was built by the Abbess Hilda, a woman of royal race, who gathered around her some of the most devoted scholars of the day; and at one time no less than five bishops were under her charge. Nuns as well as monks were admitted by the abbess, who thus ruled over a double monastery.

The Danes, towards the close of the ninth century, destroyed the abbey, which remained a ruin until it was re-built and re-endowed by William de Percy, an ancestor of the great Northumberland family so conspicuous in the annals of Britain. It is said that a certain Reinfried, a former soldier in William

the Conqueror's army, "who was pricked to the heart by the tokens of ruin and desolation he had witnessed at Whitby," urged de Percy to rebuild the Abbey. This same Reinfried afterwards took monastic vows, and became the first prior.

The buildings of this "Westminster of the Northumbrian kings" were cruciform in shape. The style of the architecture is known as Early English, and towards the west end of the abbey merges into what is termed the Decorated. The parts now remaining are the choir, with the north aisle and north transept, and portions of the west front. A line of stones overgrown with grass points out the southern wall. There is a tradition that Robin Hood and Little John practised archery from one of the towers. This tower fell in 1830, on the day before the death of George IV.

It was in this abbey that the great council, summoned by Oswin, the Northumbrian king, in 664, gathered. This synod was convened to settle the fierce controversy which was raging as to the time of keeping Easter. The first missionaries to Northumbria belonged to the Irish and not to the Roman Church. Hence it was that the monks of the Northumbrian monasteries, which were rising in such numbers at this time, looked to Ireland and not to Italy. The Kentish Church, however, was loyal to the Roman see, and Oswin's queen brought with her from Kent a party loyal to Rome. Great energy and enthusiasm was manifested by the queen and her party in their endeavor to bring the Church of Northumbria into obedience to the Roman see, and strife between the two parties was so keen that the king was prevailed upon to summon the above mentioned council, where the future ecclesiastical allegiance to England was decided in favor of Rome. "Trivial in fact," says the historian, "as were the actual points of difference which severed the Roman Church from the Irish, the question to which communion Northumbria should belong, was of immense moment to the after fortunes of England."

But the fact that Caedmon wrote here his song of the creation, the first poem native to English soil, throws the greatest lustre over the abbey. For our knowledge of Caedmon and the story of his becoming a poet, we are dependent upon Bedes'

Ecclesiastical History. There we read that it was the custom at feasts for the guests to sing in turn. Caedmon, conscious of the lack of poetic power, used to leave the banqueting hall before the harp came round to him. One night, when he had thus left and gone to the stables to look after the cattle, as he was by occupation a cowherd, he fell asleep and dreamt. In his dream one approached him, and, greeting him, said, "Caedmon, sing me a song." Then he answered and said, "I am not able to sing; for this reason went I out from the banquet and came hither." Then said the other, "Nevertheless, you must sing." "What shall I sing?" he replied. The other answered, "Sing to me of the creation." When Caedmon awoke the next morning he remembered the lines which he had received in the vision, and being brought before Hilda he repeated them. The abbess believed that he had been divinely inspired, and persuaded him to enter the abbey, where, becoming a monk, he paraphrased the history of the Old and New Testament. Portions of the Scriptures would be read to him, and these he would turn into verse. In his poem we find metrical accounts of the creation of the world, the history of Israel, the book of Daniel, the whole story of the life of Christ, future judgment, purgatory, hell and heaven. "Others after him," says Bede, "tried to make religious poems, but none could vie with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, nor of men, but from God."

The story of the origin of Caedmon's poem is of the deepest interest to all lovers of the English language. Some modern critics claim that much of the poem is a translation from an old Saxon original; others go so far as to deny that there ever was such a man as Caedmon. However, his name has come down to us through the centuries as that of the first Christian poet of England, and we ought to hold it in the highest estimation.

In the yard of the old parish church, just in front of the Abbey, and facing the ruins, a monument was erected to the poet a few years ago. It stands twenty feet high and is in the form of an Anglian cross, contemporary in design with Northumbrian art; and is hewn out of fine-grained sandstone. The memorial is especially rich in carving most artistic. On the

side facing the Abbey are figures of Christ, David playing a harp, the Abbess Hilda, and lowest of all, Caedmon asleep in the stable with the angelic questioner near him. Underneath the four figures are these words, "To the glory of God and in memory of His servant Caedmon. Fell asleep, hard by, A.D. 680." On the opposite side of the monument are figures of four scholars trained under Hilda. Highest of all is Bosa, then Aetha, Ofson, and the famous John of Beverley. Underneath these is a translation of the first nine lines of Caedmon's Hymn to Creation. Line for line the translation on the memorial runs as follows:

"Now must we praise
the Guardian of heaven's realm,
the Creator's might
and his mind's thought,
the glorious works of the Father,
how of every wonder
he, the Lord eternal,
laid the foundation.
He shaped erst
for the sons of men
heaven as their roof,
Holy Creator.
The middle world he,
mankind's Guardian,
eternal Lord,
afterwards prepared,—
the earth for men,
Lord Almighty."

Then beneath the translation is the sentence, "That was the first song Caedmon sang." The other two sides are covered with figures of vines, musical instruments, flowers and doves artistically arranged. They who built this beautiful memorial evidently loved the name and reverenced the home of him, whom the Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, while unveiling the monument, termed "the morning star of English poetry."

But the venerable ruins of the once stately Abbey on the dark cliff above the land-locked harbor of old Whitby seem memorial enough. It is but natural that, as one walks around and among the noble fragments of the elder days of English poetry, there rises before one a list of names: of Tennyson and Wordsworth, Milton and Shakespeare, Chaucer and Caedmon. And not the least illustrious is the last—the poet-monk of the ancient monastery of Streonshalh, now known to the world as Whitby Abbey.

HENRY PROCTER.
Scarborough, England.

A FIRESIDE REVERIE.

The light-clad flames dance on the hearth's bright stage,
And sing a chorus from the ancient page
Of forest memories. Ah! Memories
Of muffled love-sobs when the wanton breeze
Purloins a virgin kiss from chaste young leaves;—
Of Queen Earth's spheréd bosom as it heaves
All motherlike, while on it hang unweaned
Her mouthing babes, mothered on milk there gleaned;—
She o'er them splendors a queen-mother smile,
As on an heir, who, since a tear-drenched while
Of hope and waiting, breathes his infant cry
At last:—of murm'ring brooklets tinkling by
So like to drownéd bells. (May they not be
The liquid wedding bells of cloud and sea?)
Anon, the choir chants dirges of the crash,—
The maiming crash—of branches as they dash
Shuddering earthwards. The widowed trees groan;
The sympathizing winds make airy moan,
And whispering, promise healing balms to bring
From perfume-swooning lands of endless Spring.
The singers' ruddy fans fitfully swing,
And weirdly whirr, like scarlet birds on wing
Through the still fragrance of a tropic wood;
Till, by mine eyes encapped in filmy hood
Of dreams, I see them not as fans, but birds
That flash a moment, then melt—as kind words
Fuse into silence and leave in their room
A taste of honey,—melt in tranquil gloom,
But paint a dreamy scarlet on my heart.
The smouldering embers gently fall apart,
And shiver. Hush! I hear, my heart believes,
Those birds' dry rustling steps on unseen leaves.

W. Sherwood Fox.

WONDER.—AN ALLEGORY.

I.

It is now many years, or it may be centuries, since a very strange child was born upon the earth; his unregistered birth took for its propitious moment that hour of darkness which lies midway between twilight and dawn, when the stars seem very far away. He was the offspring of parents betrothed from their infancy. When he was born, his parents looked into his wistful little face and knew not what they thought; for they said, "Why are his blue eyes so deep and so full of strange shadows, and why does his soul, looking forth from these windows, seem so far away—so very far? He does not belong to us!"

But by-and-by they became more accustomed to the little large-eyed stranger, they became more reconciled to his presence, to his wistful face and quivering lips. Then said they one to another, "What shall we call him?" and his mother bowed her head upon her hands for a long time pondering, and when she looked up she said, "Let us call his name Wonder." Then said his father, "Lest our friends mistake the meaning of his first name, let us call his second name Mystery," and they did so, but when they spoke of him they called him only Wonder.

The name of his father was called Experience and the name of his mother was Reflection. So they three dwelt together. Now it soon appeared that Wonder cared but little for sporting with playmates. He was a quiet child and ever wore the same wistful face of his birth hour. He liked to watch the children playing, but he seldom joined in their frolics, and if ever he did, it was but for a moment, for soon the dreamy wistful look would deepen, and ere the others knew, he would steal away alone. Whither? Why? The children would stop in their play to ask one another "Whither has he gone away?" and they would call aloud, "Wonder! Wonder!" For all the children loved him. Then would he as silently return, but he would never tell from whence. To the questions of the

children he would only answer by a smile—a strange, sad smile, and look far away into the dome of the skies—so far that the tears would creep up into those yearnful eyes (people always said he could see farthest through those tears), and sometimes break in little crystal streamlets down his cheeks.

He loved, too, to sit alone in the twilight and count the stars as they crept silently into the silent sky (at least it is silent to us, but the children said the stars sang beautiful songs to him and that sometimes they had heard him trying to hum the music of the stars). But however all this may be, it is certain that he delighted to wander out in the dim, deep woods and listen to the trees talking together, and sometimes they would talk to him also, but only seldom did they speak a language which he could altogether understand.

And then the birds and the flowers had whispered secrets for his ear alone. But the voices of the birds always filled his heart with a great unsatisfied yearning, and the flowers made him glad and sad together. He would say that the rich beautiful rose always grew paler even as he looked upon it, and that the violets, as he turned their modest little faces from the sky, always seemed like frightened children, wanting to nestle their faces in their mother's bosom.

Then he would smile at them and weep over them both together, and people said, "He is well named Wonder! for he is the true child of Experience and Reflection, though he is like unto neither."

But most of all this child called "Wonder" delighted to wander throughout the earth and to go from house to house in every land; and it is said that there is no house in all the world at whose door he has not tapped and by whose window his face has not been seen; and by-and-by it came to pass, that as men and women would meet in the field, or in the market-place, or in the assembly, that they would speak of their meetings with this child called "Wonder," and so often was he met and so many did he meet and so long would he stay with each, that one said of him, "Surely his name, too, is called Legion, for there must be many of him"; this he said, not disrespectfully, but earnestly, for he too had oft looked into the deep, yearning eyes.

Yet another strange thing was this:—People could never agree among themselves as to how great this child was grown. For one would say, "Yea, he is so large." "Nay," said another, "but he is so large." Then would another answer, "Ye both are blind and foolish, for lo, I saw him but this now and behold he is so large," and thus they agreed not concerning him. But though he were large or small, he ever remained a child; abiding many years upon the earth he grew not old, and the sages said, "So long as he abides upon the earth he cannot grow old or die."

II.

Now it chanced upon a day long since that I beheld how Wonder walked alone by a dark and winding shore; neither could I discern the waters thereof, but I saw how, upon the sands, lay an endless line of white foam. And oft-times, as I watched, would he pause as one in much thought. Then would he place a hand to his ear and strain intently over the shore as if he would hear some voice speaking, and yet again I beheld how, from time to time, he would place some instrument before his eyes and gaze eagerly over the waters. When he had this done he would stretch his hands, as one might lift up holy hands in prayer, away over the waters toward the East.

Then drew I near unto him and stood by him and asked him, saying, "Knowest thou the name of this shore?" And he started as one aroused on a sudden from a dream, and turning his eyes upon me, I beheld how the vision had not yet faded from them, and after the vision rose a look of such wistful yearning as never before had I observed in any eyes. Then remembered he my question and replied, "This shore is called upon earth 'The Shore of Time,' but in Heaven, it is said, it hath another name." Then asked I him, saying, "And whither runs this Shore of Time?" "Would that I could tell thee," he replied, "but only a little space of this shore is dwelt upon, for neither behind nor ahead doth it now support life. Nevertheless it is known that thitherward it endeth in a dim mouldy country full of many pitfalls. Men call these pitfalls by the name 'The Graves of the Past,' and from them do they

dig graven stones which are called 'Rocks of Testimony.' But behold these stones are much decayed and the writing thereupon is much dimmed and hard to read." "And whither," I yet again enquired after a long silence—"whither doth it tend forward?" "Into a dense cloudy land where no life is," said he, "called in the language of earth 'The Home of Future Generations.'"

For the running of many sands he spoke not, and I dared not to break in upon him. Then looking upon me he said, "The sea which thou beholdest to break with a faint murmuring upon this winding strand, lo, it is called 'The Sea of the Unseen,'" and as I beheld I observed how the waters thereof were black as ink, save only where a crest of foam ran up on the shore.

Then in a voice still sad, withal confident, he continuing-said unto me: "That cloud which thou seest to drop as a curtain even near the edge of the waters—that cloud is named in the speech of mortals 'The Curtain of Mysteries,' but I have heard that angels call it 'The Skirts of the Infinite.'"

When he had thus spoken, he took from near his left breast the instrument which before I had beheld him to use, and placing it before his eyes he gazed off as if into the cloud, or beyond The Curtain of Mysteries. And as he gazed, lo, his face grew strangely radiant, and interwoven with the radiance was exceeding peace. Then said I, "What seest thou?" Then handed he me the instrument, saying, "Look thou for thyself," and as I took it from his hand, I observed a name written thereon, and behold the name written thereon was "Faith." Then placed I it to my eyes, as I beheld Wonder to do, and lo, it pierced through the curtain called "The Curtain of Mysteries," but what was then revealed, it hath not been given unto mortal speech to tell, for mortal speech compasseth it not. But when I would give back the instrument, he said unto me, "Keep it, it is thine own."

A. M. E.

*THE HISTORIC BASIS OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.

In writing the Idylls of the King, Tennyson has done exactly what Shakespeare did in composing his masterpieces, in much the same spirit, with scarcely less ability and with diviner purpose. It is well known that Shakespeare gathered from many sources the stories of romance and tragedy which form the chief fascination of many of his plays, and with masterful art wove them together, sometimes subtracting from, sometimes supplementing, sometimes leaving them in their native simplicity, but always clothing them with his own magnificent diction, that which has ever since stood out as the great English model of artistic expression.

Lord Tennyson found in the earliest English literature a great mass of historic and legendary material that had been written by and circulated among the early peoples of his beloved England, and with a patience that is truly heroic set himself the worthy task of rescuing from oblivion what of it was worth preserving and sifting out what could be spared without loss. He has brought out of the dim and confused past the ideal conceptions that lay concealed in the grotesque and improbable stories of Britain's ancient bards, he has clothed them in such matchless language that from beginning to end scarcely a flaw can be detected in the "cloth of gold" he has woven, and has rendered a service to English literature that will take first rank among the achievements of all ages.

He has done more. He has united the disconnected, he has harmonized the incongruous, he has glorified the grotesque, he has heightened the central figure into a sublime and perfected ideal; he has breathed into the whole work his own pure and lofty spirit, so that while you are reading an ancient legend you are being inspired by the touch of a noble life and are strengthened by the concealed, quiet power of a great master breathing through the poem.

Tennyson is nothing if not ethical, and it were an impossible task for him to give us the legendary and phantasmic

*Sources of information: Warton's "History of English Poetry," Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," Dunlop's "History of Fiction," Ritson's "Life of King Arthur."

visions and panorama of the past without at the same time infusing his own ideals and eliminating whatever would be harmful and weakening, tested by the standards of modern thought. This demanded consummate ability, judicial balance based upon wise and well founded principles of truth and beauty, of right and wrong, and we do not find him wanting. His well-known patience, his laborious habits, his numerous revisions, his intense criticism of his own work, made such a task as this one of special delight to him, and well indeed has he requited his own soul in the finished product.

The object of the writer is to give a brief outline of the sources from which he drew and so indicate something of the labor entailed in the task he accomplished. Until his death, very little was known by the general public of the private life of Lord Tennyson. He was always extremely reticent upon personal matters, he lived a life of unwearying research and toil, no field of literature was closed to him, no branch of scientific research uninteresting. "In Memoriam" will stand for ages as the autobiography of a lofty mind and a great soul, bowed down by a great sorrow, seeking to satisfy itself at all the enticing fountains of science and philosophy, and returning unsatisfied to the cool and pleasant waters of his mother's faith and love to drink and rest. This is written simply to show that Tennyson was a most exhaustive student and would surely cover most thoroughly all the ground in any field of research before venturing to write extensively upon it. The fact, therefore, that a vast number of legends and romances is passed by in silence, does not prove anything more than that they are wanting in the qualities necessary to a great poet's purpose, too vulgar, extravagant, extreme or absurd.

The historic facts about King Arthur may soon be told. So much of the story of Arthur as told by the monkish chroniclers and mediæval poets and romancers is even absurdly fictitious, that Arthur himself has long since been regarded by many writers (by Milton among others) as a mythical personage. But there appears to be no sufficient ground for such a conclusion, and the Arthur of history is still separable to a certain extent from the Arthur of romance.

Following the historic traces of his career, it would seem

that Arthur must have been born in the last quarter of the fifth century. He is described as the son of a British prince but the name of his father does not occur in historical records. He began his warlike career about the commencement of the sixth century. Owen and Whittaker, who have drawn largely on their imaginations in picking out a continuous biography of Arthur, make him to have been elected Pendragon or chief ruler of the British; but there is no early evidence of any such election, though he appears at times to have been recognized as their military chief.

The early history of Arthur is placed in the north, and there all his earlier victories were achieved, but after he became the recognized chief of the British, all his exertions were devoted to stopping the progress of the Saxons, led by the active and successful Cerdic, in the south. He was commander-in-chief at the battle of Llongborth, on the authority of Llywarch Hen, a well-known Welsh bard, who fought in that battle and composed an elegy, still extant, on the death of his friend Geraint who fell in it. The same bard tells of other battles which Arthur fought, and then we hear no more of him until the revolt of his nephew, Modred, which led to the fatal battle of Camlan in Cornwall, in 542. Modred was slain, and Arthur, mortally wounded, was conveyed by sea to Glastonbury, where he died and was buried. A popular traditional belief was entertained among the Britons that he was not dead, but that he had been carried off to be healed of his wounds in fairy-land and that he would re-appear to avenge his countrymen and reinstate them in the sovereignty of Britain.

The Arthur of romance is a very different person. He is the son of Uther Pendragon, by Igerna, wife of Gorloïs, Duke of Cornwall, who owed his birth to a magical device by which Uther assumed the form of Gorloïs. He succeeded to his father when fifteen years old and immediately prosecuted hostilities against the Saxons in the north of England. He defeated them on the banks of the river Duglas, and again under the walls of Lincoln, and compelled them to quit England and abandon their booty as the price of their safety. Breaking this agreement they sailed around the island and landed at Totness in Devon-

shire. Arthur hastened by forced marches to punish this new aggression and routed them with immense slaughter at the great battle of Mount Badon, in which he slew 470 men with his good sword Calibur and with his lance Rou. Again he hastened with all speed to Scotland, to relieve Dumbarton. The following summer he conquered Ireland and Iceland and then returned to Britain, where he spent twelve years in peace, having married Guinevere, the fairest woman in the island.

We need not dwell on his foreign conquests of Norway and Gaul, which occupied ten years more, after which he returned and held a great festival at Caerleon in Monmouthshire, where he was solemnly crowned, a multitude of tributary kings attending him. Not long after the Romans demanded tribute which he resented; collecting a mighty army he passed again into Gaul, defeated the Romans and was preparing to cross the Alps, when he received intelligence of the revolt of Modred, who had allied himself with the Saxons, Scots and Pihts. Arthur gained two victories, one on the coast of Kent and one near Winchester, and forced Modred to flee into Cornwall, where a third engagement, fatal to both, was fought on the river Camlan.

This romantic narrative differs widely from the particulars above related on earlier British authorities. The famous story of the Round Table, with the tournament of the knights, belonged wholly to the later romancers. It is remarkable that in the Armorican tales, from which Geoffrey professed to derive his information, you find more mention of the Pihts and Scots and Irish than of the Saxons, more traces of Arthur's presence in the north than in the south of the island, though the southern districts may be supposed to have been most familiar to the Breton bards. This is also noticeable in the romances founded on the tales of Merlin, Morte Arthur, Vivian, Lancelot and others. The fabulous history of Arthur long retained its popularity in France as well as in England, and was among the earliest books printed in both countries.

From France the Arthurian romances spread also to Spain, Provence, Italy and the Netherlands, and were also re-transplanted into England. It was only towards the end of the

middle ages that these legends made their way through Germany to the Norse and Slavonic peoples, and as early as the twelfth century, Geoffrey of Monmouth—professing to translate from the history of Britain, written in the British tongue and found in Armorica or Britanny, but more probably himself weaving into a kind of connected history the popular tales current in Wales, of which he was a native, and in Armorica—had written the story of King Arthur in Latin prose, but without many of the embellishments it subsequently received from the romancers.

One of the publications that issued from the press of Caxton, 1485, was a collection of stories by Sir Thomas Mallory, either compiled by him in English from various of the later French romances, such as "The Prophecies of Merlin," "The Quest of the Grail," "The Romance of Sir Lancelot," "The History of Sir Tristram," or translated from an already existing compendium.

Most of the story of Merlin is given by Geoffrey of Monmouth. He possessed supernatural power, which he used to perform extraordinary feats. He had a lover or mistress, Vivian, to whom in a moment of weakness (as Samson to Delilah) he imparted his secret. She used it to try her power without having learned the counter-charm, and poor Merlin vanished into a thorn-bush, whence his voice can be heard but his form seen no more. One of Merlin's acts was the institution of a Round Table at Carduel, for King Arthur and fifty of his nobles, with a vacant place for the Holy Grail. It was upon the first of these festal occasions that Gorloïs brought his wife Igerna with him to court, and King Arthur fell in love with her, as David with Bathsheba.

The legend of the Holy Grail goes back to the Christian era. An old tradition maintained that Joseph of Arimathea brought the gospel to Britain. Pilate allowed Joseph to take down the body of Jesus from the cross and gave him also *son vaisseul*, by which was evidently meant the chalice of His Passion, or the cup used at the Last Supper. Of all the interpretations suggested for the word "grail," or "graal," the only tenable one is "cup." In that cup Joseph collected the precious

blood of his Saviour. He lost it when imprisoned by the Jews, but it was restored to him in his cell by Christ himself. The cup became a test of sin and righteousness in the hand of Joseph. The name "graal," from the low Latin "*cratella,*" a cup, was given to it because of its gracious and delightful influence.

The hero Lancelot is described by Walter Map: The substance of Geoffrey's Arthur, Guinevere and Merlin, was used as an introduction to this powerful fiction. Lancelot, while professing to be a devoted follower of King Arthur, carried on a secret and adulterous amour with Guinevere, the king's beautiful queen. The tale, although possessing many unpleasant features, is one of extraordinary interest. Although his love was criminal, Lancelot frequently did severe and bitter penance for his sins. This is probably the strongest and most touching of the Idylls. Many of the unpleasant details of the original legend are removed in Tennyson's beautiful creation, all that is charming and instructive is retained, and as the character is the one which stands in closest relation to the king, it is of absorbing interest.

The work of Sir Thomas Mallory must have been at Tennyson's right hand all through his great work, but it is the opinion of the writer that he followed no one author, but rather selected freely from all that has been written of these fascinating early romances.

O. G. Langford.

A SHORT VISIT TO CARTHAGE.

Early yesterday morning we came to anchor in the Gulf of Tunis. The breaking day disclosed the surroundings. Far in the west and south-west the rough outline of the Atlas Mountains appeared. Nearer, at a distance of from five to twenty miles, a lower range circled around, enclosing the Gulf and an exceedingly flat, low plain containing several bitter lakes of some extent. The uttermost portion of this range, Cape Carthage, rises three hundred feet, forming a rock-faced headland, the site of ancient

Carthage, and crowned now with the Chapel of St. Louis on one eminence, and on another a modern white village. Across one of the lakes, where its waters lave the foot of the hills, Tunis appeared like a bank of snow, bathed in the morning sunlight. Thither we proceeded through a canal. The usual sights of an eastern city greeted us—camels, donkeys, bazaars, minarets, and every style and color of dress. But although this is the oldest city in Africa outside of Egypt, it has brought nothing down to us from antiquity except its history, so we at once obtained a carriage and drove to Carthage, ten miles away.

A long line of ruined masonry, close to the road for nearly the whole distance, marks the course of the Roman aqueduct.

We first alighted at the amphitheatre, some marble columns of which remain, and the floor and lower parts of the wall. The dens where the wild beasts were kept, still yawn grimly upon the arena. Sixteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago to-day the populace thronged these seats to see Perpetua, Felicitas, and their companions torn by the lions. But haughty Carthage is dead and desolate now, while Perpetua lives and her memory is blessed.

Beyond this is a chapel to the memory of that remarkable man, King Louis IX. of France, who died here in a campaign against the Mohammedans. It rests upon the site of the citadel of Punic Carthage. Just by it are several apses of the Temple of Esculapius, which the wife of Asdrubal voluntarily made her funeral pyre, when she saw her husband basely surrender to the Romans. The museum contains many relics of the past, both Pagan and Christian, tablets recording vows, tombstones, urns, sarcophagi, coins, beautiful columns and statuary, and bas-reliefs. The view from this hill commands both land and sea for many miles. Below us, two small basins near the beach mark the position of the ancient commodious harbors, that sheltered both the mercantile and naval fleets of the then "Mistress of the sea"; beyond, the blue waves of the bay dash themselves against steep mountain sides or fleck with their foam the foreground of villages that glisten on the opposite shore; on the other hand is extended the plain where for three milleniums, Tunis, Carthage, and Utica fought their battles.

The dust of a million warriors sleeps here. A great city has been buried a hundred times over in this soil. The stick-plough of yonder Arab turns up the graves of myriads. Who could look on this scene and remember the legend of Dido, the history of Hannibal and Scipio and of the martyrs, the repeated burning and racking of the city, the sacred names of Cyprian, Tertullian and Augustine, and the struggles of Arab and Frank, and not be moved!

Some way down the slope of the hill eastward are the vestiges of Roman cisterns, and near them the floor of the theatre, still having some marble columns *in situ.* Returning to the west side of the citadel, we had a glimpse of the Palace of Dido—built originally by that legendary Queen from Phoenicia, converted by later Carthaginians into a temple, and afterwards rebuilt by the Romans—now a mound of *debris.* Our last visit was to a cathedral of the times before Constantine, interesting because of its age and size, and because it possesses a baptistery in good preservation, the oldest, I believe, extant. It is oblong, with circular ends, where are steps to descend into its depth of three feet—an architectural comment on a much disputed question.

Other piles of ruins are scattered about, but they are of little interest. So we returned along the cactus hedges to Tunis. "*Delenda est Carthago,*" cried Cato in the Roman senate. His wish is granted. *Deleta est Cathago.* Punic, Roman, Christian, Muslim Carthage—all are destroyed, and sleep in one mixed heap of desolation.

W. P. Reekie, '98.

Malta., Mar. 7th, 1900.

SNOW IN APRIL.

Buds! And snowflakes falling fast!
Strangest sight since winter past.
Running sap must cease its flow,
Held in bounty till the snow
Making Earth one late last call,
Bids good-bye until the Fall.
Came the snow to show the buds,
While they watched in dreamy hoods,
How the earth in winter dress
Looked to those who could not guess
That its garb of summer green
Changed to winter's fleecy sheen.
Now the snowflakes dance about,
Whirling, twirling in and out.
Now they fall like feathers strewn
In a breathless summer noon,
Now they hurry past in haste
Giving leaf-buds just a taste
Of the blinding storms that blow
Driven full of winter's snow,
And the leaf-buds nodded free
Showing forth their ecstacy.
Then the sun comes bursting forth,
Bidding snowflakes hurry north.

H. P.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

Stephen Philips' new drama entitled, "Paolo and Francesca," is considered by the most capable critics as being one of the most valuable contributions to English literature of the year that has just closed. The fact that the ordinary uncritical class of readers in England became enthusiastic over it, even before the erudite class had published their dictum, is a strong indication that the praise bestowed upon it is not unmerited.

The plot is by no means of the author's creation; but, just as the plots of many of Shakespeare's plays have been derived from Boccaccio or other like compilers of stories and legends, has been borrowed from an Italian legend of the same title as the drama. Silvio Pellico, the Italian dramatist, has drawn on the same source for his tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini." Briefly, then—for brevity is possible, owing to the simplicity of the plot—let us outline the story of the unhappy Paolo and Francesca.

Giovanni Malatesta, tyrant of Rimini, found that old age was creeping fast upon him. His incessant wars with neighboring tyrants and the intestine feuds of his little state had given him no time to marry or dream of marriage. War and blood had been the subjects of his thoughts and reveries. Now he languished for a calm, and a wife, "to lead him gently down the slant of life." Accordingly, he despatched his brother—his more than brother, bosom friend, sharer of his griefs and joys—Paolo, to Ravenna, to entreat of the tyrant of that city the hand of his daughter Francesca. Paolo was successful in his suit. In great state he led the lovely daughter of Ravenna to her betrothed.

Soon after his return to Rimini and immediately before the marriage ceremonies were to take place, Paolo abruptly declared to his brother his intention of leaving Rimini, as he had urgent need of so doing. As no further reason was given, Giovanni was completely mystified, for heretofore no secrets had ever existed between these brother-friends. His earnest entreaties and pleadings, coupled with the persuasive prayers of Francesca, availed nothing except to stiffen him in his resolve. Yet no departure was ever undertaken more unwillingly than his. Why did he go? What inexplicable barrier of a secret now partially separated the brothers? It was this: Paolo loved Francesca and knew it; Francesca loved him, but knew it not. He feared the results when her love should become conscious; nor would his sense of honor allow him to remain near her any longer.

He left the palace, but journeyed no farther than Rimini. Tortured in spirit, he wandered aimlessly through the town,

struggling with himself to master his love and summon up enough resolution that would carry him far, far away from the object of his affection. In his wandering he chanced upon a chemist's shop. Instinctively he entered; for here, he thought, could be bought an easy end to his wrongful love and the terrible sufferings entailed by it. A few minutes later he rushed out bearing a phial of poison with which he meant to take his life. His resolve, however, was feebler than his love. The thought of abandoning this world without bidding one last farewell to Francesca was unendurable. Almost unconsciously he drifted, so to speak, nearer and nearer the palace, until suddenly he collected his wandering powers of resolution and boldly entered the garden, where he found the object of his love. At the end of several hours, it seemed seconds, they took of one another what was meant to be the last good-bye, and Paolo again departed.

When the report of this secret visit reached the ears of Giovanni, he was surprised in no small degree; for by a strange coincidence he was concealed in the chemist's shop when the poison was purchased by Paolo, and had heard him confess to the owner of the shop his reasons for suicide. So this reported visit, as we have just said, was no small surprise. But, surmising that the many pleasant memories of the visit, and that a suitable opportunity for another, would blot out of Paolo's mind the death-sentence passed against himself, he feigned a journey to a distant state, hid in the palace, and awaited events. His surmise was correct. Paolo's resolution vanished utterly. He again sought to see Francesca. At first she stoutly refused to admit him to her presence; but finally, her refusals growing weaker and weaker, overcome by his pathetic entreaties and her own love for him, consented to see him once more. At this moment Giovanni emerged from concealment, and slew them both wrapped in each other's arms. So loving and beautiful did they look in death, that even their slayer was moved to utter tenderly these words:—

> "Unwillingly
> They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
> I kiss them on the forehead quietly.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> They looked like children fast asleep.

The foregoing sketch of the frame on which the play is constructed can convey no idea of the poet's treatment of it in the way of elaboration, either of action or of character. It would be both interesting and profitable to trace Mr. Philip's mode of developing the two prominent characteristics of the story—the character of Francesca, and the rupture of the brothers' friendship. Space forbids the consideration of both. Let us take the former.

Fresh from the convent, far from the worry and turmoil of the world, her only cares being to attend to the regular conventual services and "to embroider curiously," Francesca trembled not a little at assuming the management of so large a castle as Giovanni's. The anticipated troubles and sorrows annoyed her.

"What is it to be sad?"

she tenderly asks of Paolo.

"I have wept but on the pages of a book,
And I have longed for sorrow of my own.
. . . I am still a child."

Was it not natural for her, ignorant of the world of men, to become enamoured of Paolo, who appeared to her eyes, accustomed to view only the serene faces of the nuns, "as wonderful as a prince from fairy-land"? Besides, her husband was a man well on in years, and sobered by his numerous cares and anxieties, while Paolo was young, gay and of buoyant spirit, having experienced as little adversity as Francesca herself. That "youth goes towards youth" proved itself to be as true then as now.

Are we surprised that the announcement of Paolo's apparently unreasonable departure hurt her keenly? How pathetic her prayer that he remain, when sisterlike she says:

"You are more near my age—you understand!"

How seemingly rough and cruel his non-compliance to her requests! When at last he had gone, her grief became of that intense, yet indefinable and inexpressible kind, that is akin to fear; that seems but the presentiment and forerunner of some

greater grief and calamity soon to burst. She appealed to her maid:

'And yet, Nita, can any tell
How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,
A light step, or a dreamy drip of oars?
Is there a stirring of leaves, or ruffle of wings?
For it seems to me that softly without hand,
Surely she touches me!"

Like a lightning flash the thought entered her mind that she loved Paolo—yes, loved her husband's brother. So acute and tender was her conscience that the moment she realized her guilt, she was almost paralyzed with terror, having scarcely known before what wrong was, and distracted by the bitterest remorse, wailed most piteously:

"O, I had not thought!
"I had not thought! I have sinned and I am stained!"

The calm, persistent assurance of her maid that no guilt could yet be attached to her, at length quieted the storm in her heart; but her conscience had received an indelible impress, although the outward effects of grief had disappeared.

When Paolo unexpectedly returned and besought permission to bid her good-bye forever, Francesca unhesitatingly assented to his request, as being the only available means of removing the obstacle to her love for Giovanni; besides, she thought, this would be the last farewell, and a little insistance on her part could make it brief.

But, unhappily, the poor child had over-estimated her strength of will to give a decision against a course that she would naturally pursue at the dictates of mere impulse. Instead of dismissing Paolo firmly, yet gently, as her conscience urged her to do after the mutual fond farewells had been taken, she accorded him permission to remain a little while longer—but a few minutes. They retired to a sequestered nook beneath an arbor in the garden that no one might interrupt their tête-à-tête, which both realized would be all too brief, even without an interruption. By way of entertainment they read aloud by turn the touching story of Lancelot and Guinevere. This tale of unhappy love so strangely parallel to their own, awakened such mutual interest that, unconsciously to both, the minutes

allotted to Paolo expanded into half-hours, and the half-hours into hours. Finally, Francesca became so affected with emotion, and such great floods of tears welled up into her eyes, that, unable to distinguish word from word on the rapidly dimming page, she handed the book to her lover, begging him to resume the story at the point where she had left off.

Without remonstrance, he, her willing servant at all times but especially so now, then continued :

> "Now they two were alone, yet could not speak,
> But heard the beating of each other's hearts.
> He knew himself a traitor but to stay,
> Yet could not stir : she pale and yet more pale
> Grew till she could no more, but smiled on him.
> Then when he saw that wishéd smile, he came
> Near to her and still near, and trembled ; then
> Her lips all trembling kissed."

As soon as the reader had uttered the last word, Francesca drooped like a wounded lily towards him, and, covering her tear-stained face with her hands, sobbed, "Ah, Lancelot! Ah, Lancelot!" This affectionate scene terminated Paolo's visit.

Stung sorely with remorse, Francesca's conscience gave her no rest after this. She dreaded to be left alone wherever it might be ; the slightest sound by day or night caused her to tremble like an aspen-leaf in a gentle breeze ; unsightly monsters and ghastly apparitions stood before her in her dreams. When her husband unexpectedly announced his intention of leaving her for a few days (this was a feigned departure), she clasped him by the knees and piteously implored him to remain —for her sake. Harshly and coldly he spurned all her entreaties, and ironically commended her to Paolo's faithful protection. No, she dare not do that ! What was the bewildered, frightened girl to do ? Multitudes of wild suggestions came surging one upon another into her mind like waves upon the sea-shore, and, their force being spent, immediately subsided, only to be overwhelmed by those that followed just as impetuously and turbulently as they. After long and confused thought, she chose from this turmoil of suggestions the only one that she deemed feasible ; she would fly to Lucrezia, Giovanni's aged cousin, for sympathy and protection. How heart-melting her entreaty to Lucrezia !

> "O ! think of me as of a little child
> That looks into your face and asks your hand."

The older woman, well-versed through long years of mingling with the world in the manifold deceptive forms in which human nature will assert itself, perceived that not the fear of ghosts, of monsters, or of enemies was tormenting Francesca, but fear of her conscience—of herself. Without giving voice to her suspicion, she solemnly warned her never again to have any communication with Paolo, should an invincible desire to repeat the farewell, of which he cherished many pleasant memories, induce him to lay aside all scruples of honor and fraternal affection, and once more return. This note of warning sounded, Lucrezia guarded the young wife from all external causes of anxiety or alarm, as tenderly as a mother watches over her helpless infant in the cradle.

One evening, as Francesca was seated in her boudoir in company with her maid, steps were heard passing and repassing the door for a considerable length of time. A knock sounded; Paolo sought admission to repeat his farewell. His request was flatly refused. Again for many minutes the monotonous pacing up and down, up and down the corridor continued without intermission, until there came another knock upon the door; it was Paolo reiterating his request. Francesca withheld permission to enter this time also, but less frigidly than before. Another knock and another refusal, yet softer than the last. She was steeling her heart to no purpose. The simple word, "Francesca!" uttered softly and beseechingly, was the "open sesame" that Paolo awaited.

He entered the chamber—but did not emerge till borne out lifeless on a litter, wrapped in the loving embrace of the also lifeless Francesca, slain by Giovanni. Such was the tragic finale of a love they both strove hard to avoid.

> "Unwillingly he goes a-wooing. She
> Unwillingly is wooed. Yet shall they woo.
> His kiss was on her lips ere she was born."

Not only in the general development of character and dramatic touch does Mr. Philips exhibit the master's touch, but also in the long speeches that he puts into the mouths of the various players, where interest has to be maintained and tedium avoided. Although he employs the long speech to a very limited extent, when compared with Shakespeare and the still

more wordy French dramatists, yet several admirable examples could be quoted; space, however, forbids the quotation of more than one. As an extract demonstrating both an excellence peculiar to itself and the general high poetic and moral tone of the drama, the speech of Lucrezia, the childless woman, may be cited. Perusing it, one can almost see the speaker's yearning eyes; her hands, now clutching nervously at her robe, now pressed over her heart; her whole body as it sways backwards and forwards under the influence of her excessive emotion. These fervid words were provoked by Giovanni's cool remark that she had been spared much, having had no children to grieve over.

> "Spared! to be spared what I was born to have!
> I am a woman and this very flesh
> Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
> And I implore with vehemence these pains.
> I know that children wound us, and surprise
> Even to utter death, till we at last
> Turn from a face to flowers: but this my heart
> Was ready for these pangs, and had foreseen.
> O! but I grudge the mother her last look
> Upon the coffined form—that pang is rich—
> Envy the shivering cry when gravel falls.
> And all these maimed works and thwarted thoughts,
> Eternal yearning, answered by the wind,
> Have dried in me belief and love and fear.
> I am become a danger and a menace,
> A wandering fire, a disappointed force,
> A peril—do you hear, Giovanni?—O!
> It is such souls as mine that go to swell
> The childless cavern cry of the barren sea,
> Or make that human ending to night wind.

To conclude this already too extended sketch, we might briefly note a few of the salient features which have not been touched upon as yet. The progress of the play is very easy to follow, both from the simplicity of the plot and from the fact that very few—only three, to be exact—auxiliary scenes have been introduced; and these have been used so judiciously that they are amply sufficient, not only to divert the attention from the solemn parts, but also to divert to the extent required. Greater or less diversion would be a fault. The diction and sentence construction are notably free from archaisms; hence the frequent difficulty the reader of Shakespeare encounters in the form of recondite words and phrases, is in this play entirely eliminated.

W. Sherwood Fox.

Editorial Notes.

The writer has received a complimentary copy of "A Short History of Monks and Monasteries," by Alfred Wesley Wishart, sometime Fellow in Church History in the University of Chicago, published by Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J. (Price $3.50 net). The work is published in luxurious style and contains a number of fine illustrations. While the author makes no pretence to original research, he has made full and judicious use of the best secondary materials, and has produced a thoroughly interesting and a thoroughly trustworthy monograph on this important subject. While the author deeply sympathizes with all that is best in ancient monastic life, he is too deeply imbued with the modern evangelical spirit to be blind to the fact that the system was based on completely erroneous conceptions of Christianity and its work in the world, and that it led even in the case of its best representatives to the grossest perversions and distortions. The author has been fortunate in selecting a field that has been left comparatively uncultivated ; for while there are multitudes of monographs on particular monastic orders and particular aspects of monastic life, there is not, so far as we are aware, any single work that seeks to reveal the origin of Christian monasticism and to set forth all the more important facts in the history of the institution up to the present time. The titles of the several chapters are "Monasticism of the East," "Monasticism in the West : Ante-Benedictine Monks," "The Benedictines," "Reformed and Military Orders," "The Medicant Friars," "The Society of Jesus," "The Fall of the Monasteries," "Causes and Ideals of Monasticism," "The Effects of Monasticism." The last two chapters are particularly thoughtful and judicious. We heartily commend the work to all who wish to obtain a just and connected view of this subject, which is still highly important and full of interest. Since the beginning of the middle ages monasticism has constituted the most important factor in the history of the Roman Catholic church, being responsible for nearly all that is best and nearly all that is worst in the history of that great organization.

Precisely as we expected, the *University of Ottawa Review* seeks to evade the point of the issue that we raised concerning Roman Catholic truth-speaking. Our offer to furnish an unlimited number of pages of extracts from Roman Catholic works to prove that Roman Catholics

justify prevarication is declined, on the ground that the proposition is an "ambiguous" one. "What extracts," it is asked, "does he consent to furnish? From the proposition, we cannot make out his meaning." We fail to see any ambiguity or obscurity in the proposition, and nothing whatever depends on the editor's knowing the precise sources of the proposed extracts. It is enough, that we should have said that they would be from writers of recognized standing in the Roman Catholic church and from unquestionably authentic editions. What more would the *Review* have?

THE American Historical Association offers a prize of $100, to be called the Justin Windsor Prize, for the encouragement of less well-known writers. It will be awarded for the present year to the best unpublished monographic work based upon original investigation in American History, that shall be submitted on or before October 1st, 1900. The committee will take into consideration not only research and originality, but also clearness of expression, logical arrangement and literary form. The prize will not be awarded unless the work submitted shall be of a high degree of excellence. The successful essay will be published by the American Historical Association. Correspondence should be addressed to Prof. Chas. M. Andrews, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Of course Canadian History is included in American. A large amount of valuable material for research work can doubtless be found in Toronto and Ottawa, to say nothing of Montreal and Quebec. If one or more of McMaster's bright graduates or undergraduates could devote the entire summer to such research work, it would not only furnish invaluable training, but might also result in the acquisition of fame and wealth. The Professor of History will be glad to confer with aspirants.

Exegetical Notes.

How are we to understand the phrase "the love of God" in the New Testament? That depends upon where you find it. In John it means our love for God; in Paul, God's love for us. This is regarded as generally true; I regard it as invariably so. Let us look at the passages. In John 5:42 the argument demands the thought, "ye have not love for God." The proof that they have not is shown by the fact that they did not receive Christ who came in God's name. If they had loved God they would have loved and received His Son. But they did not and could not because they loved men's approval more than God's. In 1 John 2:5 "whosoever keepeth His word in him,

verily is love for God perfected." This is in accord, as God's love for him would not be, with what precedes where our knowing Him is evidenced by our keeping His commandments. It is also a reflection of Jesus' own saying, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." This is further supported by the very clear case in the 15th verse where "love for the Father" and "love for the world" are contrasted. Again we have the expression in 1 John 3 : 17, where our "love for God" is evidenced by practical kindness to our needy brother, and the fact that it is *our* love is made clear by the exhortation that follows: "Let us not love in word, nor with the tongue, but in deed and truth." In 4 : 12 "His love" should probably also be regarded as our love for Him as shown by our loving one another. The 20th verse below shows that that is John's way of looking at it.

Of course John often speaks of God loving *us*, but what is here maintained is, that that is not what John means when he uses the expression "the love of God." By that he means our love for God; and when he speaks of God's love for us he uses other expressions that are perfectly unambiguous.

In Paul, on the other hand, "the love of God" means God's love for us. No one can doubt that in Rom. 8 : 39, (or 8 : 35, "love of Christ"); the love of v. 37 is undoubtedly the love of vv. 35 and 39. So in 2 Cor. 5 : 14 "the love of Christ constraineth us" unquestionably means the love He showed when He "died for all." It is the same in Eph. 3 : 19, "the love of Christ that passeth knowledge." In Rom. 5 : 5 it is still God's love that is meant, as v. 8 clearly shows, though here our sense of that love is prominent.

The one passage in Paul that is often understood otherwise is 2 Thess. 3 : 5. The old version by its mis-translation of the second part of the verse helps the misunderstanding of the first part. "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God and into the patience of Christ" is the Revised. In the A. V., "patient waiting for Christ," necessarily makes *χριστοῦ* an objective genitive and makes it more natural to take *θεοῦ* in the same way—"love for God." But this translation is not warranted, and we must accept the Revised "the patience of Christ." The second part of the Apostle's prayer, then, is that their hearts may be directed into "the patience of Christ," i.e., into the patience that Christ showed. This makes it more natural to understand the first part as referring to the love which God showed. What that patient endurance of Christ's is can be seen in Heb. 12 : 2, "who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross"; and the love that Paul has in mind is evidently the same as that of Rom. 5 : 5, and the benediction of 2 Cor. 13 : 13. So that the Apostle's full prayer is that in view of the times of trial that await, they may find their hearts cheered by the inexpressible sense of God's love for them and so be conditioned to endure as Christ did the tribulation that may come.

The only other passages in which the phrase occurs are Luke 11 : 42 and Jude 21, the former of which clearly means "love for God" as in John, the latter probably the same.

Two remarks may be made in view of these facts.

1. The difference in usage is in keeping with the facts as we know them. It was natural that John, who had enjoyed such special intimacy with Jesus during his earthly life, should speak of his love for Christ. In our own friendships we usually think rather of our own feeling toward our dear ones than of theirs toward us.

On the other hand Paul's experience was unique. While savagely persecuting the disciples of Jesus, he was met and conquered by the merciful Lord, whose love could outlive the persecution of hate. Is it not natural under the circumstances that Paul should think only of Christ's love, or God's love to him.

We might expect Luke to follow Paul. But he is reporting the words of Jesus, and the fact that he uses the phrase in the non-Pauline sense may be an indication of the accuracy with which he reports.

As for Jude, the brother of the Lord, with the memory of that unsullied Love ever fresh within him, would it not be more natural for him to speak, as John does, of his own love for God?

2. Each spoke according to the facts of the case and honestly from the heart. And they had no quarrel about it: Neither should Bro. Smith and Bro. Jones to-day doubt each other's goodness, though one be like Paul and the other like John in this matter, for both sides are true, and gloriously true. Let each rejoice in the other and try to realize both and so broaden in blessedness.

J. H. F.

College News.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: A. B. COHOE, B.A.

McMASTER men come in for their share of the honors in the awarding of fellowships in Chicago University. H. H. Newman, '98; W. Findlay, '96, and R. D. George, '97, are the fortunate men this year

WE are pleased to learn that Miss Iler, '98, who was ill for some time last term and who has been unable to resume her work on the staff of Moulton College this term, is quite recovered.

SOME months ago the news came to us of the serious illness of Miss Burnette, '97. We are glad now to be able to report that Miss Burnette has been able to return to her home at Greenbank, and that, though not entirely recovered, she is much better. We sincerely hope that a complete restoration to health may speedily take place.

ANDREW IMRIE, '96, is going to India; to many of his friends this is not a surprise for his heart has been turning in that direction for

some time. It costs something for any man to cut himself off from many friends to work in the loneliness of foreign lands. It costs much for a man with the manifest ability of Mr. Imrie. But we expect much from his work in India.

Good reports have come to us of the work of Henry Procter in the old land. We are pleased, however, to learn that he expects to join the McMaster classes next Fall.

M. C. McLean, '98, has been laboring since graduation in Crystal, North Dakota. The spirit of McMaster is so Canadian that most of her graduates prefer to become a factor in the upholding of Canadian national life, but occasionally one of our number strays over with the work to the south of us. When such takes place we follow with interest the work that is accomplished. Splendid reports have come to us of the work of Mr. McLean. In fact we understand that he has made such an impression upon the people of the part of North Dakota in which he is stationed that they are wondering if McMaster will send them more of the same quality.

AROUND THE HALL.

Editors { Miss McLay, '00; A. C. Watson, '01; C. C. Sinclair, '02.

Athletic Association.—The annual meeting of the Athletic Association, for the purpose of electing officers, was held at 4 o'clock on the 29th. Before the elections began the retiring secretary gave a most encouraging report of the finances of the Society which was received with much enthusiasm. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered him for the creditable and painstaking way in which he had served the Society. As a result of the voting the following officers will have charge of the Athletic Association during the coming year: President, W. E. Robertson; vice president, R. D. McLaurin; secretary-treasurer, E. J. Tarr. The newly-elected president outlined his policy in a few words and the other officers made brief speeches of acceptance.

Tennysonian.—At a special meeting of the Tennysonian it was decided to prorogue for a year on account of the action of the Literary Society. Thus an important item in "College News" passes away.

An interesting lecture on Astronomy, illustrated by stereopticon views, was given by Professor McKay a few evenings ago. Although intended chiefly for the graduating year the lecture was much enjoyed by other students who attended.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The regular monthly meeting was held on Wednesday, April 4th. The committee were anxious that the last meeting should be one of the most helpful to the students in view of their summer's work, and secured two practical and experienced men for the occasion in Revs. J. P. McEwen and A. C. Baker, Whitevale. Mr. Baker, in an able and earnest address, urged those who had the gospel ministry in view to think of the high calling of their vocation. It was a high calling inasmuch as it represented God's highest work—they were ambassadors for Christ. They should magnify their office by preaching the Christ of the Scriptures in all His fulness, and claiming for His Kingdom the right of way in all things. Only as this was insisted on could their work and the churches live. Rev. J. P. McEwen in his felicitous manner pointed out the need of a right conception of their work and the need of proper deportment in their work. The work to which they were going claimed not half their time and talents but them all. The interest and claims of the great missionary enterprise should be pressed upon all Christians by them.

Literary and Scientific Society.—The last regular meeting for the year of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on the evening of Friday, March 23rd. This meeting was a very important one, in that it was the occasion of a general reorganizing of the Society. A committee, previously appointed for the purpose, presented a new constitution for the Society. The old constitution was abolished and after considerable discussion the new one adopted, with a few amendments. The most striking difference between the old and the new order of things is that in the future the Society will meet every week instead of every two weeks, as before This change is accompanied by a suspension of the meetings of the Tennysonian. It is hoped that under the new constitution the McMaster University Literary Society will become even a more helpful factor in the life and work of the University than it has yet been.

It was a happy thought, the idea of making the five colors of the McMaster plaid the respective class-colors of the different years in Arts and Theology. At a recent meeting of the Literary Society this plan was adopted, so that henceforth green will be the class-color of the Freshies, yellow of the Sophs, red of the Juniors, blue of the Seniors, and white of the Theologs. Thus the plaid or streamers of the plaid colors will be waved for the University as a whole, while each particular color has its own significance. The old difficulty of multiplicity of colors will be avoided, an additional sense of unity will be attached to the University plaid or streamers in all inter-collegiate contests, while on such occasions as demand class spirit rather than college spirit, the distinction by means of these five colors will be very appropriate. This will undoubtedly prove a very unique custom and a pleasant tradition in our college history.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS EDITH OLIVER.
MISS EDITH MACGREGOR.

THE Moulton drawing-rooms on the evening of March 24th presented a scene of great festivity and mirth, and echoed until the night grew late with the merry chatter and laughter of still merrier girls. Thanks to the graciousness of the third year, the Seniors had put aside their usual stateliness and were enjoying to the full the amusements which their hostesses had provided. The rooms were daintily decorated in the Senior colors, orange and white, and everything looked its best. There were no stops and embarrassing pauses, for the lively hostesses hastened their guests from one amusement to another and finally crowned a successful evening by serving most liberal and dainty refreshments. When the evening was over the Seniors left with all good wishes to the class which will next year step into their places, and feeling that an evening thus spent added one more bright chapter to their last college year.

THE Friday evenings of this term have been more than usually enjoyable. When there has been no lecture or other public entertainment, we have assembled in the cosy sitting-room for a merry evening of music and games, after which dainty refreshments, such as girls delight in, were served.

ON the evening of March 23rd we had a special treat, when Miss Dicklow gave us an interesting little talk. She told us something of the art of printing and illuminating books and afterwards showed us some very old volumes and others made in recent days, which were interesting, both because of their appearance and because they were made altogether by hand. One of these folios was an edition of the Genevan Bible.

WE were pleased to have Chancellor Wallace conduct our chapel exercises recently. Since the Chancellor is at present so busy in the interests of the McMaster Forward Movement, we felt particularly honored. We have also been favored in having Dr. Harris to lead our last prayer meeting and in having Mr. Eaton present in chapel on Wednesday morning.

ACCORDING to the last number of the MONTHLY, Moulton's course of lectures closed with Dr. Tracey's lecture on Hypnotism. It was, therefore, with great surprise as well as pleasure that we learned that Mrs. Savigny, the well-known writer of humane literature, was to speak to us on the subject, "Dogs." The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views which greatly increased the enjoyment of the evening.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { W. B. H. TEAKLES, B.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

WE have suffered the loss of one of our teaching staff, Mr. S. R. Tarr, who severed his connection with the school here that he might take a position on the actuary staff of the Canada Life Assurance Company in Toronto. Mr. A. M. Overholt, M A., has taken his place and has already made himself popular among the students by his genial manner and evident ability as an instructor. A farewell oyster-supper was provided upon the eve of Mr Tarr's departure when the school presented him with Kipling's works complete. Mr. Tarr responded most happily, expressing his gratitude for the gift and the feeling that prompted it, and recounting some amusing experiences that had befallen him in the College. Principal McCrimmon and Mr. D. K. Clark, representing the faculty, spoke warm words in appreciation of Mr. Tarr and his work. Rev. Mr. McKay also gave utterance to feelings of esteem.

THE Revs. Bosworth, John Trotter, Cross and Hartley have visited us and given short addresses at "chapel" during the month.

SINCE our last chronicle of events we have been blessed with times of spiritual refreshing. Special meetings were held in the College chapel, continuing for over a week, and a number of the boys came to decision for Christ. The meetings were directed entirely by the students.

THE College very enthusiastically entered into the general rejoicings over the relief of Ladysmith. The student body took part in the procession which marched through the streets of the town. It was a hard march through deep snow, but we enjoyed it immensely and put the "flourish" on at the end of it all by burning Paul Kruger in effigy!

OUR Annual Concert, held on the 16th inst., was a grand success. The large College dining-room was crowded to the doors and over $70 was taken from the sale of tickets. The Students' Glee Glub opened the programme with "God Save the Queen," following with "Comrades at Arms," a selection well rendered under the leadership of Mr. Ivor A. Thomas, organist of the First Church. Mr. Lorne Williams performed the Mazeppa March and Messrs. King and Coulter contributed a rousing duet, "The Fast Mail Galop." The Misses Murphy proved as usual a great attraction and played and sang most artistically. This excellent quartette of young ladies is an acquisition to any concert, and it is no wonder that they are so eagerly sought after. Their popularity as musicians was easily seen in the unstinted applause that was given to them. Miss Estella Butcher, of Aurora, recited several selections in

excellent style. "The Oracle" was well read by Mr. J. M. Howell and provoked much merriment. We were disappointed at not having the services of Messrs. Bryant and Welch, but their places on the programme were supplied through the kindness of the Misses Murphy and Miss Butcher who graciously consented to give extra numbers. The event of the evening, however, in the eyes of the students at least, was evidently "the play." This was a comedy sketch, entitled "The Top Landing," and represented the adventures of two young men, a dramatic author and an artist, aspirants to fame. The cast of characters was as follows:

Jack Travers	An Artist	F. S. Beddow
Billy Cross	A Dramatic Author	W. C. Riddiford
Timothy Allways	Manager of Criterion Theatre	H. S. Coulter
Mrs. Arabella Thirdfloor		L. Williams
Hetty Heartsease	Nieces of Mrs. Thirdfloor	R. Edwards
Rosy Winsome	Nieces of Mrs. Thirdfloor	R. Reade

The actors seemed to rise to the importance of the occasion and were most heartily applauded throughout. The part of Timothy Allways was admirably played by Mr. Coulter, who kept the house in roars of mirth by his clever acting. Mr. Riddiford, as a dramatic author, was a great success also, and likewise Mr. Beddow who proved himself both a good actor and a clever artist. Messrs. Edwards and Reade did themselves much credit in their first-class presentation of a difficult part, while Mr. Lorne Williams was quite a revelation as he suddenly appeared on the stage dressed as a middle-aged woman. His "make-up" was superb and we wished he had a longer part. The entertainment was brought to an end by a striking patriotic tableau called, "We Hold Thee Safe," representing Britannia and the British colours protected by "red coats." Miss Emma Mercer made a very beautiful Britannia. The soldiers were E. Bingham, F. E. Fyle and F. Howard (the College "giants.") Altogether it was a great concert and will rank as one of the best ever given by Woodstock College.

We as a school took part in the funeral of the late Dr. Dadson, on the 22nd inst., attending the services at the First Baptist Church and afterwards proceeding in order to the cemetery to witness the interment. During the church service Principal McCrimmon told of Dr. Dadson's connection with Woodstock College and spoke in the highest possible terms of him, and the influence he had exerted on the life of the College.

A great gloom recently overshadowed us on account of the unexpected death of one of the boys, Nelson Buchanan, from British Columbia. He was attacked by pneumonia and within four short days the end came. He passed away about 9 o'clock on the evening of Thursday, March 8th. Work was suspended next day although examinations were in progress, and on the Saturday morning we all walked in mournful procession with his body to the C. P. R. station, whence the casket was taken by train to the home of his parents. In the midst

of our grief we can rejoice however to know that Nelson trusted Christ. The sad event naturally made a great impression upon the boys here, and many of us heard in it the voice of God calling upon us to live a truer life. This was, we understand, the first death in the College in twenty-five years.

SINCE the publication of our last "notes" Chancellor Wallace has favored us with a visit. He gave the school a stirring address on the necessity and advantage of cultivating the power to speak in public. We wish he might come oftener.

THE Rev. Dr. Sowerby, of London, Ont., addressed the Judson missionary meeting last month. His subject was, "Laws of Spiritual Health."

ON Friday, April 6th, a joint meeting of the Philomathic and Excelsior Societies marked the closing of their gatherings for the term. Everything went off splendidly. Gerald O'Grady delighted all by his excellent violin playing. Prof. Overholt gave a short but much-appreciated address. "The Maple Leaf" was read by Editor Grigg and showed considerable literary ability, while "The Oracle" maintained its usual high standard. In the musical part of the programme J. McKechnie rendered the "Holy City" in capital style.

SPRING having at last appeared, we are, of course, thinking of sports a good deal. Woodstock has decided to dispense with the old method of running the different clubs and has formed an Athletic Association which will take charge of everything. The school is indebted to Mr. Edgar Tarr, of McMaster, for information in regard to such a formation. The officers and executive are as follows: Hon. President, Principal McCrimmon; President, L. A. Vail; Vice-President, Geo. Stevens; Secy-Treasurer, W. E. Matthews; Jos. Janes, Baseball; Jas. McArthur, Football; F. S. Beddow, Cricket; R Edwards, Tennis; E. Davis, Lacrosse; H. H. Bingham, Basket-ball. Fourth Year representative, Jas. McArthur; Third Year, J. B. McArthur; Second Year, L. Williams; First Year, R. Nickson; Preparatory, L. Procter.

INTEREST is rapidly spreading in regard to the annual inter-year baseball games. Each year is determined to put up a big fight for the honors.

QUITE a number of boys are interested in cricket. A match with a team from the town is promised for an early date.

FELLER INSTITUTE.

EDITOR: MISS M. R. MOSELEY.

THE winter term of school at Feller Institute, ended on March 30th, when the closing exercises were held, in the school chapel. The interest centred in the reading of the marks. The results of the examinations were as a whole very gratifying, and gave proof of much good solid work having been done, many of the pupils having obtained high marks in nearly all of their subjects.

The names of those who had shown a marked degree of proficiency in every subject in which they had been examined, composed our Honor Roll, and were as follows:—Albert Baker, Philias Roy, Katherine Brisbin, Alice Vessot, Joseph Cousins, Alfred Des Islets, Rachel Robert, Orville Lemoine, Laurence Hislop, Thomas Ringrose, Alice Massé.

Two special prizes for which the pupils of the Hygiene class had been invited to compete, were awarded to Misses Evelyn Roy and Wilhelmina Schayltz.

Few of the Institute teachers like to give an easy examination paper; the questions are usually intended for the brighter minds. In our six months' session, we try to cover as much ground as is covered from September to June in the Public Schools. Several of the students who are now, by hard work and close application, mastering Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry and advanced English and French, came here a few years ago as beginners.

ON the 3rd April our spring term began, with numbers much reduced, about half of the boys and quite a number of the girls being unable to devote more than six months out of the twelve to school work.

ON March 18th our pastor had the joy of leading twenty young people into the baptismal water. These all gave evidence of a change of heart. We trust that the public profession of their faith in Christ may be the beginning of a long and useful life spent in His service, for each one of them.

DURING the school year, the girls' "Christian Endeavor Society" has regularly held its weekly prayer meetings. The leaders have been chosen from among the active members and the meetings have been a source of benefit and help to many of the girls. Feeling the urgent need of interesting young people in the cause of missions, we have occasionally substituted a missionary topic in place of the topic assigned, besides taking advantage of the quarterly meetings devoted to that subject. Thus, under the leadership of the different lady teachers, we have learned something about missions in general, the world's need and the work being done; about the people of India and the progress of Christianity there; about missions to cold countries; about

religion in the Congo; and about the efforts being made to-day on behalf of the negroes of the Southern States of North America. As a beginning in practical home mission work, quite a number of neatly made little garments, and other articles both useful and pretty, have been sent away during the season.

After the close of a term of school, when so many pupils have gone away and so few remain, for the vacation, the building is apt to seem unusually large, and its occupants unusually lonesome. One of our young men evidently foresaw this, and determined that all would have sweet remembrances of at least one afternoon. As a consequence, Monday afternoon found teachers and pupils gathered in the dining-room for the purpose of eating some new sugar, the first of the season. The company all seemed well disposed, so that jokes and laughter were not lacking during the time that the sugar was boiling. After tea, all came to the chapel to play games, which they did with so much enthusiasm and good will, that the evening was a very enjoyable one. So pleasantly was the day passed that all were able to begin the new term's work with light hearts and happy faces.

Here and There.

J. R. Coutts, Editor.

The American University.—Henry Ives Cobb has already completed plans for most of the buildings of the American University, work upon which will begin in the near future. The institution, located about four miles from the capitol of Washington, will be connected directly with that building by the famous Massachusetts avenue, which will be extended for the purpose. As planned now there will be twenty-three massive buildings of marble and granite located on a well elevated campus of ninety-three acres. A splendid view of the city, the river and the Blue Ridge range can be seen from any point of the grounds. When completed this will be one of the greatest schools in the world.—*University of Chicago Weekly.*

The frontispiece on the March number of *Vox Wesleyana*, consisting of an extract from Lowell's "Present Crisis," is indeed aptly chosen to express our country's attitude toward the South African conflict :—

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

RECENT exchanges are directing attention to the growing spirit of professionalism that is seeking to dominate the athletics of American universities. The March number of *The Bulletin* remarks :—"Athletic enthusiasm has gone too far at the University of Chicago, and the faculty has taken important steps to check it. During the recent quarters more than 50% of the students, it is reported, have flunked in their studies. It is feared that an anti-athletic war will be waged soon."

In this connection the words of Yale's new President, Arthur Twining Hadley, are significant. Adverting in his inaugural address to athletics, he said :—"The value of athletic sports when practised in the right spirit, is only equalled by their perniciousness when practised in the wrong spirit. They deserve cordial and enthusiastic support. The time and thought spent upon them, great as it may seem, is justified by their educational influence. But side by side with this support and side of it, we must have unsparing condemnation of the whole spirit of professionalism. If we can enter into athletics for the love of honor, in the broadest sense of the word, unmixed with the love of gain in any sense, we may now and then lose a few students ; but we shall grow better, year after year, in all that makes for sound university life." It is a matter for congratulation that our Canadian universities have, as yet, comparatively speaking, not suffered in the least from professional athletics and its concomitant evils.

"I like that man who faces what he must
With steps triumphant and a heart of cheer ;
Who fights the daily battle without fear ;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust,
That God is good ; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals ; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp . . . He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

—Selected.

BISMARCK once said : "One third of the students in German universities destroy themselves by dissipation, one-third wear themselves out by overwork, and the rest govern Europe.—*Oberlin Review.*

A GOOD WAR STORY.—A nice story comes from a country tobacconist. A shabbily-dressed old woman entered his shop one day, and produced two shillings from her pocket, mostly in halfpence. On being asked what she wanted, she replied that she wished to buy two shillings' worth of the best cigarettes. Then she asked for an envelope and when the proprietor asked to whom he should address it, he was told, to his surprise, "General White, Ladysmith." The old woman had been so struck with the gallant General's actions that she had been saving up her halfpence in order to send him the present she thought he would appreciate most. The old woman's smokes were not without the fire of younger days.

E. W. Davis

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1900.

EBENEZER WILLIAM DADSON.

It was at prayer-meeting in the old Adelaide St. Church, during the early days of my residence in London, that I first met Mr. Dadson. He was then pastor in Denfield, and just a few years out of college. How brief those twenty years now seem! And yet they measure nearly all his ministry! Surely the time is short! Since that first meeting it has been my happy experience gradually to pass into the inner circle of his friends; and I count it a privilege, grief-clothed though it be, to pay my tribute to his memory in THE MONTHLY, as I attempt to tell the story of his work and worth.

Mr. Dadson belongs to that important class of Canadian preachers who have been born in Britain, but trained in Canada. The place of his birth was Cranbrook, Kent Co., England; the year, 1845. When three years old he came with the rest of the family to Toronto, where, with the exception of one year in St. Catharines and another in his native Cranbrook, he continued until he was sixteen. His early education was received in a four years' course in the Toronto Model School, and closed with his return to England at the age of twelve. On his return to Canada, he spent a year as errand boy in a King St. dry goods' store, another as office boy under Dr. Fyfe, the editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, and then a year and half in Mr. A. H. St. Germain's printing office, which he abandoned to rejoin the family in Guelph, and assist his father, who was a hatter, in his store in that city.

Something should be said about the formative influences of those early years. His school education, though confined to four years, was thorough as far as it went. The experiences that followed furnished training of a different sort, but useful for the man who must confront the varied demands of the pastorate. He was greatly blessed in having a truly Christian home and such helpful church influences as surrounded him in Bond St. (now Jarvis St.) under Pastors Pyper, Fyfe and Caldecott. Naturally enough he came under Dr. Fyfe's influence in a very special way in the *Canadian Baptist* office. During the first year of Dr. Caldecott's pastorate, a remarkable work of grace broke out in Bond St. About fifty professed conversion; among them, the subject of this sketch. A member of the committee, however, deterred by his jovial way, recommended delay in receiving him. His brother Mark declares that from that time there was a marked change in his manner and in his attitude to all religious matters, though eight years passed before he again made any profession.

In Guelph, in God's good providence, he came under the inspiring influence and wise counsel of Pastor Graftey, who gathered him and others into evening classes, and thus set them in the way of higher things. It is a striking fact that one of the men whom Pastor Graftey, in the West, was instrumental in turning toward study and college should, in his last pastorate, in the East, have ministered to Bro. Graftey's son, one of the deacons in the Olivet Church.

In 1865, Bro. Dadson entered the Canadian Literary Institute, where he spent the next four years. The spirit of the school was summed up in its distinguished Principal, Dr. Fyfe, who himself was a marvellous combination of gentleness and strength, righteousness and goodness, scholarship and statesmanship, power to plan and power to execute, the teacher and the preacher, the humble believer and the fearless champion of the truth of the gospel. Dr. Fyfe did many a valuable service to the cause of Christ, but the greatest service he rendered was in putting upon his students the impress of his own splendid personality and lofty character. He taught them to love truth and scorn a lie; to work righteousness and hate iniquity; to be

balanced in judgment and resolute in action; to be definite in purpose, steadfast and faithful in duty; to minister to men without fearing them; and to serve God and trust Him. And one who unfortunately cannot be numbered among them may be permitted to say that a wide acquaintance with the character and work of these men has made him feel increasingly thankful to God for His great kindness in giving us Dr. Fyfe to mould our denominational life. No student in all that worthy list drank in more deeply of all that was best in the great man's spirit than E. W. Dadson. His early love of merriment happily clung to him; he was a general favorite, trusted for his fairness and loved for his good-fellowship; his conduct was not always ideal, but he abhorred sham, was never mean, and helped along the cause of honor and manliness in the school. On the campus he was among the first, and, when more serious business was on, as it sometimes was between town roughs and the college, his skill in boxing made him easily first. He achieved no special eminence in the regular class work, but he was an omnivorous reader; nor did he as a public speaker make any special mark, though he early won recognition as an easy and forceful writer. It was only in the final year of his academic course that he confessed Christ. That took place one evening in his own room, as he and his room-mate, Alexander Turnbull, knelt together in prayer. He himself dated his conversion from that moment, though his brother believes that that all-important event took place eight years before. He was baptized by Rev. John Bates, of whose character and ministry he always spoke with most grateful appreciation.

In 1869, he entered Toronto University, from which he received his B.A. degree in 1873. It was his good fortune there to come under the inspiring teaching of the great Professor Young, for whom he cherished profound respect. It was during his University course that God turned his thoughts toward the ministry, and, hearing the summons, he gave himself soberly and unreservedly to that high calling. Forthwith definite Christian work was undertaken. He began by teaching in the York Mills Sunday School. The summers of 1872 and 1873 were spent in Buckhorn (now Cedar Springs, near Blenheim) and at the Ottawa mission.

In the autumn of 1873 he returned to Woodstock for Theology, and took the full three years' course under Drs. Fyfe and Crawford, and Professor Yule.

In February, 1874, he received "a letter of recommendation to the work of the Gospel ministry" from the Woodstock Church, whose pastor, now our Dr. Goodspeed, by the doctrinal soundness and rich spirituality of his preaching, did much to shape both his thought and spirit. The two vacations, if I mistake not, were spent in Clarence and Haldimand.

During these years of training his natural ability and force, had been so clearly manifesting themselves that he became an acknowledged leader among the students and was regarded by Dr. Fyfe as one of the three best and ablest men that had passed through his hands, D. A. McGregor, and John Torrance, afterwards professors in Toronto Baptist College, being the other two. So that when he graduated in 1876, he went forth to his life work with the affection and confidence of both students and Faculty, and with the liveliest sense of his own indebtedness to his *Alma Mater.* In affection for his old comrades and grateful appreciation of his teachers, none was more whole-hearted and unwavering than he.

As I close this hurried account of his college days, I cannot refrain from mentioning a statement which he made to me last summer about his brother Mark, who is a modest member of Immanuel Church. It was this: that if he had been enabled to render any worthy service, it was due in no small measure to the beautiful unselfishness of that brother, as he stood by him during the eleven years of college preparation. Thank God for the obscure men and women who make possible the achievements of their loved ones. Verily they shall have their reward.

He was immediately invited to the pastorate of the Denfield Church, accepted, was ordained, "and then," to quote his own words, "spent the following six years actively engaged in congenial work among a loving people." During these six years he read and studied, thought and wrote, preached strong sermons, shepherded the flock with fidelity, and steadily grew. The thorough work then quietly done helped to fit him for the

larger spheres that were to open, and suggests to all young pastors a lesson well worth heeding.

From Denfield he was called to the neighboring town of Strathroy, and thence, four months later, to the editorship of the *Canadian Baptist.* During the latter part of his six years' tenure of that office, he combined with it the care of the church at Claremont. In a recent visit to that field, I had abounding evidence of the fact that the fragrance of his life abides there still as a legacy most precious.

In November, 1888, he entered upon what was probably his most influential pastorate—that of Woodstock. To the writer it has been a source of satisfaction ever since, that he had the privilege of proposing his name to the deacons, by whom he was unanimously nominated to the church. Through that historic church and the students and teachers of the college, his name and fame spread far and wide. Through them his influence will go on, and scores of pulpits will bear the impress of his teaching and character for long years to come. The work and surroundings were so congenial, church and pastor were knit together in such bonds of love, he had struck his roots so deep in the life of the whole community, and his happiness was so complete, that when the call to Montreal came, it was, to use his own word to me afterwards, like a call to "crucifixion." But obedience to God was the settled habit of his life; and, when he became satisfied that it was God that called, he obeyed unhesitatingly, though with many wistful wonderings. Only those to whom he opened his heart know the anguish it cost him to be taken away, as he said in a letter months afterwards, "from the dearest people, and the church I loved as my own soul."

He went to a church that needed him, and gave it his best service. The first year's work began to tell. The second was more encouraging still, though much of it was filled with an agony that only great hearts know—the agony of seeing his beloved wife tortured with pain, and sinking, in spite of all skill and care and sympathy, down into the grave. That was in June, 1898. Former experiences were repeating themselves. He found himself "growing into the life of the church." The

following winter was full of work, and more and more pastor and people were being bound together and signs of blessing multiplied. Then came the first of May of last year and his return to the house which had been abandoned for the winter, and with that the first sharp pang of the same fatal disease that had already desolated the home. He had had more than three weeks of it when he came to the Walmer Road Convention, and was suffering so intensely before he rose to preach, that he wondered whether he could stand at all. A prayer for strength was lifted and God gave him freedom from pain until he had given us from 1 Cor. xv. 58, that great message with which our hearts were thrilled. Then followed two months of suffering, in the midst of which he hurried to his loved Muskoka. It seemed to bring relief. For the last six weeks there he was almost free from pain. He had scarcely reached Toronto before it returned. But with brave heart, eager for work, and hoping for the best, with the permission of his baffled physicians he took up work again in the church that he had learned to love and which was proving itself well worthy of his love. All testify to the marvellous power of that last month's work. The like had not been known in Olivet since the palmy days of ten years before. But in the midst of this rich promise of fruitage, he was struck down again and his preaching was done—except as, through more than four months of untold sufferings, his splendid bravery, unconquered cheerfulness, unfailing patience, and unfaltering trust, told out impressively the genuineness of his faith and the ripeness of his Christian character. During those long months his heart was constantly cheered and comforted by tender messages from distant friends, by the watchful loving ministries of his own nearest and dearest ones, and by an uncalculating devotion on the part of the Olivet Church that was supremely beautiful and has won them all our hearts.

On March 12th, 1900, at 4.45 p.m., just as the day was beginning to darken toward evening and the night, his purified spirit, released from its pains, passed into the land of light where the day dies never.

As a *preacher*, Dr. Dadson will be long remembered by all

who have heard him, but especially by those whose privilege it was to sit under his ministry. Soundness and strength, soulfulness and sincerity were its outstanding characteristics.

At Denfield and Claremont he wrote everything with great care and commonly used the manuscript. During the first year of his Woodstock pastorate he abandoned the manuscript and spoke freely, not, of course, without equally severe preparation. Even when the manuscript was used, he spoke with great animation. His sermons were strictly textual, and he never made his text a mere peg for foreign material. The sermon was evolved from the text, and was a clear explanation and powerful enforcement of the truth therein contained. His keen analysis and careful exegesis; his faultless logic and cumulative arguments; his striking illustrations, wrought out with exquisite skill, the rare vigor of his pure Saxon and the raciness and clearness of his style, made him, in my judgment, the foremost representative, among Ontario and Quebec Baptists, of that school of preachers at whose head stands Alexander McLaren, of Manchester. He was a positive preacher of Biblical truth, and, notwithstanding all the doubts of the times, spoke with the authority of the man who is sure that Christ is the infallible Teacher and that the Scriptures are the inspired word of God and the revealed message of God to men. It was this profound conviction combined with fullness of thought and sympathy and moral earnestness, that arrested the thoughtless and won earnest souls to his Lord. Certainly it was not his reading, which might well have been bettered, nor his delivery which, though forceful, might have been more graceful and effective, that made his pulpit ministry so attractive. The simplicity, directness, tenderness and fervor of his prayer had much to do with it. But the main thing, next to himself, was his ability to make plain the word of God and so reveal the truth and beauty of his text, that it remained with you in shining clearness, a treasure to the mind, food to the soul, and a joy to the heart.

As a *pastor* he was even greater than as a preacher. His great-heartedness and the depth and spontaneity of his sympathy made him capable of great things in pastoral ministration. And since his sympathy was made wise with the wisdom of God's

truth and controlled by a spirit loyally devoted to God and to his people, the result was that his calls were never perfunctory performances but occasions of real helpfulness, carefully planned to exhort, to instruct, or to comfort, as need might determine. The coming of sorrow to any home revealed the fact that that home had a pastor who was a pastor indeed. And it mattered not whether it was a home of wealth or of poverty, in Muskoka or in Montreal. Happy childhood and sorrowing age alike gladdened at his coming. After all, it was his abounding service and loving fidelity in the pastorate that won men's hearts and clothed his public utterances with power.

As *editor* as in all things else, he did what he believed to be right. In the office no less than in the pulpit he regarded it as his duty not to cater to the tastes of his constituency for personal ends, but rather to minister to their needs as the servant of God. What he regarded as the mission of the *Canadian Baptist*, was clearly stated in his opening editorial. In that he declares a threefold purpose: to spread evangelical Christianity, to uphold the distinctive principles of the Baptist denomination, and to furnish pure literature for the home. To that programme he adhered. Of course he had his critics. The Associations, as usual, had their turn. I confess myself to have wished for a little more of the newsy, and of crisp comments on current events. But as the years have passed, and I have noticed, on the one hand, his own grandly cumulative influence as he stuck to his programme in paper and pulpit, and, on the other hand, how many papers and pulpits have almost forsaken known truths that are fundamental for doubtful conjectures, I have been inclined to conclude that he was right after all. His valedictory—Oct. 11, 1888—reveals the man. "I have conscientiously striven," he says, "to do right. In looking back over my work I am conscious that the glory of Christ and the well-being of the churches have been my first consideration. There have been many imperfections in my work, which no one knows so well as I, but there has been honesty of purpose, and a sincere desire for the furtherance of the cause of Canadian Baptists. An editor is placed in special contact with men; with opinions; with the peculiarities of the different sections of his

constituency; and with the questions which engender strife. Whatever may be thought of the ability displayed amid such surroundings, I have this to say: I have not been careful to propitiate any man or any body of men." Those of us who knew him best know how literally true those words are. I question whether any of us realize just how much the denomination is indebted to him for the unswerving impartiality with which he piloted us through one of the stormiest periods of our history.

How shall I describe *the man?* For the sake of those who have not seen him in the flesh let me say: He was short, thick-set, with large round head and rounded open face; the forehead was good; the eyes grey under shaggy eyebrows, keen and thoughtful in repose, anon sparkling with humor and beaming with rare kindliness; the nose appeared less than it was by reason of the heavy mustache which hid the mouth; the chin told of firmness and decision.

But *he himself?* How shall I satisfy my own heart without seeming to those who knew him not to be over ardent? He was modest and unassuming, yet not unconscious surely of strength, nor devoid of proper self-confidence; never thrust himself to the front but quietly took up the heavy responsibilities that God laid upon him and discharged them with ability; a wide reader, a careful thinker, he built on bed-rock and reached definite conclusions; true as steel to his own convictions, he was the last to suspect the sincerity of those who differed from him; kindly, genial, rich in delicious humor, full of good-fellowship; guileless, sincere, scorning the underhanded, believing in goodness and righteousness, because he believed in God. He was a marvel of unselfishness—selfishness seemed to be utterly expelled from his life. I never knew him do anything publicly or privately the moral quality of which I could even suspect. His friendship, genuine, generous and steadfast, was a perpetual delight. There was something so winsome and delightful about him, his personality was so engaging and his fellowship so satisfying, that it was a joy just to be with him, even in silence. In his absence many of us will feel that one of the attractions of our annual Conventions is gone. His friendship was not

merely a delight, it was a blessing and an uplift. For in his presence all one's meanness and littleness were rebuked, and a great longing to be better and nobler was begotten. Thank God for the holy stimulus of such a life.

Such is the estimate of those of us who have known him long and intimately, The following tribute from Dr. John Clifford, of London, England, who met him only for a day, shows how he impressed that keen observer: "I cannot forget the evident sincerity and cordiality of his welcome to a visitor from the Old Country, and the grace with which he introduced me to the friends of Olivet on the occasion on which I preached. But chiefly I recall the service I shared under his inspired leadership in the morning of that day. I cannot forget the strength and solidity of his thinking; the clearness and force of his utterances, and the brightness of his outlook. The uplifting effect of that morning worship is with me to this day. God's world is made lovelier by the passage through it of a man, so Christian, saintly, strong and unselfish." That strikes me as remarkably just.

His home life was in keeping with the character here imperfectly sketched. He was married in Aug., 1877, to Miss Julia French, of Paris. Five sons were born to them. One died in Claremont; the other four, Alexander, Thomas, Jack, and Willie, survive. His love for his wife was of the genuine sort, and his devotion to her chivalrous and beautiful. In the freedom of friendly correspondence he speaks of her as "my strong, wise, dearly-beloved," "a merry-hearted woman; never a dull hour in her company." Her long painful illness was an almost equal agony to him, and according to the greatness of his love was the sense of his loss. She fell asleep June 20th, 1898, and in a letter written seven weeks later, most of which was occupied with the discussion of serious problems or in description of doings in Muskoka, he closes with these words:

"Through it all the passion of my grief must have its way a little. Only beloved! I hear her voice so often. I strain my ears to catch her merry laughter. I hear her singing over the water. In the night I wake to put my hand on her dear head, and my heart breaks again. Well—God gives me much comfort."

With his boys he was friend and companion as well as father. And the boys, to the joy of his heart, reciprocated with a happy familiarity that failed not in respect, obedience and love. It was a great joy during the closing weeks to know that his second son felt called of God to the ministry and was responsive to the call. He and Willie hope to be at Woodstock College next year. The other two are in business in Montreal.

Bro. Dadson was one who always gave himself up devotedly to his own immediate work. He never sought larger spheres, feeling that the place he occupied was worthy of all his energies. But his brethren recognized his ability, summoned him to the larger spheres of service, put upon him the responsibilities of office, and crowned him with the highest honors in their gift. At the time of his death he was a member of four of our Convention Boards—the Publication, Foreign Mission, Superannuated Ministers, and McMaster University — and was the President of Grande Ligne Mission. In all of these, the last especially, during recent years, he took a deep, intelligent and abiding interest. In counsel his words were few, but always wise and weighty.

This widespread regard for him was shown by the gatherings at the funeral services in Montreal and Woodstock. At Woodstock the large church was thronged by members of all classes of the community, and friends from almost every section of the Convention from Sarnia, to Montreal. It touched all hearts, and stood as a token of the affection in which all present held him, when Rev. Alexander Turnbull, of New York, after his long railway journey and a bleak ride of twenty miles across country to be there in time, responded to the call of Pastor R. R. McKay, and feelingly expressed the grief that had its explanation only in their unshadowed friendship of more than thirty years.

From the home of Deacon Karn to the church, and thence to the Baptist cemetery, his remains were borne by fond friends, and there laid beside those of his wife.

Brother beloved! for years in Muskoka, we have said our farewells for the swift-speeding months of toil; farewell once more, for the brief time that may be, until we follow thee to *rest* and HOME.

J. H. FARMER.

REPOSE.

A mossy footfall in this wood
  A peal of thunder were,
Or autumn tempest-shriek, compared
  With the unwhispered stir
Of massy fluids lift in air,
To build these leafy pillars fair.

Lavished at wordless wish or mute
  Command, the chemic wealth
Upsprings to meet the builders' hands,
  All hushed as dusky stealth.
Noiseless as love, as silent prayer
Mysterious, the builders are.

Ah, sure, these silences are works
  Of God's sabbatic rest,
A music perfect as the calm
  Of wave's unbroken crest!
These woven leaves that stilly nod,
These violets, ope their eyes on God.

The deep serene that worketh here
  Works too 'mid human tears;
A thousand years as one day is,
  One day a thousand years.
Fell death still thunders at his task,
But death the peace of God doth mask.

THEODORE H. RAND.

NIAGARA FALLS AS A TIMEPIECE.

Many a Canadian has stood on the brink of Niagara and gazed in awe on the stupendous cataract or been fascinated by the rushing water, but probably few have been impressed by the immensity of time as shown there. And yet the hands on the dial point the passage of thousands of years to those willing to read.

The construction of the clock and the method of reading is easily explained. Any inhabitant of Niagara Falls will tell you that the brink of the precipice is receding, though his estimate of quantity is likely to be excessive. Fortunately we have two exact surveys, made in 1842 and 1890, which show that the centre of the Horseshoe Falls has retreated 220 feet in that time. From these data and also from exact drawings dating back to 1827, it has been calculated that the gorge is growing longer at the rate of four and a half feet a year.

This naturally raises the question, Where were the Falls originally? The answer is easily given. The gorge extends almost seven miles to the north through the level plateau which reaches an abrupt end on the top of Queenston Heights. Eastward the eye can follow the escarpment many miles into the United States, and westward also it runs past St. Catharines, Grimsby and Hamilton. At its foot is a level plain dipping gently to the blue waters of Ontario seven miles to the north Here, where one may now look over hundreds of acres of peach-orchard and vineyard, where Brock's slender shaft commemorates the heroism of our fathers in repelling the invasion of our country, here, thousands of years ago, Niagara Falls were born.

If the rate of recession were uniform, it is easy to calculate from the data given that the Falls were at Queenston 7,000 or 8,000 years ago. Until recent years this estimate was considered very reliable, but many geologists now consider it much too short. It seems that our clepsydra, like many another timepiece, both ancient and modern, sometimes ran slow and again fast. To explain, we must consider how the gorge has been formed, and also the influence of the upper lakes on the river.

Running water, when pure, has little power to erode, and such is Niagara's, for all sediment has been filtered out in Lake Erie. It carries with it no stones to serve as graving tools, and the limestone on the brink is but a few feet lower in the centre of the Horseshoe Falls than at the shore. Were this the agent, the Falls would still be at Queenston.

Geologically, the upper sixty or eighty feet of rock exposed in the gorge consists of compact Niagara limestone. Below lie a series of soft shales with a few feet of interbedded limestone and sandstone. These beds were evidently continuous at one time across the gorge, for they occur at the same heights on both banks. All dip slightly to the south, that is, up stream. The upper part of the gorge shows vertical walls of limestone; the lower part a shelving talus of shale, frequently covered with trees; at the base, great blocks of limestone fallen from above.

The recession of the fall is intimately connected with this peculiarity of structure. The dashing spray at the base slowly eats out the soft shale, until the overhanging limestone breaks off of its own weight. These blocks are used in turn by the scouring eddies to still further erode the shale and undermine the cliff. But only in the centre of the Canadian Falls is the work complete. On the sides of these falls and at the American Falls the force of water is not strong enough to clear away the debris. In the centre of the river the water probably erodes 200 feet below the bottom of the fall, and here the brink recedes most rapidly. Afterwards the gorge is widened by the undermining of its sides, and later, after the cataract has passed, by the action of frost.

A close study of the gorge reveals some facts bearing on the reliability of our timepiece. At Queenston, owing to the dip of the beds southwards, there was a thinner capping of limestone and thicker beds of shale, which would promote more rapid erosion. The greater height of the fall, perhaps 75 feet, would tend the same way. At several points the gorge is narrower, or shallower, than where the rate of recession has been determined. It seems fair to infer that a narrower channel, or a shallower one, would be more rapidly excavated.

At the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls, the river

rushes out of its narrow gorge into an oval basin. Unable to make the sharp turn to the right, the waters strike the opposite shore and circle round to the left. Then, dipping under the incoming water like a string in a loop, they plunge again into a narrow channel. It is one of the most fascinating spots about Niagara. The gorge is entirely in rock except at the north-western end of the Whirlpool, where the material is boulder clay, left by the retreat of the ice. From here to St. Davids on the edge of the escarpment is an old river valley long since deserted and filled with debris brought down from the north by ancient glaciers. When the Falls in their retreat reached this loose material, the recession must have been much more rapid Just how far the modern stream followed the old creek bed is a little uncertain, but probably not very far.

Allowing for these changes which tend to make erosion more rapid in the past, some authors have reduced the age of Niagara to 3,500 years. But this is certainly too small, for there are other factors in the case which show that the clock at intervals ran slow.

Before Niagara was born, the whole of north-eastern America was covered with ice, as Greenland is to-day. As i slowly melted backwards, lakes accumulated between the ice front and the highlands to the south. One, occupying the southern end of Lake Michigan, flowed over the divide into the Mississippi. Another, in the western end of Lake Erie, flowed by the Maumee valley over the divide into the Ohio. With the further retreat of the ice, the waters of this lake were able to use the lower outlet by Chicago. With a still further retreat of the ice a lower outlet was opened by the Mohawk valley, through New York state, to the Hudson. Lake Ontario was still dammed by ice at the Thousand Islands, and the level was higher than now. But with the opening of the Mohawk valley, Niagara was born, and the waters of the southern halves of Lakes Michigan and Huron and of Lake Erie began to flow to the east instead of the south-west.

When the ice began its retreat, the land in north-eastern Ontario was several hundred feet lower than to-day. When the retreating ice had uncovered the Trent valley and Lake

Simcoe, the waters of the Georgian Bay and the Upper Lakes found their outlet that way. Niagara was robbed of the greater part of her power. But the rising land closed this outlet, and the present drainage was restored. The farther retreat of the ice soon opened another pass by Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa, and judging by the prominent beaches on the Upper Lakes, Niagara was robbed of the greater part of her stream for a considerable time. The rising land to the north-east finally closed the pass and established our modern drainage.

These last considerations add enormously to the complexity of the problem. Some geologists, impressed with the serious changes in the volume of Niagara, think its birth must be placed 30,000 to 50,000 years ago. Others think that the more rapid erosion due to the causes given above, would about balance the retardation due to changes in volume, and so reach the conclusion of 7,000 to 8,000 years. This would agree with thirty independent estimates which make the time since the retreat of the ice 7,000 to 10,000 years ago.

A few years ago Niagara's reliability as a chronometer was unquestioned. To-day, because of the complexity of the problem, we hesitate to estimate her age in years, but learn in an unrivalled and in an unimpeachable way that time is very long. For the age of Niagara is to that of the earth, as the history of this year is to that of mankind.

A. B. Willmott.

IL DOGE DI VENEZIA—TRAGEDIETTA.

L'ambition est la plus triste des espérances.—DE VIGNY.

PERSONS.

Duke of Venice
Gerardo } Advisors to the
Valentino } Duke.
Lucio. A Paduan Noble.
Marcello. A Merchant.
Tito. A poor Alchemist.

Herald, attendants, populace, chorus of youth.

SCENE I.

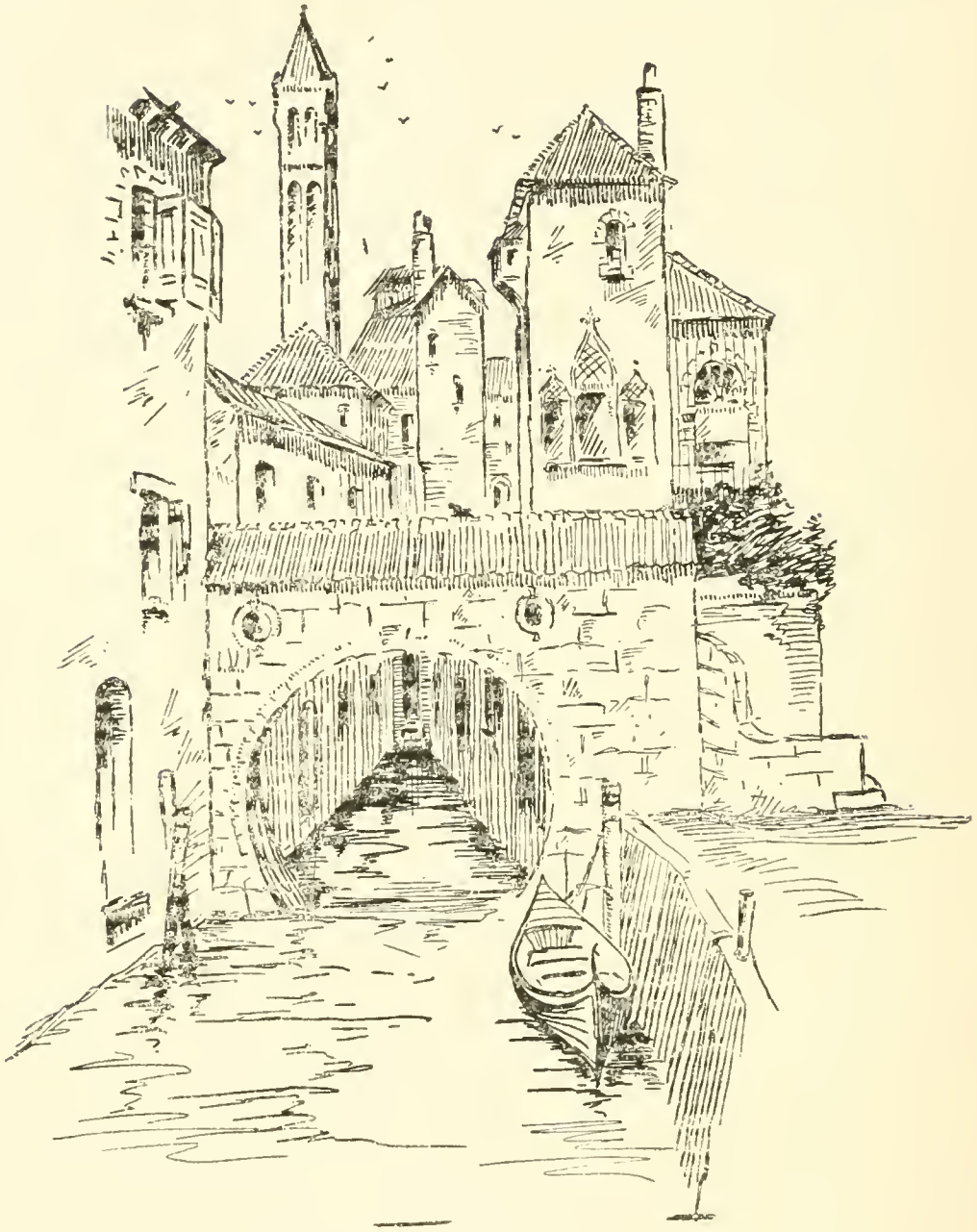
(Balcony of Ducal Palace overlooking Piazza, Campanile, part of St. Mark's, Piazzetta, and the two columns. Adriatic in the distance. Twilight. Duke alone.)

Gondolier's Song.

Kind evening's silver veil,
O'er Adriatic spread,
Gleams on the tranquil waters pale
With Venice lately wed.

'Tis Neptune's lovely bride
So ever fresh and fair;
Her golden towers above the tide
Rise through the purple air.
San Marco, patron saint, preside
O'er our dear Venice, Ocean's bride!

Duke—What swaggering insolence of pride that wags
The tongues of these indolent gondoliers
With rapid strains of "Venice, our Venice"!
Is't theirs, forsooth? Pray how? Would they or theirs
Have stained the Adria sea with e'en so much
As one small blood-drop for her sake, had I
To victory not spurred their lagging sloth?
Would now the Campanile's angel waft
Her holy benedictions down? The steeds



Of proud San Marco prance in majesty,
Had those not ruled whose power and glory I
Inherit? Venice, then, is mine, all mine.
At length my wishes have attained their bourne
Long sought, wherefrom with glutted filmy eye
They glance around and languid muse, "This is
The end, this is the end." *(Brief silence. Enter Gerardo.)*

Good eve to thee,
Signor Gerardo. This is one of those
Soul-filling evenings that court the poets.
Though not a poet, yet my soul is filled,
Nay cloyed—what riches, glory, reverence,
I ask, have I yet to gain ?

Ger.— Naught, my lord,
Save——I o'erheard a mention of——

Duke— Save what ?
Some worthless trinket, phantom bubble or
Mayhap, a less ? What is it ?

Ger.— This—a bruit,
Mere bruit, as yet. When gently gliding down
The placid Canalazzo, drowsy with
The rythmic swish of oars, I passed beneath
The haughty span of the Rialto, voices
Conversing loud in tones of wonder woke
Me, and enticed my ear which caught the web
Of a mere hearsay, the which to your grace
I straightway bear.

Duke— Proceed, Signor; thou hast
Piqued my already restless lack of patience.

Ger. —Some puerile fable of a goblet made
Of lustred crystal, a deep draught wherefrom
Of some exquisite potion will confer
A nigh celestial power and fame upon
the happy drinker—if he be a duke.

Duke—Where lies this goblet ?

Ger.— My lord, no man knows.
An idle tale; trust it not!

Duke— Whether that
Or not, go bid the herald noise abroad
That whosoe'er a twelve month hence will bring
To me this potent cup, will gain a villa
And lordly title. Go!

Ger. (bowing)— 'Twill be done, sire. *Exit.*

Duke—The Duke of Venice ne'er will be outdone,
For treasure, power, or dazzling glory won! *Exit.*

SCENE II.

(Landing-place, St. Mark's, at high tide. Piazza swarming with gondolas. Enter Duke, followed by advisers, attendants, and chorus, and mounts a daïs adorned with trophies and arms.)

Chorus of Youth.

Hail to the seekers home again
From over the purple deeps!
Past are their wayside toil and pain,
Their march o'er the mountain steeps.

O, the gallant mast bent by the blast
That blows o'er the rolling foam,
Tells once again of troubles past;
Then, wanderers, welcome home!

All hail to Venice, Ocean's bride!
Our gallant duke, all hail!
With thee to guide close by her side
Her might shall never fail!

Duke—Where are the seekers, Valentino?

Val.— They
But wait your grace's bidding 'mongst the throng.

Duke—Let them come forward all. My patience chafes. *(Herald blows thrice. Enter Lucio, Marcello and Tito.)*
Who of you three might be the finder of
The crystal prize and glad recipient
Of ducal favor and my proffered guerdon?
Is it thou Lucio, noble Paduan?

Luc. — My gracious liege, my long and curious quest
Was vain; but yet a thousand such would I
Engage, if for them all, though fruitless, should

Be mine the faintest twinkle of that smile
Your grace has now emblazoned over this.
Of other guerdons reck I not. *(Retires.)*

Mar.— My lord,
The noble Lucio's words are unheard echoes
Of those I'd voice had I the power. Why I'd
Attempt a thousand times a thousand quests
For a small pittance of your grace's smile. *(Retires.)*

Duke—And now, sir master of the rags, thy name ?

Tito —My humble name is Tito, please your grace.

Duke—A lazy gondolier, I'll warrant. What's
Thy calling, man ?

Tito— I am an alchemist,
Your grace. *(Bows clumsily as if ill at ease.)*

Duke (laughing)— Remove thy fears, my trembling sir.
I am not the fierce lion of San Marco
That would devour thee ; although if I were
My tooth a meatier morsel would prefer
To a dish trussed in rags. Not so, Gerardo ?

Tito (boldly)—Not I, but your keen railing that removes
My fear, and cuts my heart of flesh, though rags
Do clothe my outer person, meagre—I,
Lord duke, am plain of body, plainer far
Of speech—meagre from the assiduous search
To find one more pale star to glimmer in
Thy sunny firmament ; meagre through toil
And suffering for thee in every land.
Far Thule shivered at my hollow groans,
And Afric's sun took pity as I labored.
Carpathian forests moaned in sympathy.
The Danube loved my bleeding road-worn feet.
The barbarous Scyths gave shelter, rest, and food,
And better still, a parting smile that wished
Me early issue to my quest. Alas !

Devoid of heart, and empty-handed, I
Returned to Venice yesternight.

Duke (in despair)— Without
The goblet, dost thou say?

Tito— Even so, duke.
But, to abbreviate a lengthy tale,
This morning ere the sun reached noon, I found
The far-sought goblet and its phialed potion
Within a dusty garret—where treasures oft
Are stored unwittingly—right here in Venice.
Accept them, duke. *(Hands a small cup and two phials to the duke.)*

Duke (impatiently)— No, no! This cannot be
The rumored cup. 'Tis far too small to hold
Such potency.

Tito— Small size not always means
Small powers, your grace. The smaller phial holds
The savage blood from out a lion's heart,—
For strength; the larger, the balmed juice refined
Seven times seven of Calabrian grape,—
For grace. Mix these and quaff. *(Duke raises cup to drink.)*

Hold, hold! my lord!
Quaff not before one more ingredient has
Been mixed, which you, duke, must yourself supply,
Or speedy death will to thy portion fall,
For this cup seethes with fatal powers. One more,
I say.—It is the inmost essence of
A prayer, a drug that causes toil-worn hearts
To throb in joy, an exhalation finer
Than subtle dews, which breathed doth make the poor
Man rich; the subject, king. 'Tis rare, though cheap,
And yet defies a purchaser. Seek this,
Your grace, then drink you.

Duke (turns to his advisers)— What think'st thou, Gerardo ?
Thou, Valentino ? What doth mean this riddle ?
The tattered scoundrel mocks our dignity ?

Val. — So think I, my liege, Grudging you more power
He seeks to fright you by his riddling terms.

Ger. — His mode of speech attests he speaks some truth.
E'en so, or not, I counsel ever patience.

Duke (aside)—Betwixt two counsels, mutual enemies—
The throng await the draught in eagerness
And will not be put off. Gerardo warns
Me patience ; Valentino, haste. (*Silence, then aloud.*)
I'll drink
The potion now. 'Tis but a jest. (*Drinks deeply.*)
(*Cheerily.*) E'en now
I feel as far from death as is a god
Who treads on fainting mists or swims in streams
Of wavy sunbeams rippling through the void !
Thy jest is vain, sir necromancer ! I—(*starts*)
I feel—mayhap this potion— 'Tis nought—yet
It burns— That drug, that lacking drug—is what ?
(*Falls forward.*)

Tito — One grain of gratitude, forgetful duke. (*Attendants bear away the dying duke.*)
The ancient proverb is with truth imbued :
" Ambition oftenest killeth gratitude."

Curtain.

W. Sherwood Fox
and Glenn H. Campbell.

"THE WAY INTO THE CITY."

There is nothing in life more pleasant than to verify our knowledge by experience. The little child with delight counts five in everything it can lay its eyes on in Nature. "We are but children older grown."

This summer I read with delight and profit Plato's Phaedo. At first I was interested only by the subtlety of the argument on immortality, next I became inspired with awe that a man—a human being—could look on death so calmly, then I wondered and was amazed to see a heathen standing on the brink of eternity, looking into the great unknown, not only with no fears possessing his soul, but with the keenest anticipation of it as the "greatest good that can come to man."

The book became dear to me. I courted it in every spare moment, and when the time came that I must close it and say "good-bye," for a time, I left it wedded to its memory. It had brought a strange, sweet element into my life which I carried with me. Childlike I set out from home to verify my book in experience and had not far to go.

I happened to stay in the same house with a man who was awaiting a death which was just as certain as that of Socrates. A month was the longest he could live, and this he knew; but he spoke of death as calmly and as sweetly as we would speak of going to visit a dear friend. He said: "I love God's earth. He has made life abundant and full, but yet this is only the beginning of life. Here our vision is darkened by mists but there it is Perfect Day. Dread it? Not at all. This old body has done me good service for thirty years, but it is worn out now and I shall be glad to lay it aside." Every day friends came to console him, but they went away consoled. Sadness could not come where he was, and yet when the end came near my tears fell in torrents,—not for him, but for myself and for my own future in being deprived of such a friend.

JULIA MARSHALL.

A FLORAL COPSE.

Whoever thought this foliate bower,
A lonely forest glade,
Enclosed creation's fairest forms
O'er-hung and damp with shade?

Here, carmine blush and golden flame,
Saffron and royal blue;
There, stainless white in pearly fold
And one of nameless hue.

These perfect thoughts, radiant as rare,
In gossamer, floss and wax;
Divinely formed, divinely hued,
Omnipotence might tax.

Father! I see Thee day by day
In beauty and in love,
The art of Thy skilled hand I trace
Wherever I may rove.

These fairy curves Thy fingers made,
Thy breath their fragrance gives,
Thy touch imparts their winsome tinct,
For Thee their beauty lives.

And Thou art here! the ambient air
Is rosy with Thy breath;
This holy ground is holier far
For what sweet Nature saith.

O. G. Langford.

POETRY AND PREACHING.

"To have read the greatest works of any great poet is a possession added to the best things of life."—SWINBURNE.

Whatever is claimed in this article is certainly secondary and subordinate to the Word and Spirit of God. Without these, whatever else the preacher has, his preaching must be void of vital power.

Macaulay says, "The object of oratory is to persuade." Eloquence is defined as "the power to express strong feeling, so as to move, convince, persuade." Pulpit oratory, or eloquence, is to persuade men to turn from sin to God. "This Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people." "This man persuadeth men to worship God."—Acts 19 : 26 ; 18 : 13.

But to persuade men effectively, three things are necessary : —to see, to feel, and to express.

Christ, the great preacher, said, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." The prophets of old were called seers.

Peter and John could not be silenced ; for they said, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

The Spirit of the Lord was to "Rest upon Jesus ; and to make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord." But secondary to the Divine Word and Spirit, and subservient thereto, poetry tends to quicken and extend the intellectual and moral vision.

Keats says, "Poets are those who feel great truths and tell them." And well they may, for "A terrible sagacity informs the poet's heart."

Oliver Wendell Holmes says,

> "We call those poets who are first to mark
> Through earth's dull mists the coming of the dawn ;
> Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
> While others only note that day is gone."

Horace says, "Poets are the first instructors of mankind."

Wm. E. Channing says, "It is through the poets that all men see."

When one thinks of the poetic fore-gleams of great moral

movements, such as the abolition of slavery, like the first streaks of earthly dawn, the above sentiments seem very real.

And thus to see, so as to feel, and to make others feel, the preacher will do well to study the works, and cultivate the spirit of poetry. For Bailey says,

> "Poetry is itself a thing of God,
> He made his prophets; and the more
> We feel of poesie, the more do we
> Become like God in love and power."

La Rochefocauld says, "The passions are the only orators that persuade. The simplest man with passion is more persuasive than the most eloquent without it."

Christ was a preacher of supreme passion.

The extent to which Paul's passions moved him was wonderful.

And thus with every great preacher. A preacher must be moved himself before he can move others.

His audience may not hear more thunder in their ears, but they will feel more lightning in their hearts.

Thus to give point and power, conciseness, elegance and effectiveness to his utterances, the preacher may be helped much by attention to poetry.

Keats says,

> "Poetry is the supreme of power."

Tennyson says,

> "The viewless arrows of the poet's thoughts,
> Are winged with flame."

Voltaire says, "Poetry says more in fewer words than prose."

Coleridge says: "In poetry are the best words in their best order."

Of poetry, Lowell says:

> "It pierces through the pride and fear of coarsest men."

Indeed, I have often been surprised at rustic gatherings, to see how rude and giddy young people would listen spell-bound to fine poetic readings, when the most excellent but prosaic addresses would utterly fail to interest them.

And so too, when a speaker or writer has expressed the sublimest or most beautiful thoughts in the finest language, how the charm or grandeur is intensified by an appropriate

quotation of poetry. Next to the inspired oracles it gives additional beauty and power.

But poetry is not alone in measured verse. Carlyle says: Every life is a heroic power.

Certainly from some lives, and in some homes, the spirit of poetry breathes as odors among flowers.

Keats says, "The poetry of earth is ceasing never." Who has not felt it in the air, the fields, the woods, the sea, the sunset?

Its spirit pervades, and gives beauty and effect to the noblest literature and eloquence.

It so impregnates the Bible, that, eliminated, it would be impoverished without it; while some of its most poetic passages have become, as it were, tipped with fire, and winged with flame, the grandest pulpit deliverances of the world.

As Gilfillan says, in his Introduction to "The Bards of the Bible," "That so much of Scripture should be written in the language of poetry, has excited some surprise, and created some enquiry; and yet in nothing do we perceive more clearly than in this, the genuineness, power, and divinity of the oracles of our faith. As the language of poetry is that into which all earnest natures are insensibly betrayed, so it is the only speech which has in it the power of permanent impression.

"As it gives two ideas in the space of one, so it writes these before the view as with the luminousness of fire. It is the language of man's excited intellect, of his aroused passions, of his devotion, of all the higher moods and temperaments of his mind. It was meet, therefore, that it should be the anguage of his revelation from God."

Is it not meet, too, that its spirit, if not form, should pervade God's messages, through His messenger?

W. H. Porter.

A VISIT TO THE MINTON POTTERIES.

There are few places in England of greater interest to the tourist than the Minton potteries situated at Stoke on Trent. It was my pleasure last summer to spend a few hours in this famous pottery. These potteries are a wonderland from beginning to end, and to make them a visit is to come away with life-long impressions, with memories which furnish food for many hours of happy and wholesome reflection.

The district in England known as "the potteries" consists of about forty-eight square miles, in which over one hundred thousand workmen are employed. Every other person living in this district is said to be engaged in the manufacture of pottery.

On entering the pottery I was at once struck with the silence of the place,—no falling of hammers, no buzzing of belts, no pulsations of the mighty engine, but all is quiet. The fact that this world-wide-famous ware is wrought out in comparative solitude is in itself not without suggestion.

The clay used in the production of the Minton pottery is brought from afar, being mined along the coasts of Cornwall and Devon and brought up in sailing vessels to Liverpool, from thence in tugs down the river Trent to Stoke. The clay is first purified by means of sifting, and after the addition of certain necessary ingredients is placed by the side of the potter. We begin with the potter and his wheel. The potter's wheel, so famous in all history, is very simple in structure. It consists of an upright shaft about the height of a common table Upon this shaft is fixed a disc of wood which is kept in motion by the worker's feet — the feet driving the wheel and the wheel causing the revolution of the disc. Beside the potter stands a helper who at his bidding keeps the disc in motion. To watch these two work was very interesting. They appeared to understand each other perfectly; the helper seemed to interpret exactly the thought of his master. Hardly a word was uttered by either, and yet the work went on in perfect order, although the speed at no two consecutive moments seemed to

be exactly the same. This is one of the exceptions where steam and electricity have evidently failed as yet to take the place of man, the great difficulty with the former being the arrangement of the speed adjustment.

I propose in a very simple way to give you a brief outline of the pottery in process of production as I saw it. When the potter is ready for work he takes a bit of clay and places it upon the revolving disc. The potter's first object is to rid the clay of all air bubbles, and this he does by repeatedly squeezing the clay up into a conical shape and then again forcing it down into a mass. After this process is completed, with one hand holding the clay, and the other holding an instrument bearing the exact shape of the desired article, he smoothes the inner surface of the clay until the chaotic and undefined mass of clay becomes cosmic and answers the required form of the desired vessel. A few additional touches soon remove the marks produced on the outside by his fingers, and the vessel as far as he is concerned is complete. When this initial process is finished the article is removed from the wheel into a warm room where there is sufficient heat to absorb the moisture of the clay, thus rendering it firm enough for the turning process about to follow.

The potter is complete master of the situation. He can mould a vessel into any shape he pleases—"a vessel to honour or a vessel to dishonour." As I stood watching him work, fresh light shone in on the eighteenth of Jeremiah; Robert Browning's lines in his poem entitled Rabbi Ben Ezra also came to me with great force. As the poet looked out upon life he saw man as clay in the hands of the potter, and sang,—

> "He fixed thee mid this dance
> Of plastic circumstance;
> This present thou forsooth wouldst fain arrest:
> Machinery just meant
> To give thy soul its bent,
> Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed."

Passing on we witnessed the second process through which the clay passes, namely that known as *turning*. This work does not differ materially from the ordinary wood turning, and hence does not need further comment. The dexterity and speed with

which these turners worked was very remarkable indeed, In a few moments they would completely change the appearance of a vessel. Adjoining the turning room a number of men were employed in placing handles on articles which needed them. These handles were moulded in metal tubes in design answering exactly the requirements of the vessel to which they were to be affixed, which was speedily done by the addition of a little moist clay and paste.

The third stage in the development of the pottery is the firing process. The firing I was told has a great influence upon the texture and character of the pottery. The effect of the first firing converts the china from its comparatively soft condition into a hard substance known in the potters' nomenclature as biscuit ware. This first firing extends over a period of from forty to fifty hours, the temperature being about eighty-five degrees (Fahr.) After being allowed to gradually cool, it is taken from the kiln and then glazed.

The latter process produces nothing short of a magical effect upon the crude biscuit ware. The glaze into which it is dipped consists of finely powdered glass mixed in a solution of water. After the pottery is submerged in this it is placed in the glazing oven. Here it remains for about fourteen hours. The heat melts the powder into a glass-like covering which much improves its appearance.

Passing on I saw some of the finer pottery—the printed, ornamented and painted ware. Here I learned that the method of embellishing pottery was twofold, either by pencil or by impressions from copper plates. When a plate, for example, is to be printed, it is first heated, then covered with an oiled paper upon which the desired pattern from copper plates has been first stamped by means of high pressure. The heat in the plate and the oil in the paper thus converge to imbibe the enamel ink used in this printing process. This paper is carefully rubbed until it is completely attached to the clay. The plate is then left for the impression to set, after which the paper is washed off in clean water, the desired pattern being left behind. During all this process the ware is still in its biscuit condition; after this it is glazed, burned, and then is ready for the market.

The decoration of porcelain has long held a high rank as a fine art. In the Minton pottery I saw some, finer than which is not produced in any part of the world. The colours employed in the decoration of this fine ware are made from coloured glasses ground to fine powders mixed with borax and liquified by the addition of oil. These are laid on by means of hair pencils or fine brushes as in ordinary oil painting. To enrich the appearance of this fine ware gold gilding is often added, gold leaf being ground down together with the oil of turpentine After it is thus decorated the china is fired and then burnished. The burnishing adds greatly to the lustre and beauty of the finish. Thus in brief I have outlined the process through which our china passes.

As I stood at the conclusion of my visit in the show room of this great pottery, so beautiful in its furnishings of tapestries, upholstery and works of art, about me on every side the finest productions of the best artists, it was truly a memorable moment. I felt it was a place where one might dream, away long happy hours feasting the æsthetic nature in viewing the beautiful products of " wonder-working man." In these shew cases were *fac simile* copies of orders from every crowned house in Europe, two vases about ten inches in height given to Her Majesty at the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee in '97, whose value was estimated at one thousand guineas, another vase ordered by an English lord worth more than five times its weight in beaten gold. These were only some of the charming contents of that famous room.

One of the most interesting features about this great pottery is found in the fact that their leading artist, a Frenchman, is the happy possessor of a secret art which he will divulge to no one. He works under lock and key. His masters even are not allowed to look upon him as he works. His productions which are after the nature of wedgewood-ware are exceedingly beautiful and valuable. There is a charm about his productions which is beyond expression. To once look upon them is never to forget them. They are a dream of bewitching beauty, art glorified by a touch which seems more than human. As this artist, seemingly imbued with the spirit of some divine

art, can produce wonders out of small and unpromising beginnings, so our lives if touched by the Master potter, moulded by the wheel of Providence, chiselled in the school of adversity, clarified in the furnace of affliction, stamped with the image of our divine Master will be truly beautiful and truly useful. "For we are his workmanship," says the Apostle, "his poem," as the original has it, something completed, rhythmic and harmonious. Then will the desire of Rabbi Ben Ezra find fulfilment:—

"But I need now as then,
Thee—God who mouldest men,
And since not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life,
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst.

So take and use thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain of the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth and death complete the same!"

L. Brown.

HEPATICA.

Last week through the dead leaves sodden and old,
Hepatica lifted her snake-like heads
Clothed in thick ermine, for fear that the cold
Had not yet relinquished his snowy down-beds.

But boldly at last since she's found that he's gone,
She has thrown off her cloak from her opened-out flowers,
And now o'er her new leaves again puts it on,
Awaiting the ministry of mild April showers.

Black, black are her old leaves still clinging around,
That enhance the pure gleam of her petals so frail,
Some are blue, some are white—those in blue most abound—
Others also are pink most exquisitely pale.

You may call her a Liverleaf and Hepatica too;
'Tis the flower that we love, not the name man conferred.
The Mayflower is sweet, but, obscured from the view,
Gives not the same welcome in spring to the bird.

We hymn you, Hepatica, flower of spring unsurpassed!
We hymn you, Hepatica, be you pink, white or blue!
When your petals have fallen—O, would they would last!
We'll long e'en for winter, for after, come you.

W. Sherwood Fox.

HYMNS—THEIR ORIGINS AND INFLUENCES.

> "God sent His singers upon earth,
> With songs of sadness and of mirth,
> That they might touch the hearts of men,
> And bring them back to heaven again."
>
> LONGFELLOW.

The whole Bible rings with music from the days when "the morning stars sang together" with joy at the creation, down to the time when John beheld and heard in prophet vision the angels "harping with their harps before the throne of God upon the glassy sea." It will be seen that in biblical times, as well as in our days, one spirit—that of devout praise to God—animated all these singers. There was then no difference whether the singer were a humble prophetess like Deborah, living under a palm-tree in simple fashion, or a great king like David, dwelling amid power and magnificence. So in later times congregations sing the strains of the early Christian fathers, like Ambrose; of medieval monks, like Bernard; of Anglican clergymen, like Ken and Lyte; of Romanists, like Newman and Madame Guyon; of Methodists, like Wesley and Whitefield; of Independents, like Baxter, Doddridge and Watts; of Moravians, like Montgomery; of Unitarians, like Sir John Bowring and Sarah F. Adams; of Baptists, like Anne Steele and John Fawcett; of Churchwomen, like Frances Ridley Havergal and Charlotte Elliott; of straitest Nonconformists, like Ann and Jane Taylor, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

In singing hymns, the church militant forgets all its internal strife; our hymn-books bear musical and eloquent witness to the inward unity of our faith. In this one form of service there is neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither Churchman nor Dissenter; for all alike praise God, and are "one in Him."

What is a hymn? Saunders says: "A true hymn is either prayer or praise—a heart-utterance to the divine Being." Augustine said, "Hymns are songs containing the praises of God." They are also songs freighted with inspiration to the hearts of men.

Of the power of hymns to sway multitudes, we have fre-

quent instances. Luther's hymns were a mighty force in the Reformation in Germany. They were sung from house to house, as well as in the churches, until the national mind and memory were permeated with the truth of God. What could not be read in books, could be sung and remembered in a hymn, so that the superstitions of Romanism fled before the clarion notes of hymns—the gospel in song. The monks said, "Luther has done us more harm by his songs than by his sermons." Who does not know Luther's battle hymn? Professor Hedge's translation begins:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing."

At the time of the Reformation, every one sang it, old and young, children in the street, soldiers on the battlefield. The first line of the hymn is inscribed on Luther's tomb. The Huguenots and Covenanters used to cheer their hearts in the extremity of adverse fortunes by Luther's solemn chant, suggested to him by the 46th Psalm:

"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid,
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid."

Hymns have soothed the pulse of sorrow, have brightened darkest days, have nerved sinking hearts to conflict, and have comforted in the hour of death. "Give me a bairn's hymn," said Dr. Guthrie on his dying couch; and during the disastrous flood at Johnstown, United States, a woman's voice was heard above the roar of the waters, singing, "Jesus, Refuge of my soul," until her voice was choked in death.

Many a prodigal has been arrested by the sound of an old familiar hymn tune, and while listening, old memories have crowded back, old prayers have come to recollection, and the tear of penitence has started. A young prodigal, far from his native land, lay dying; but he persistently turned a deaf ear to the exhortations and entreaties of an aged minister, who sat by his bedside. Finding at last that exhortation was useless, the minister commenced to sing a hymn of heaven—"Jerusalem, my happy home." "Why," exclaimed the youth,

after a couple of verses had been sung through, "My mother used to sing that hymn!" and listening, he was led to Christ. This hymn was written in the Tower of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The hymns sung in childhood have sometimes gone all through the changing years with the singers, till they have borne blessed fruit in leading them home to God and in comforting and strengthening them in seasons of temptation and trial.

Hymnists have come from all ranks and conditions of life, as well as from all branches of the church. Some have worn crowns, others have toiled for a daily living; some have rejoiced in health, others have been life-long invalids; some have been nursed in the lap of wealth; others have filled very humble positions in life. Yet in one and all we can trace the family likeness. In this fact we cannot but see a foretaste and earnest wish for the time when "the whole ransomed Church of God" shall be able to sing together with one heart and voice the song of "Moses and the Lamb."

Many hymns have histories of their own, and were not only written with the life experience and almost the life-blood of their authors, but they often furnish pages of autobiography. Thus the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," was written by William Cowper, after a fit of mental derangement, during which he had attempted to commit suicide. "Jerusalem the Golden," speaks eloquently of the hopes of Bernard of Cluny in the seclusion of his cloister. The poem from which this hymn is taken consists of a satire in Latin of three thousand lines, entitled "De Contemptu Mundi." Even in his monastery he caught echoes of the doomed world, but even as he wrote of judgment his heart hoped for the light of Heaven. He is to be distinguished from Bernard of Clairvaux, called "the last of the apostles," from whose poem of four hundred lines we get our beautiful hymn, "O sacred head, once wounded."

"Abide with me," was written by Henry Lyte, after having preached his last sermon, and when drawing near to the end of his earthly course. It is generally used as an evening hymn. It was not so intended. It refers to the evening of life, not of

the day, and is more of a hymn for the dying, than for those about to renew their strength by a night's rest. Lyte is buried at Nice, where he went in search of health, and his grave is still sometimes sought out by pilgrims from far across the seas who attribute their conversion to this hymn.

"Lead, kindly light," was composed by Cardinal Newman, before he became a Roman Catholic, when tossing about on the Mediterranean, and subject to much mental darkness and unrest.

"Blest be the tie that binds," was written by the Rev. John Fawcett, pastor of a small and poor Baptist church in Yorkshire, from which he derived a very small salary, too small in fact to live upon in comfort. Being invited to London to succeed the distinguished Dr. Gill. Mr. Fawcett accepted the invitation, preached his farewell sermon, and began to load his furniture. But when the time for his departure arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett were so overcome by the evidences of attachment to themselves which they saw, that they sat down and wept. Looking into his face, Mrs. Fawcett exclaimed, "O, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," replied he, "nor will we go. Unload the waggons, and put everything in the place where it was before." Mr. Fawcett wrote to the London congregation that his coming was impossible. The hymn was an outgrowth of this incident.

When the "Sunday at Home," took the vote of 3,500 of its readers, as to which were the best hymns in the English language, "Rock of ages," stood at the top, having no fewer than 3,215 votes. Only three other hymns had more than three thousand votes. They were "Abide with me," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "Just as I am." It holds a place in the affections of the Church, second, perhaps to none, and with perhaps no equal unless it be Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul." It is a grand hymn that nerves and strengthens faith, that associates the sublime imagery of the Hebrew scriptures with the all-protecting love of Christ, and has consoled thousands of Christians in the dying hour. The late Prince Consort repeated the first verse on his death-bed, and found in it the perfect interpretation of the sentiment of his hopeful Christian experience.

When the "London" went down in the Bay of Biscay, January 11th, 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel, was the voices of the passengers singing, "Rock of ages."

The unfortunate Armenians, who were butchered lately in Constantinople, sang a translation of "Rock of ages," which indeed has made a tour of the world, side by side with the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress.

An incident connected with the wreck of an American ship is recorded in relation to this hymn. One of the Fisk University singers was on board, and before leaving the burning vessel, he carefully fastened life-preservers upon himself and his wife. They then committed themselves to the mercy of the water; but someone cruelly dragged away the preserver from his wife, leaving her to battle with the waves as best she could. She, however, clung to her husband, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders; but, ere long, her strength seemed to fail, and she said, "I can hold on no longer." "Try a little longer," said the husband. "Let us sing, 'Rock of ages,'" and as they sang, one after another of the exhausted battlers with the waves took heart and joined in, even with dying voices:

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

Strength seemed to come with the song, and some were encouraged to make renewed efforts to keep afloat. Soon succour was seen to be approaching. Singing still, they kept afloat, and, presently, the lifeboat bore them safely to land.

Augustus Montague Toplady, the author, was born at Farmham, Surrey, England, in 1740. His father fell at the Battle of Carthagena, and he was brought up in charge of an exemplary and pious mother. At the age of sixteen, Toplady chanced to go into a barn at an obscure place in Ireland, to hear an illiterate layman preach. The sermon made upon him an unexpected impression, and led to his immediate conversion. He thus speaks, "Strange that I, who had so long been under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people

met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who codld scarcely spell his name."

The immediate purpose of the author in writing this hymn was to protest against the possibility of entire sanctification in this life, as he understood it to be taught by the Wesleys. He entitled it, "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world," but he could not dream of how many dying beds have, by its means, been soothed.

Around Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn also, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," cluster many touching memories. Its very composition was the result of persecution and mob-violence. The two Wesleys, along with a coadjutor named Richard Pilmore, were one evening holding a preaching service on a common, when they were attacked by a mob, and forced to flee for their lives. Their first place of refuge was a deep ditch, behind a thick hedgerow, and they lay down with their faces to the ground, keeping their hands clasped above their heads, to protect themselves from the falling stones. As night drew on, the darkness enabled them to leave their temporary retreat for a safer one at some distance. They found their way at last to a kind of barn, and here they crouched in comparative security, hoping their foes would be tired of the pursuit. Finding they were left alone, they presently struck a light with a flint, cleaned their soiled and tattered garments, and after quenching their thirst, bathed their faces in the water that bubbled from a spring close by. After this, when quietly resting and waiting for the morning, Charles Wesley was inspired to write, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," with a bit of lead which he had hammered into the shape of a pencil. Out of such travail was the hymn born.

Concerning it a story comes to us from the battle-fields of the American Civil War. In 1881, on a beautiful summer evening, an excursion steamer was gliding down the River Potómac, and a singing evangelist, who happened to be on board, sang several Christian hymns, finishing with, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, laying a very peculiar emphasis upon the lines:

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wings."

As he ceased, a gentleman pushed his way from the crowd of listeners, and said to the singer:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," replied the singer, "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," rejoined the first speaker, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think—indeed I am quite sure—that I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this; and, if I am not mistaken, you were on sentry duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, the shadows hid me, but your post led you into the clear moonlight. As you paced backward and forward you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart; and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night air rang the words:

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wings.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you singing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was delivered from taking on that occasion." The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and replied with much emotion:

"I remember the night very well, and distinctly recall the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and that probably it would cost me my life; and I went out to it feeling oppressed with the possibility of a violent death from some secret enemy. Then I remembered this hymn and its comforting thoughts. They seemed to fill all my mind, until, contrary to all martial rules, I began to hum and presently to sing them. As I sang, I felt secure in God's keeping; He it was who sent His angel and stayed your hand."

The author of "Just as I am," has won a world-wide

fame; this hymn and many of her other compositions are to be met with in almost every hymnal of every church. Charlotte Elliott, the author, was born in 1789, and only passed away in September, 1871. Yet her life was that of an invalid. She learned in suffering what she taught in song. The story of this particular hymn is of much interest, growing as it did out of her deep personal experience. A gentleman, visiting her father's house for the first time, when talking with Miss Elliott one evening, broached the subject of her personal relationship to Christ. The young lady somewhat resented the enquiry. He did not press the subject, but said he would pray that she might come to Christ. Some little time elapsed, and the seeds of thought thus sown became fruitful. She spoke to him herself, and said that his remarks had troubled her. "But," she added, "I do not know how to find Christ. I want you to help me."

"Come to him *just as you are*," he replied. These were the very words needed to quicken the impulse of faith. From that time life wore a new guise for Charlotte Elliott. She left off the composition of humorous poems, in which she had formerly excelled, and gave utterance to her newly-found faith in hymns and poems, which winged their way in no long time all over the land. Yet most of them were written in the midst of pain and suffering. Every winter was marked by sickness and confinement to her room; while the summers were spent in seeking health at various places, and under different physicians. She wrote over one hundred beautiful hymns, among them, "My God, my Father, while I stray," "O holy Saviour, friend unseen," and "Christian, seek not yet repose."

"My Faith looks up to Thee," was written by. Dr. Ray Palmer, about the year 1830. He was a student at the time, preparing for the ministry. His health was very poor, and his worldly prospects clouded. He felt that the world could promise him nothing, and in an hour of despondency, the young student turned, as his only help and resource, to the promises of God. Comforted in spirit by Him "to whom all things are possible," he tells his experience and expresses his hope for the future in these lines.

The appealing and well-known hymn,

"Jesus, and shall it ever be!
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!"

was written by a boy, named Joseph Grigg, when only ten years old. His early life was passed in humble circumstances. He became a Presbyterian minister, but little is known of his personal history.

The much-used hymn beginning, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," was written by William Williams, a Welsh preacher, in the times of Whitfield and Lady Huntington. He has been called the Watts of Wales. He possessed the warm heart and glowing imagination of a true Welshman. He wrote the inspiring words,

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace,
Blessed Jubilee,
Let the glorious morning dawn,"

(There are two other stanzas)

long before the beginning of foreign missionary enterprises, and while he was yet traversing the lonely mountains of Wales, and looking for the dawn of a brighter religious day. Welshmen sung the hymn as a prophecy, and felt their hearts gladdened with hope years before the church begun her aggressive march into pagan and heathen lands.

If "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," is Welsh, "The Lord's my Shepherd," is of all peoples, and yet peculiarly Scotch. Every word of it has been engraven for generations on Scottish hearts, has accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number a guide in dark valleys and at last through the darkest. Of its helpfulness in times of trouble many instances are given, of which the most touching is the story of Marion Harvey, the servant lass of twenty, who was executed at Edinburgh, with Isabel Alison. for having attended the preaching of Donald Cargill, and for helping his escape. As the brave lasses were being led to the scaffold, a curate pestered them with his prayers. "Come, Isabel," said Marion, "let us sing the 23rd

Psalm. And sing it they did, a thrilling duet on their pilgrimage to the gallows. It was rough with the Covenanters in those days, and their paths did not exactly, to outward seeming, lead them by the green pastures and still waters. The magnificent assurance of the fourth verse,

> "My table thou hast furnishéd
> In presence of my foes;
> My head thou dost with oil anoint,
> And my cup overflows,"

has ever since David's day given pluck to the heart of the timid and strengthened the nerve of heroes.

"Art thou weary?" In the 8th century there lived in a monastery, in the valley of the Kedron, a monk named Stephen, who before he died was gifted from on high with the supreme talent of embodying in a simple hymn so much of the essence of the divine life that came to the world through Jesus Christ, that in this last decade of the 19th century, no hymn more profoundly touches the heart and raises the spirits of Christian worshippers. Dr. Neale paraphrased this song of Stephen, so that this strain, originally raised on the stern ramparts of an outpost of Eastern Christendom already threatened with submersion beneath the flood of Moslem conquest, rings with ever-increasing volume through the whole wide world to-day:

> "Art thou weary, art thou languid,
> Art thou sore distrest?
> 'Come to me,' saith One, 'and coming,
> Be at rest.'"

Miss Fanny Crosby, author of "All the way my Saviour leads me," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Through this changing world below," "Rescue the perishing," and other beautiful hymns, has been blind from infancy. Although thus afflicted, she is said by those who know her to be one of the most cheerful of individuals.

After a day's jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand, Miss Crosby returns to her quiet room and pours forth her soul in song. It was at such a time as this that she wrote, "All the way my Saviour leads me." Miss Crosby says that of all the hymns she has written, "Safe in the arms of Jesus" is her favorite.

We are told that when Bishop Harrington was being dragged along the ground to a cruel death, he astonished his savage murderers and comforted himself by repeating this hymn in broken snatches.

One scarcely knows where to stop when writing of favorite hymns, but I cannot close this paper without reference to children's hymns.

Before the days of Isaac Watts, the children were wholly forgotten by hymn-writers. But Mr. Watts was never a father, and he wrote from the standpoint of the sterner 17th and 18th century; therefore, we miss the genial, loving tone and the hopeful theology of later hymnists for children.

Charles Wesley wrote one hymn for children, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," which gained much popularity, and is still very largely used. But women, especially women who were mothers, have excelled in the art of writing hymns for children.

Mrs. Duncan, wife of Rev. W. W. Duncan, wrote a hymn which is probably more used as a child's evening prayer than any other hymn, save perhaps Wesley's. The hymn referred to is,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night."

Another child's hymn commencing, "I think when I read the sweet story of old," was written in 1841, by Mrs. Jemima Luke, for a village school near Bath, while on a stage-coach journey. It is not known that Mrs. Luke ever wrote another hymn, but the exceeding excellence of this one makes us wonder that the writer of it never gave others to the world.

In closing this paper, in which it has been possible to touch only here and there the vast field of hymnody, it is hardly necessary to make any plea for the study of hymns or their existence. One noteworthy fact may be instanced in proof of the assertion that hymns are the spontaneous expression of Christian life. Quakers, as is known, do not sing hymns in worship, and yet some of our best come from Quaker sources, among them that of John Greenleaf Whittier, athrill with poetic fervor and devout feeling:

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown."

ALICE E. FENTON.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Seminary Magazine*, published by the students of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, seeks to keep in touch with sister institutions not only in the United States but also in Canada. At the beginning of the University year an account of our University was asked for and published, and now a request for an account of the year's work is at hand. Fortunately we are in a position to say much that is encouraging. Unfortunately we are not yet able to report that the Forward Movement Fund, that was referred to as occupying the attention of the Chancellor for the session in the previous account, has been completed That a year of excellent work has been accomplished by faculty and students, that all alike are enthusiastic believers in the University as it is and in its great future, that deep spirituality and a spirit of brotherly love pervade the institution, might truly be reported; and these things after all are worth more than abounding material prosperity, but we must have the Library and Chapel, and, with God's help, have them we will.

IT is gratifying to note the promptness with which the people of Canada have come to the aid of those who are suffering from the devastation by fire in Ottawa and Hull. Expressions of sympathy have come from all sides, coupled with substantial contributions England has also shown her sympathy and sent relief. This sympathy shown by the mother land is only another evidence of the forces which are cementing the different elements of the Empire into a compact whole. But it means more than this. Considering it from the standpoint of humanity it is an expression of a higher civilization. It is no new thing in this century. This sympathy of nations and communities, often widely separated, has been displayed repeatedly of late years. From all quarters of the globe contributions have been sent to aid plague-stricken India again and again, and in America and other countries where great calamities have befallen communities, their fellow-men have quickly come to their help. It is however an evidence of that increasing sense of world-brotherhood which is essentially a characteristic of the nineteenth century. We look in vain for such traits in the history of the past, when nations were too much occupied settling internal disturbances and in struggling to maintain their own identity, to think of aiding another nation. The religious wars of the Reformation

developed into a system of brigandage. At first there may have been some motives of benevolence entering into the alliances of different nations to oppose persecution, but these were rare and in almost every instance the selfishness of the leaders triumphed over every feeling of sympathy. Where such an attitude could be taken in regard to disasters inflicted by the hand of man, it is evident that we need not expect to find any expressions of national sympathy. Here and there a few enlightened minds have shown this spirit, but in nations as a whole it was never or very rarely displayed. They belong to the nineteenth century, an age when nations have come into closer touch with each other; when untramelled by the petty ambitions of their rulers they can give expression freely to their feelings for each other. Such events as these are bright spots in the history of nations, for they indicate that beneath the crust of humanity, beneath the struggle, the conflict, and the sorrow, are the eternal fires, the spark of the Divine sympathy which embraces all peoples. And when pessimists tell us that the world is growing worse, that all is going to ruin, that the soul of man is deadened, such things as these rise up to confound them—assuring us that in the human heart are the perennial fires of brotherhood, are the eternal principles of

> "Truths that wake to perish never,
> Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy."

THE writer is indebted to President N. E. Wood, D.D., of Newton Theological Seminary, for a copy of his "History of the First Baptist Church of Boston (1665-1899)," published in elegant form, with copious illustration, by the American Baptist Publication Society. The career of this church has been a most remarkable and a highly honorable one. It is the second Baptist church founded in Massachusetts, the first having been transplanted, with its pastor, from Wales, and having settled at Swansea, about two years earlier. The heroism with which the early Baptists of Boston met the persecuting measures of the authorities, and the persistence with which they adhered to their principles, and to their right to embody these principles in church life, are well worthy of the handsome memorial that Dr. Wood has erected in this volume. Fortunately the records of the church have been carefully preserved, and fortunately Dr. Wood has examined them most critically and has reproduced with scholarly precision everything that could

be of any interest to posterity. The reprinting in its entirety of "A Brief Narrative of Some Considerable Passages concerning the First Gathering and Further Progress of a Church of Christ in Boston in New England, commonly (though falsely) called by the Name of Anabaptists, for clearing their Innocency from the Scandalous Things laid to their Charge, set forth by John Russel, an Officer of the said Church, with the consent of the whole," published in London in 1680, with a prefatory note by William Kiffin, Daniel Dyke, Hansserd Knollys, *et al.*, is alone worth more than the price of the book. This little work had become exceedingly rare and is a document of the first importance. It is interesting to note that within about fifty years from the date of the founding of the church public sentiment has so far changed in favor of the Baptists, that Ellis Callender, pastor of the church (1708), was on the most cordial terms with the Congregationalist ministers of the city and sent his son Elisha to Harvard College, that the President of Harvard and leading Congregationalist ministers participated in the ordination of Elisha, in 1718, and that through the friendly relations that were established between the Callenders and the College, Thomas Hollis and his sons, of London, wealthy Baptist laymen, became the largest benefactors of the College, endowing professorships and scholarships, providing a printing plant and scientific apparatus, and giving many volumes to the Library. The friendly relations thus established between the Boston Baptists and the College tended also to liberalize the church and to diminish in some measure the polemical zeal with which Baptist principles had usually been pressed. The church has always held a leading position among the Baptist churches of the world and has had a long line of noble pastors. That the list embraces only seventeen names for the two hundred and thirty-four years of the history of the body speaks well for the church and its pastors. Cuts of the earlier and present church buildings and of most of the pastors after the first hundred years adorn the volume.

With this issue of The Monthly we close the University year of '99 and '00. It has been a year much like others in the routine of college work which is rounded up with the long-anticipated and sometimes much-dreaded exams.; yet in some respects it has been a year marked by the spirit of change. It has not, we trust, been the changefulness of anarchism but rather that of progress—not the spirit that tears down but that which builds up. The "Lit." has been placed upon what is hoped will prove a broader and more helpful basis. The

MONTHLY itself having been placed more directly under the control of the "Lit.," should be more distinctly recognized as the organ of the University at large. Added to this, and perhaps most important of all, has been the steady progress toward the realization of long cherished hopes for a commodious University chapel. It may be anticipated with assurance that before THE MONTHLY closes another year's work it shall be able to say that desire has given place to possession.

College News.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: A. B. COHOE, B.A.

W. T. BUNT has accepted the pastorate of the Gladstone Church.

J. H. CAMERON, B.A., '97, was recently ordained at Rapid City, Man.

A. T. SOWERBY, B.Th., '94, is being greatly blessed in his labors in the Talbot St. Church, London.

T. J. BENNETT, Theo., '92, has recovered from a severe illness from which he suffered for months.

A. N. MARSHALL, B.A., '96, has met with great success in his work as a pastor in Melbourne, Australia.

RALPH W. TROTTER, B.Th., '95, is reported to be doing a great work in the Boundary country, British Columbia.

D. BROWN, Theo., '98, has resigned the pastorate of the Kenilworth Baptist Church to enter upon work in Winnipeg, Man.

J. A. KEAY, Theo, '91, has so far recovered his health as to take a pastorate again. His new home is Jerseyville, Ontario.

J. C. SYCAMORE, B.A., '96, since graduation pastor of the church at Brockville, has been eminently successful in that responsible position.

JOHN D. FREEMAN, Theo., '90, pastor of the Baptist Church, Fredrickton, N.B., has won a high place as a preacher in the Maritime Province.

W. T. GRAHAM, Theo., '88, until recently pastor of the Grace Church, Montreal, has accepted the pastorate of the Calvary Church, Brantford.

W. W. MCMASTER, B.A., '94, B.Th., '96, now pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Ottawa, has had great encouragement in the erection of a new building for worship.

W. P. REEKIE, B.A., '98, when last heard from was in Cairo, seeing the sights of the land of the Pharaohs. He expected to be in Jerusalem before the end of April.

REPORTS occasionally reach us of the large degree of success which P. G. Mode, B.A., '97, B.Th., '99, is having in his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Yarmouth, N.S.

M. C. MCLEAN, B.A., '98, during his two years' work at Crystal, N. Dakota, has had the pleasure of welcoming large numbers into church fellowship. We understand that the membership has increased forty per cent.

THOS. TROTTER, B.Th., '92, as President of Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., is greatly encouraged by his success in raising a fund of seventy-five thousand dollars for strengthening the work of the University.

C. J. CAMERON, B.A., '94, Theo., '96, undertook the canvass for the McMaster Forward Movement in the Ottawa Valley. The success which has attended his work is gratifying to all. May the same devotion to the interests of McMaster characterize all her graduates.

G. HERBERT CLARKE, B.A., '95, recently passed through the city on his way to attend the session of Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York City. Mr. Clarke has recently written a number of short poems which have been widely copied and highly commended.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITORS { MISS MCLAY, '00; A. C. WATSON, '01.
C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

SAY, have you seen Mac's new suit? Twenty dollars, he says.

DISGUSTED JUNIOR: "Well, I *do* like to meet a man who can appreciate a hard paper when he sees it!"

"HORRID belief, that metempsychosis, isn't it? Just fancy my being a donkey in my next incarnation!" "Monotonous, eh?"

THEY say syrup of hypophosphites is having a big sale. The apothecary recommends it as "good brain food."

WHAT queer questions examiners *do* ask, to be sure! Just what one never expects. One Freshman says he didn't know that the Encyclopedia Brittanica was a prescribed text-book.

AS Graduation draws near, those who leave McMaster Hall, probably never to return, must have sincere feelings of regret at bidding it farewell. College life in the old Hall is indeed well nigh ideal, for such a home-like, good-spirited college will rarely be found. The corridors, the dining-hall, the campus, even the class-rooms become dear to the student. College chums, class and room-mates will long be remembered by one another, in the quiet hours of after-life, with pleasant reminiscences; and many a life-long friendship will date back to the days spent in common struggles with Greek, philosophy, and boarding house beef-steak.

ONCE more the months have slipped away, and the last issue of THE MONTHLY must go to press. The last few weeks have been very busy ones, as in view of the on-coming exams., somehow one realizes more than ever that there is "no royal road," and there is noticeable on all sides a great tendency to make up for lost time by forced marches. Consequently, Literary Society meetings and all similar occurrences, the reports of which usually fill the columns of our College News, have been very few. Since the close of lectures, about April 3rd, "much study" has been the order of the day—and of the night, too! Not a few, perhaps, have discovered that it is much safer to follow the pace of the tortoise the whole year round than to try to do it all by a "spurt" on the last quarter—a "hare-brained" thing, indeed.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The meeting of the "Lit." for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held on the 6th. The enthusiasm was entense, and augurs well for the success of the Society. All due despatch was used in the voting, owing to the proximity of the crucial period of student life. As a result of the ballot for President, Mr. R. C. Matthews received the office, and the following officers were then elected: 1st Vice-President, J. A. McLean; 2nd Vice-President, Miss McLaurin; Treasurer, C. C. Lumley; Recording Secretary, A. C. Watson; Corresponding Secretary, C. C. Sinclair; Curator, J. R. Coutts; Secretary of Committee, R. Mode. The newly-elected President, Mr. Matthews, upon the request of the meeting, gave a brief address, dealing mainly with the future work of the Society, and stated his belief that the Society could do more for the students than it had ever done in the past, and that "Forward" would be the motto for the ensuing year. The other officers present were then heard from briefly.

FOR the first time in several years are our columns saddened by the news of the death of one of our fellow-students. On Easter

Sunday, about noon, William H. Rock, dear to all who knew him for his sweet Christian life, passed the shadowy portals, calm and confident, into the life beyond. It was the very day when men and nature all rejoiced in commemoration of the Resurrection of our Lord; and as our friend and fellow-student breathed his last farewell on earth, death had no sting for him, and the grave's victory was "swallowed up" in the great victory of Christ. For several years Rock had fought physical weakness with true heroism. Two years ago, indeed, serious heart-disease gave warning that his life would be a short one. He longed to complete his course at the University, but on the very eve of graduating examinations, he was called home. Though now no more we shall hear his foot-falls in the corridors, nor see his cheerful smile, nor feel the influence of his patient, beautiful life, his memory will long remain among us; and, though we share in the grief of his relatives and close friends, we also share in their joy that he is now free from pain and weakness of the body.

"Thus in sooth
We lose the sense of losing."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS { W. B. H. TEAKLES, B.A.
FRANK BEDDOW.

WHEELING is of course a favorite pastime now the roads are again getting into good shape.

THE Tennis Courts are now in good trim and are consequently well patronized. In fact it is not easy to accommodate all who wish to play.

PRINCIPAL MCCRIMMON'S special Bible classes have closed for the year. These classes were held every Saturday morning, and embraced a regular course of study, outlining the main theological questions. They were well attended, being especially appreciated by the "theologs."

A SERIOUS tone is evident just now among the student body. The reason is found in the approaching end—the finals! Only a few short weeks now and the inevitable test will have to be endured. Both teachers and students are working hard in anticipation of the ordeal. Some can afford to feel light hearted—but then there are others!

CRICKET is flourishing, though it is difficult to get a good wicket. There are some very promising young players at present in the school. Some of these should furnish good material for Canadian cricket in future years. Among them might be mentioned R. Reade, L. Reade,

J. B. McArthur, H. McGaw and H. Anderson. The cricket club is endeavoring to arrange several matches with outside teams.

Our "Flat Prayer Meetings" are held regularly on Tuesdays and Fridays, between tea and study hours, and on Thursday evenings the students meet in the Chapel for the general weekly prayer meeting. These gatherings are led by members of the student body and are very profitable, stimulating the spiritual life of the boys, and we are glad to know, in not a few cases, leading the unconverted to decision for Christ.

Baseball is just now claiming a good share of attention and causing a great deal of excitement owing to the playing of the annual games, between the different years of the school, for the honors of championship. The Preparatory along with the First and Second Years comprise one team and make a strong combination that will be hard to beat. The rivalry is very keen in these matches which give such good exercise, not only to the players' limbs but to the "rooters'" lungs as well.

Each Sunday morning at 9.30, Bible classes for the study of the International Sunday School Lesson are conducted by Professors McKechnie and Russell. Last week, however, (Sunday, 22nd inst.,) instead of the regular study, we were addressed by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.D., of the James St. Baptist Church, Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Gilmour spoke on Christ in a four-fold aspect,—as a Hero, as a Counsellor, as a Friend, and as a Saviour. The subject matter, and the manner in which it was handled, were eminently suited to an audience of young men such as the speaker addressed.

The new Athletic Association which now takes charge of all sports in the school is working splendidly. The boys have responded well to the idea and therefore a large membership has put the Association on a good financial basis. This plan of having all games under one control does away with a great deal of trouble and friction which was bound to occur under the old system where every club had to make its own arrangements and raise its own funds. The Association controls baseball, cricket, football, tennis, lacrosse, basket-ball. Each club has a "captain-manager," as he is called, who selects teams and looks after the interests of his club. A membership ticket costing the moderate sum of twenty-five cents will admit, up to the end of the school year, to every game on the campus.

The Literary Societies have now concluded their term of activity. A successful series of meetings was brought to a close by a fine combined meeting. Speeches were made, the Society papers read by the editors, and some good music rendered by different members. A feature of the evening was a splendid paper by Prof. D. K. Clarke on Scottish life and character. The work of Literary and Debating Societies is an important educational factor in the life of any college. The opportunities given by their meetings for cultivating the power of

public speech should be fully taken advantage of by all students. It is the testimony of many who have graduated from this and other schools, and begun serious life, that their experiences in the "Lit." are often of more practical benefit to them than their lessons in the class room. Public speech still wields a mighty influence in the world, and it is nothing short of the duty of every college and university man to train himself so that he may be enabled to stand before an assembly with grace, and express his thoughts clearly and forcibly, and with some degree of elegance. There is no better place to learn, the rudiments at least of the art, than in the Literary and Debating Society of an Educational Institution.

FELLER INSTITUTE.

EDITOR: MISS M. R. MOSELEY.

English verb—Beseech, besought, be-seated.

As yet, the bad condition of the roads about Grande Ligne has prevented any but our most experienced cyclists from venturing beyond the gates.

We have been informed that bicycles can be brought across the lines, from Uncle Sam's domain, "embalmed," and thus all trouble at the custom house can be avoided.

The W. W. T. intend inviting the Institute teachers and a few friends to the closing exercises of their calisthenic class, which will probably take place early in May. The class was organized in January, and has met quite regularly since.

ON Saturday, April 21st, the air was warm and summer-like. Mr. A. E. Massé, as "Corporation Boss," was in his element and got his boys to work with good effect. Rake, hoe, wheel-barrow and roller were brought into requisition and plied with alacrity, unlike the usual corporation style. The afternoon's labor resulted in neat lawns, well-trimmed pathways, and a generally improved appearance in the Institute grounds.

It is pleasant, in these fresh spring afternoons, to walk in the woods, where the May-flowers are thrusting their dainty heads up through last autumn's fallen leaves. We have often wished that we could introduce a short course in botany into the work of the spring term. And the desire comes with renewed strength each year as we note the opening leaf and flower and the thousand interesting things that kind nature holds out to the observing eye. Perhaps sometime in the future, lessons in that delightful subject will be practicable.

Here and There.

J. R. Coutts, Editor.

Ideals easily become idols.

"Know thyself, and you will know all mankind; but in deceiving yourself, you cannot deceive all."

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good or never.

—*Ex.*

While a service was in progress in an English chapel, the electric light suddenly went out. To prevent any movement to the doors, the minister gave out the hymn:

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

—*Manitoba Baptist College.*

Unlimited Encouragement. — A story of the late Bishop Walsham How's is published in *The Sunday Magazine*. "A neighbor of mine, a clergyman, who had a great dislike of discouraging little children, was one day examining a class, and asked how many sons Noah had. 'Four,' a little girl answered. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'perhaps; but one died young.' He next asked what their names were. 'Adam,' suggested a small child. 'Yes, my child,' he said; 'that would doubtless be the one who died young.'"

Dawson City's Fire Dogs.—The recent great fire in Dawson City, Klondike, reminds us that there is in that town one of the most remarkable fire brigades in the world. The engine is drawn by a team of dogs, and the sight of this team driving through the streets of Dawson City, with the fire-engine trailing behind, is one of the most unique exhibitions in Alaska. The instant the alarm sounds in the fire-house, the dogs are alert, and when the number of strokes has been given which announces the calling out of the brigade, the clever animals immediately spring into the place where their collars are ready to be snapped into position. A few seconds later they are dashing through the streets at full tilt, dragging the fire apparatus at their heels, and tearing along in response to the cracking of the whips of the drivers, as though they fully realised the importance of their duties.

When the brigade turns out the streets of Dawson City are sure to be lined with spectators, for the people never tire of watching their dog team dash through the town. It is about the first thing to which a new arrival is introduced when Dawson's attractions are on exhibition. —*Selected.*

Among the exchanges to hand, the centennial number of the *University of New Brunswick Monthly* is worthy of special mention. In addition to the interesting biographical sketches that would naturally be expected in such an issue, we consider the contribution, entitled, "The University in its Relations to Christian Life and Thought," as an unusually cogent and matured treatment of a subject that cannot be too much before our minds in these days, when higher education in Canada is taking such rapid, vigorous strides.

The opening words of another article, "The Student of To-day," may well be re-echoed for the benefit of all: "If the university student of the present generation is not a better worker and better man than the student of thirty years ago, the fault must be largely with himself."

The last number of the *Ottawa Campus* contains, under the caption, "Development of Personality," some thoughts that bristle with suggestion. One or two sentences we cannot refrain from quoting: "No man finds himself until he has created a world for his own soul." "If we would develop personality, we must think. Take time to get acquainted with ourselves." "We must think of Nature, and little by little, we will reflect the depth of the clear, blue sea, the calm of the starry sky, and the grandeur of storm-tossed oak." Truly, in these days of fevered haste, it is soothing to the soul, to meet a man who exemplifies, even in measure, the traits, so ably delineated in this pleasing paper.

The *Mitre* for March betrays no sign of impending examinations. Its contents in this issue are better than usual. "The Coward," is a well-written paper, upon a subject too often encountered, to be so rarely registered among our magazines.

Some years practical experience in teaching has, no doubt, led many of us to appreciate such an article as the "Teaching of History," dealt with at some length. We have perused the selection, entitled, "The Woman in Mathematics," with much interest, while the contribution upon "Oxford University Life," certainly affords good reading matter for students on this side of the water.

The April number of the *Atlanta Advance*, repeating the words of Theodore Roosevelt, thus emphasizes the place of character in athletics: "A year or two ago I was speaking to a famous Yale professor, one of the most noted scholars in the country, and one who is even more than a scholar, because he is in every sense a man. We had been discussing the Yale-Harvard football teams, and he remarked of a certain player: 'I told them not to take him, for he was slack in his studies, and my experience is that, as a rule, the man who is slack in his studies will be slack in his foot-ball work; it is character that counts in both.'"

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust;
We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the self-same strains,
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching,
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share,
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care;
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and we know it; if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each in silence
Its fate fulfills,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills,
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below,
Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

—*Constance F. Woolson.*

LE
3
M35M25
v.9

The McMaster University
monthly

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY